Feb. 12, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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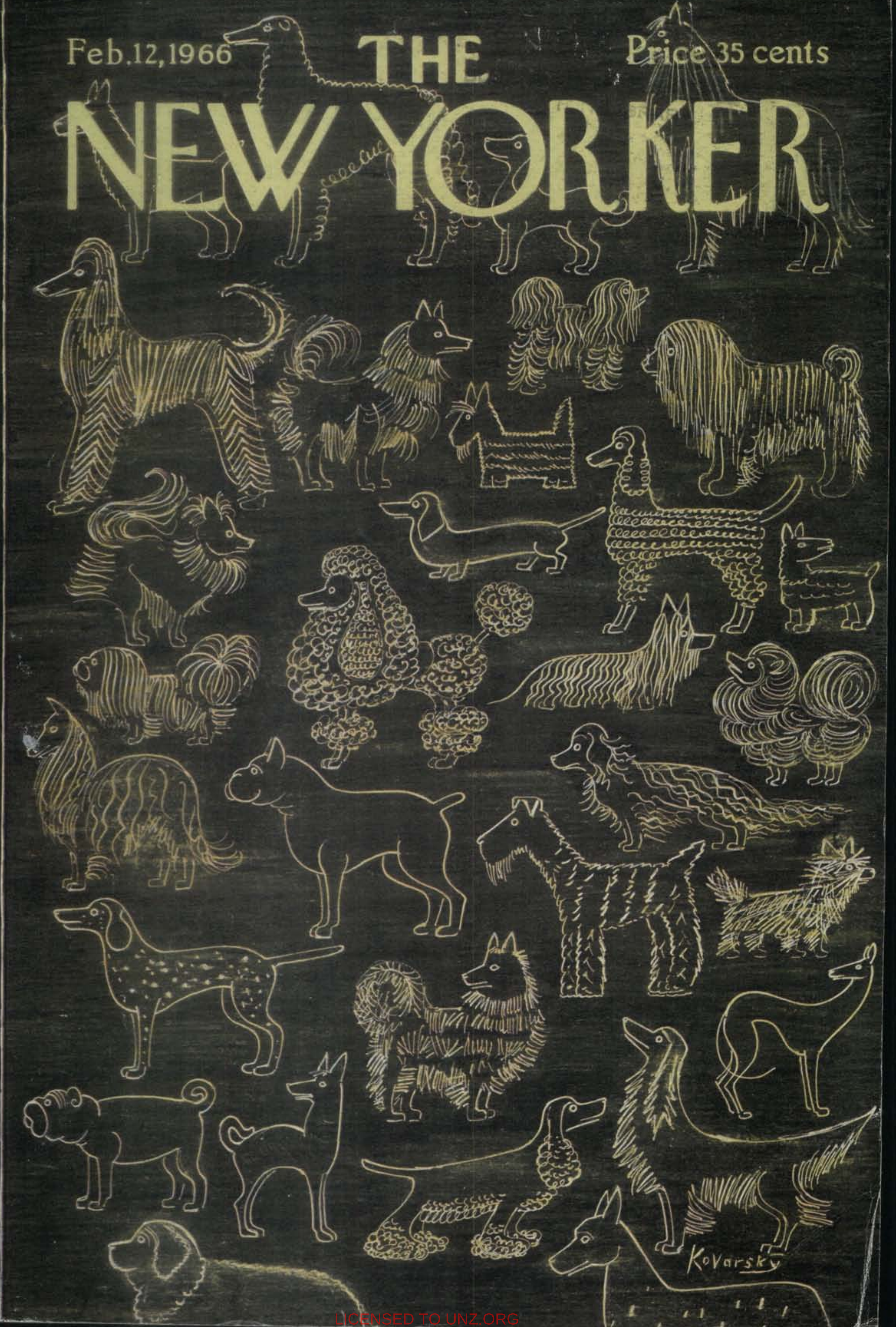

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

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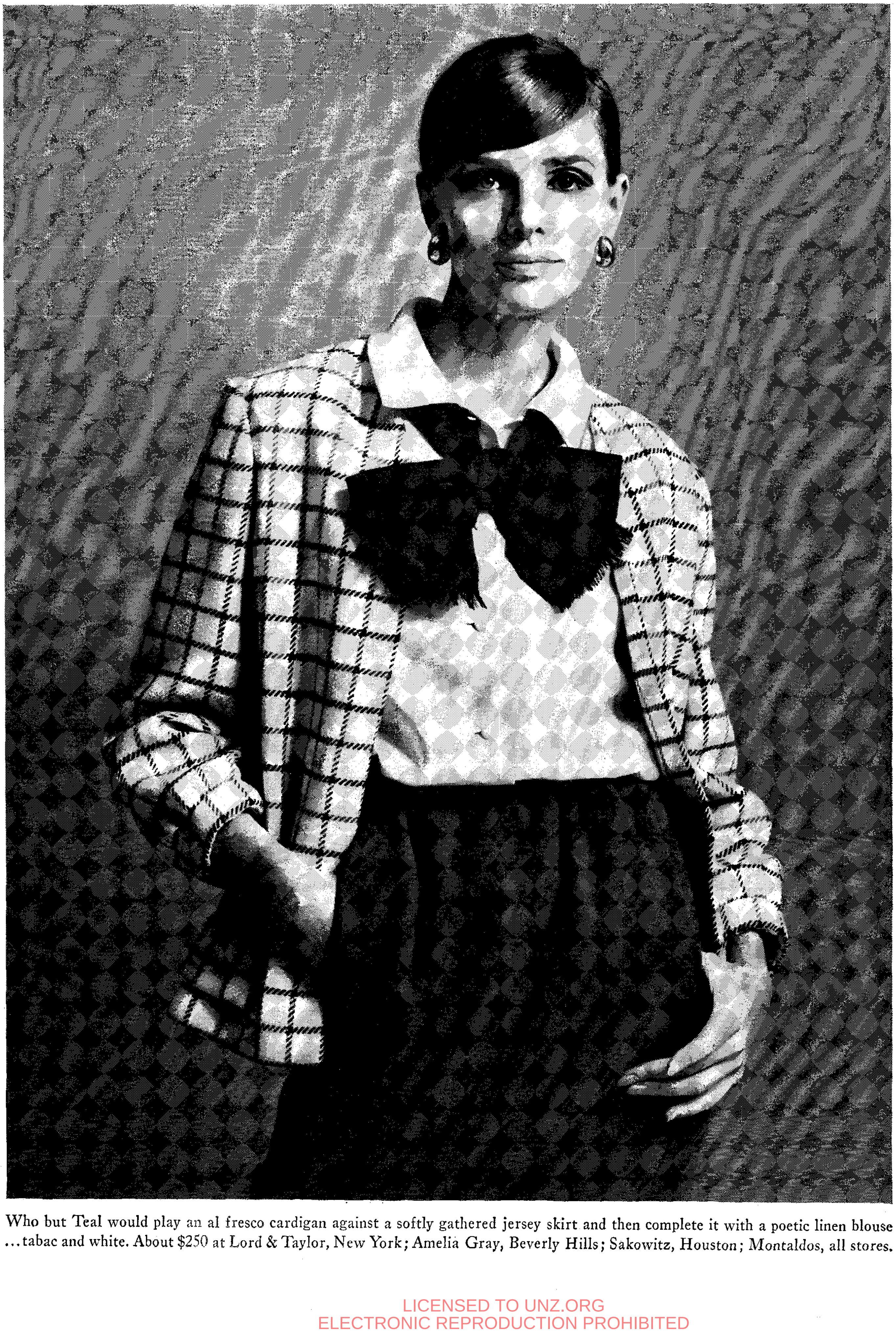

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—A marathon monologue makes up the bulk of this drama by John Osborne, which describes the disintegration of a solicitor who has no respect for his law or for himself. Hard going, but occasionally relieved by the performances of Nicol Williamson, as the lawyer, and Madeleine Sherwood and Ted van Griethuysen, who portray assorted other characters. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company representing the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum, which is, as depicted here, a nightmarish place indeed. Peter Brook, who directed the depressing drama, plainly aims to shock, and from time to time he succeeds. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which Christopher Plummer and David Carradine lead a first-rate cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the assorted plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb is the director, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik having a fine time in South Africa as a Jewish grandfather who likes to go adventuring with a native pal (Louis Gossett) in Johannesburg and its environs. An insubstantial bit of business, put together by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon. The piece is enlivened by Harold Rome's incidental music. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 13.)

Long Runs—Any Wednesday: Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Moves on Tuesday, Feb. 15, to the George Abbott Theatre, formerly the 54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E., JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **Barefoot in the Park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **The Odd Couple:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **The Subject Was Roses:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—Julie Harris is appealing as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are lively. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Fiddler on the Roof: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Funny Girl:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Golden Boy:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 5.)... **Half a Sixpence:** Tommy Steele in an adaptation of H.G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Hello, Dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Betty Thoughtless. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A Dublin play by Brian Friel, with Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford. Directed by Hilton Edwards. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 14-15. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 16. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hostile Witness—Ray Milland in a London import, written by Jack Roffey and directed by Reginald Denham. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 14-16. Opens

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

officially on Thursday, Feb. 17. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—comédie française: A three-week repertory of plays. Molière's comedy **l'avare,** Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Corneille's tragedy **le cid,** Friday, Feb. 11, at 7:45, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 12-13, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ De Montherlant's play **la reine morte,** Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Feydeau's farce **un fil à la patte,** Thursday, Feb. 17, at 7:30; Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The company's third offering is Sartre's **the condemned of altona,** adapted by Justin O'Brien. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **carmen.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

An Evening's Frost—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday and Friday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Phèdre—Beatrice Straight and Mildred Dunnock in an English version (by William Packard) of the Racine tragedy. Opens Thursday, Feb. 10. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Rooms—A pair of glib, rather cheap one-acters, the first a comedy and the second a melodrama. James Broderick is good in both of them. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Winterset—A revival of the Maxwell Anderson drama. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Feb. 10: "Interplay," "Kontraste," "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Pillar of Fire.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 11: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 12: Act II of "Swan Lake," "The Wind in the Mountains," and "Etudes.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 12: "Les Sylphides," "Sargasso," "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 13: "Billy the Kid" and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 13: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Fall River Legend," and "Etudes." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)

José Limón—With his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

"Ballet Spectacular"—Ten ballets performed by a company that includes Melissa Hayden, Jacques d'Amboise, and stars of the National Ballet of Canada, with a symphony orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Julie London, who shows up in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, does not save her Sunday punch for Sunday; she lets her ballads have it every night in the week but. The other entrant in the ring is the orchestra of Lee Evans, which spends the evening sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The indoor sport of dancing (in its mildest form) can be pursued in the restaurant, which is sort of stately. George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the room from eight until nine, then breaks into dance tunes. No music Mondays.

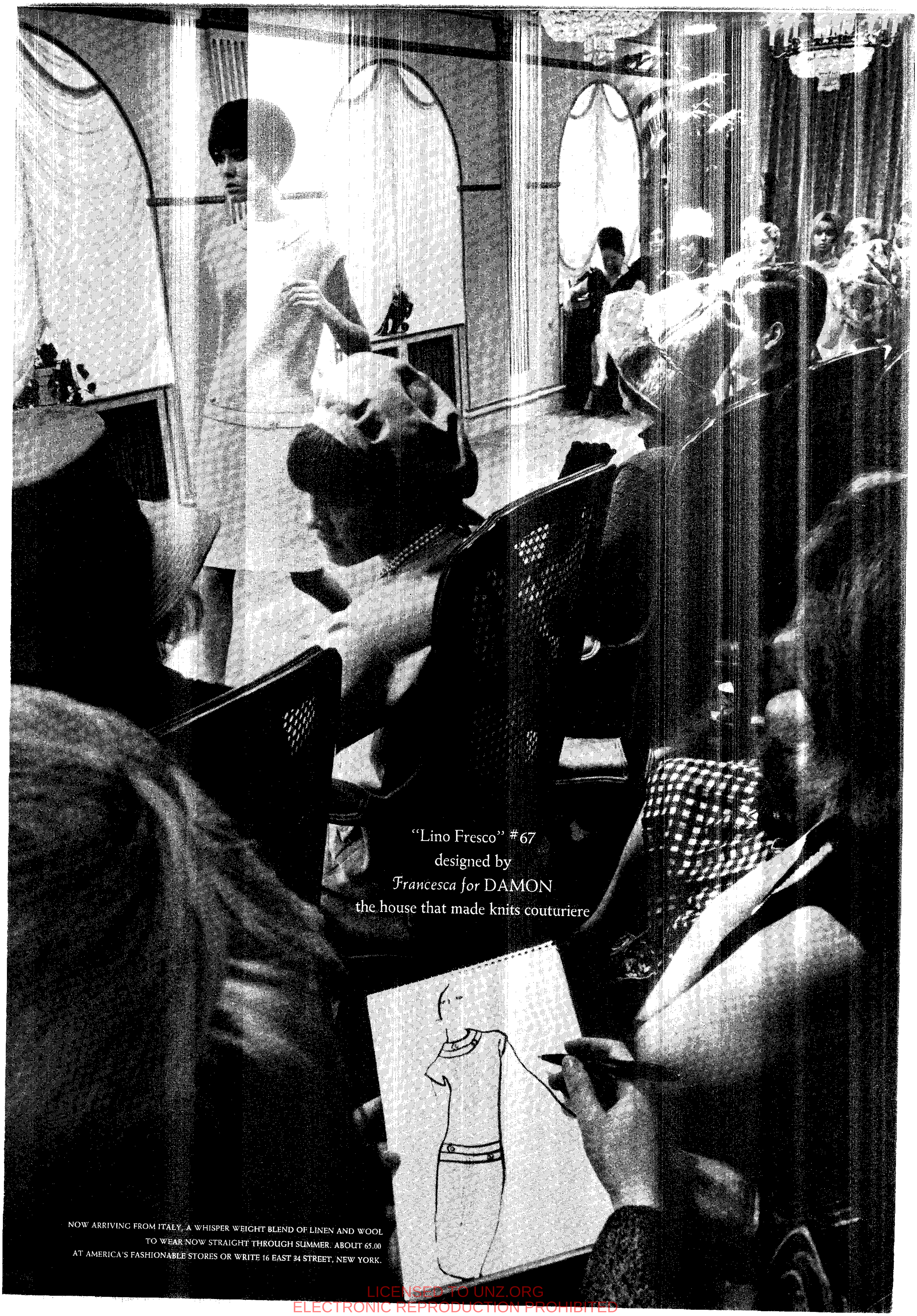
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An old American custom, even if it is sponsored by British capital. The non-stop conversation is brought in by the guests; the non-stop music is made on the premises by Freddy Alonso's Latin linguists and a band from this part of the world. In the Champagne Room, though, only a violin and a piano confer, and in whispers. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat for whoever both dances and dines, and every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Liza Minnelli, swinging (and singing) from the old family tree, occupies the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Plenty of dance music is decanted in the course of the evening, the best of it by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather revellers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Room at the top. If the vistas and the vittles do not use up enough time, there is always a dance floor, with a trio that chirrups from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-



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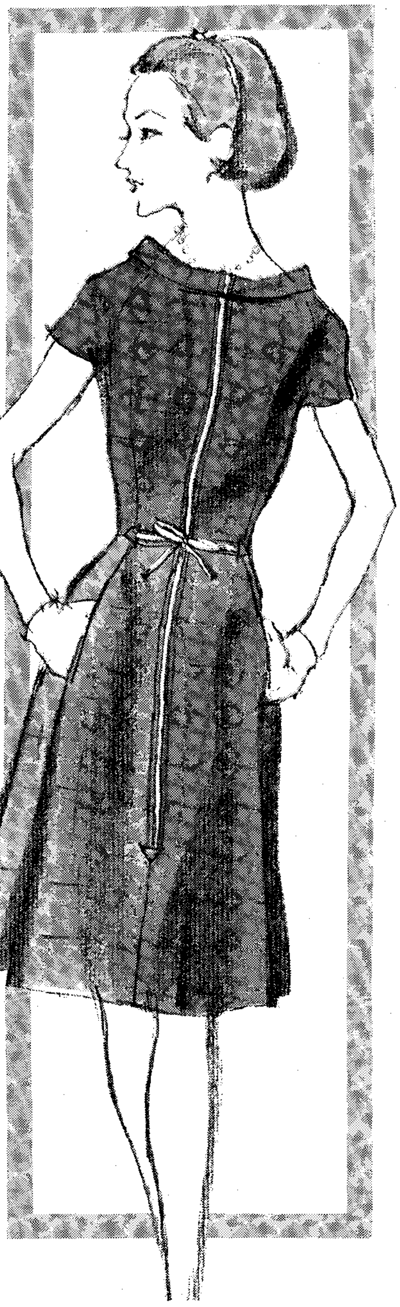

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2444)—Urbie Green, who has been hiding his trombone under studio bushel baskets, returns to real life to head up the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, which lets go from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Urban renewal has set the Maisonette aflame with imported scenery that is tempered by row upon row of bookshelves—Thackeray, Carlyle, and the Walpoles. American life goes on as before, though, to the tune, or tunes, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano—which happens from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week (except Mondays), and from five to eleven on Sundays—is right up Peacock's Alley. The little dance band that bowls in the Alley from nine to one takes Sundays off.

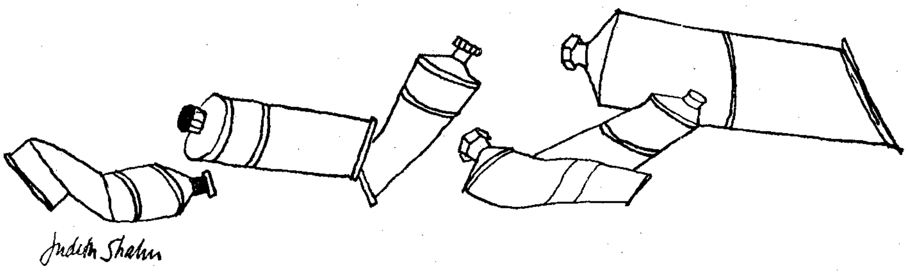
Note—**Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. All sports but the Twist and its offspring are permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

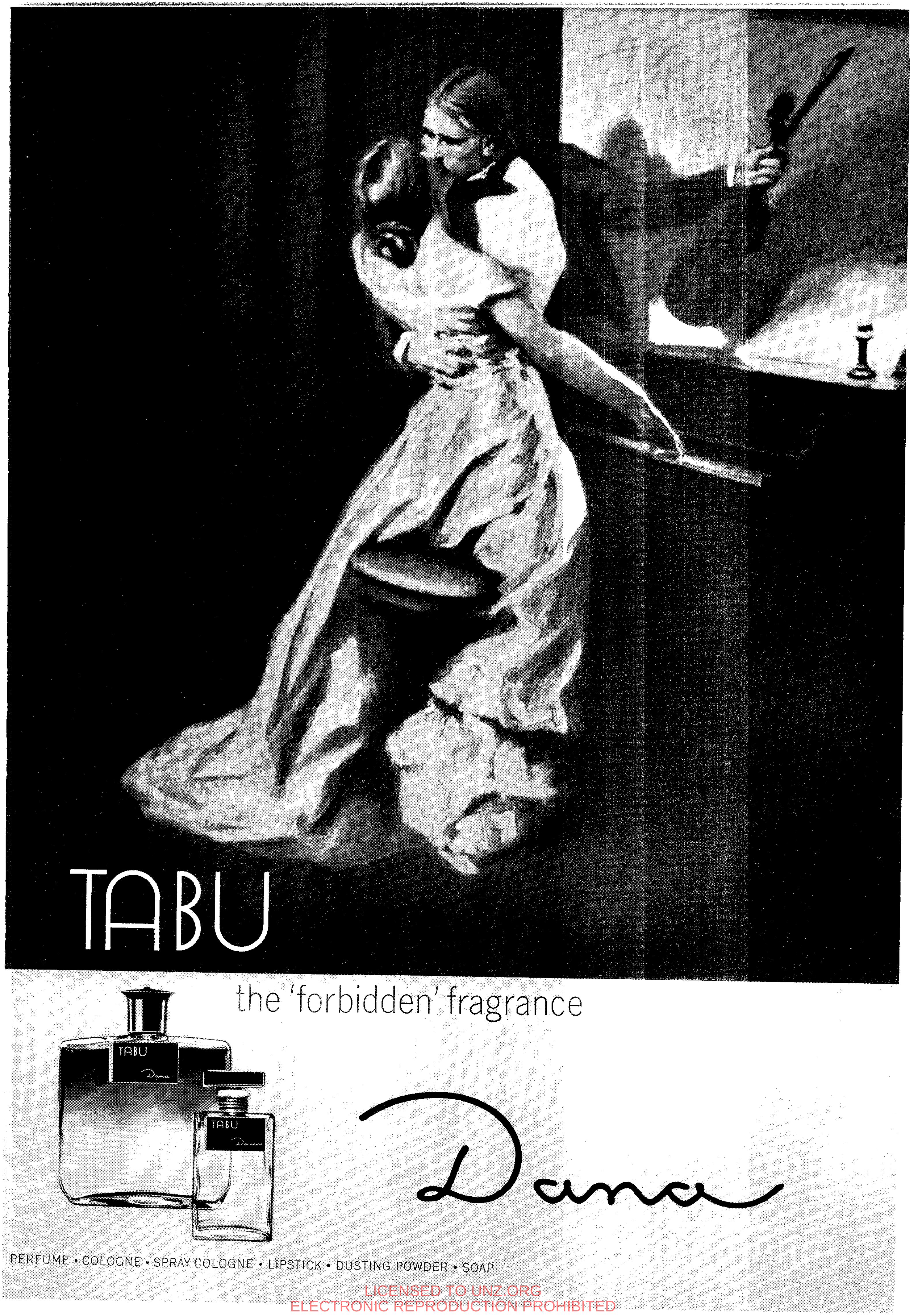
SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Domestic life in Firenze. The family retainers who are not required in the kitchen now and again display their knowledge of Italian, operatic and otherwise, to the diners. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Frey's**, 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): He and she meet him and her, and talk all night about what they'll do when they're old and twenty-five. Carl Norman, who knows and understands the particular syndrome, plays a very good grade of piano in one corner. He begins late, finishes late. No music Sundays. . . . **Mike Malkan's**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): The Kingdom of Lilliput in a garrulous mood, full of young'uns on their best behavior. While they gabble, Mr. Malkan, *padrone*, plays rumbling piano. Seven until almost daybreak is the scheme. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A fearless jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The awful truth about love, put in the kindliest and frequently the cleverest fashion by the songs of Mabel Mercer, who speaks (or sings) out of two generations of experience. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be, her pianist. Never-before-ten-thirty is their way of life. On Thursday, Feb. 17, the cast will be augmented by Joan Rivers, offering a merry demonstration of how a wit can go on living at her wits' end. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **Charlie Bates**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall amuses the young people. The music—Bob Emma's period piano and song, and the carolling All the King's Men—sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. . . . **Bell's**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of singalong, burbles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays. . . . **The Apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A blockhouse on the Wild, Wild East frontier, where Charlie De Forest, who sits right down and writes a night-life ballad whenever he hasn't one for the precise occasion, plays piano and chants away from ten until three. He is marked absent on Sundays.

Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **Shepheard's**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. The music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, it sounds at one. . . . **Arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **Il Mio**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground mov-

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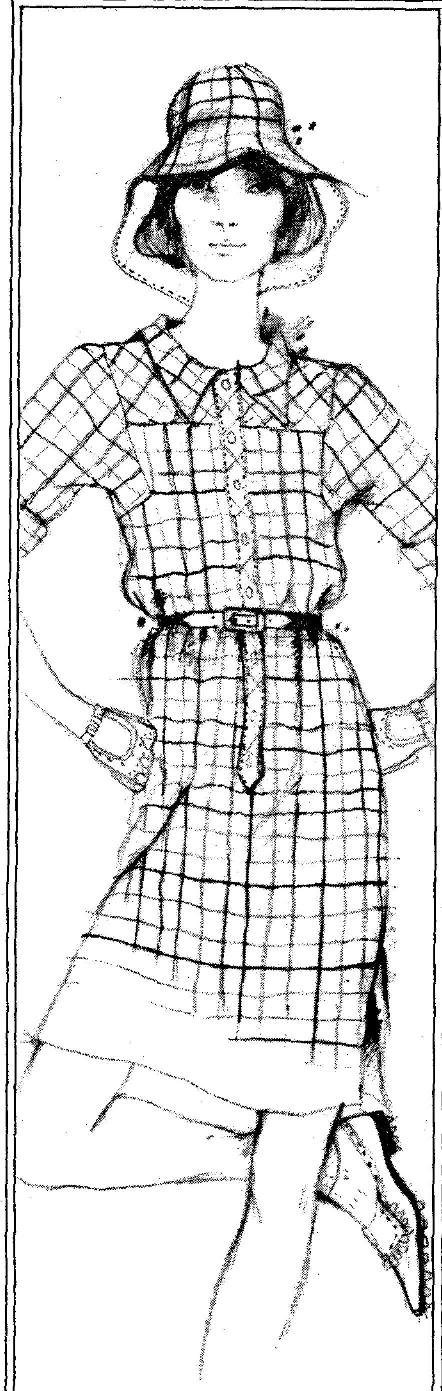

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ies.... **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four, except Mondays) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. Saturday and Sunday matinées from one to six. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one, except Sundays.... **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, there is Joe Moon, a knowledgeable pianist, whose music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it very well), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a brand-new round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The new face of Spain, but even so the architecture makes the twentieth century a great deal less stark. The guitarist, Rogelio Reguera, sets forth a panorama of Spain in the subtlest of hues. He starts up at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish. The music—guitar again, by Harold Morris—is, though, as much New World as Iberian. No sound effects Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday.... **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is tenuous. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. ... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): More than a touch of Moorish architecture, and quite a few touches of globe-trotter piano by George Rudolph, who is on point duty from six until midnight, except on Sundays. ... **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldy and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, which is a bar first and foremost, there is piano by Tony Gorody, who was once part of the Havana dawn patrol. He is on duty from six to one. Closed Sundays.

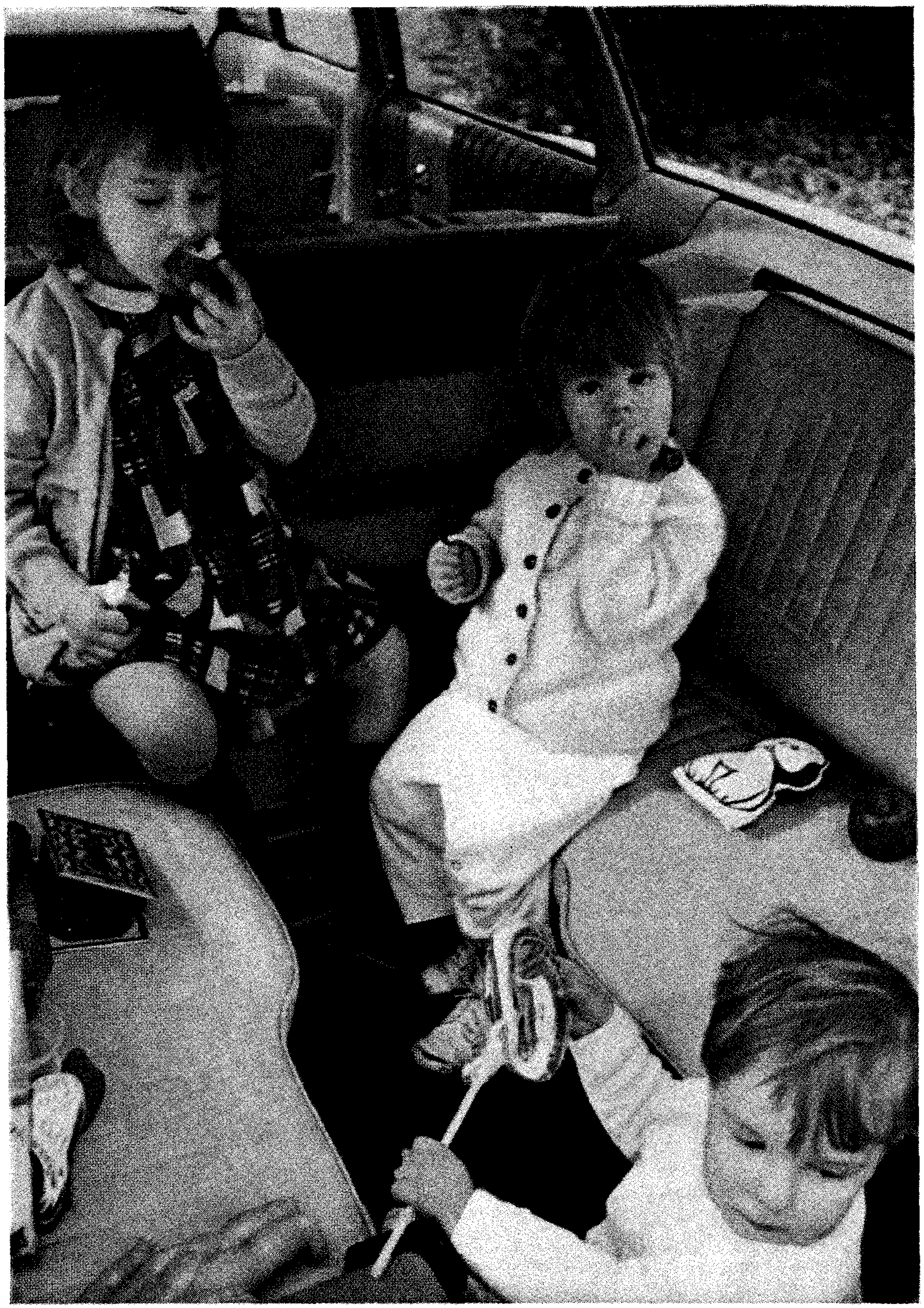
BIG AND BRASSY

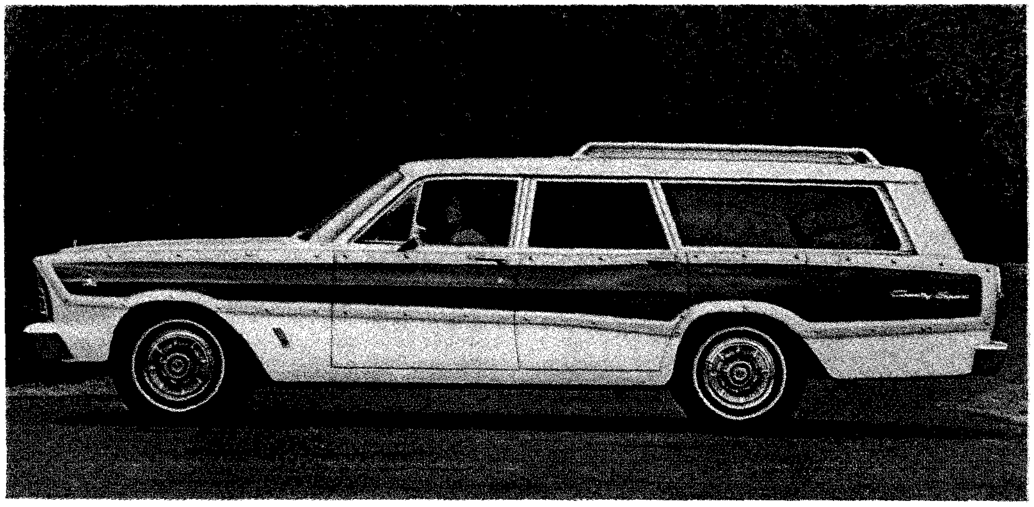
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jack E. Leonard, an irritant for which there is, fortunately, no counter, is impartially distributing his wrath upon the just and the unjust; considerable is the rough-hewn glee thereof. Frankie Randall is among the very best of the personality-kid singers, and there are a couple of plums in the Copa's ballerina platoon, which is out for early spring practice. On Thursday, Feb. 17, a new set of principals takes over, led by the Supremes, who incite all their songs to riot. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a brand-new Never-Never Land, in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. In the middle of it all stands Jayne Mansfield, the celebrated den mother; not far in the background is Betty Jo Alvies, a tawny creature who is certainly Miss Amazon of 1966. Miss Mansfield will keep on with her singing lessons through Tuesday, Feb. 15, or even longer. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. The ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all noblewomen; Bill Hinnant is their sly shepherd. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It's boots-and-saddles time in the back room when the feet of Joaquin Robles take off on their flamencan cavalcade; the rest of the time is assigned to Los Vegas, a quintet of semi-Latin, semi-Las Vegas crooners. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Cole Porter as the poet laureate would surely have wanted it—in a revue replete with vigor, velocity, and virtuosity. Ben Bagley is the inventor of this potpourri of the lesser-known arias of the Master; Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan are the just-right principals; Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff are the excellent acolytes; William Roy, piano, and Dick Sheridan, timpani, are the orchestra; fetching and fun-loving are the costumings. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the pocket-edition revue here, is a slow starter, but it soon picks up momentum. R. G. Brown, Fannie Flagg, Kelly Wood, and Richard Blair, the leaders of the pack, are the important





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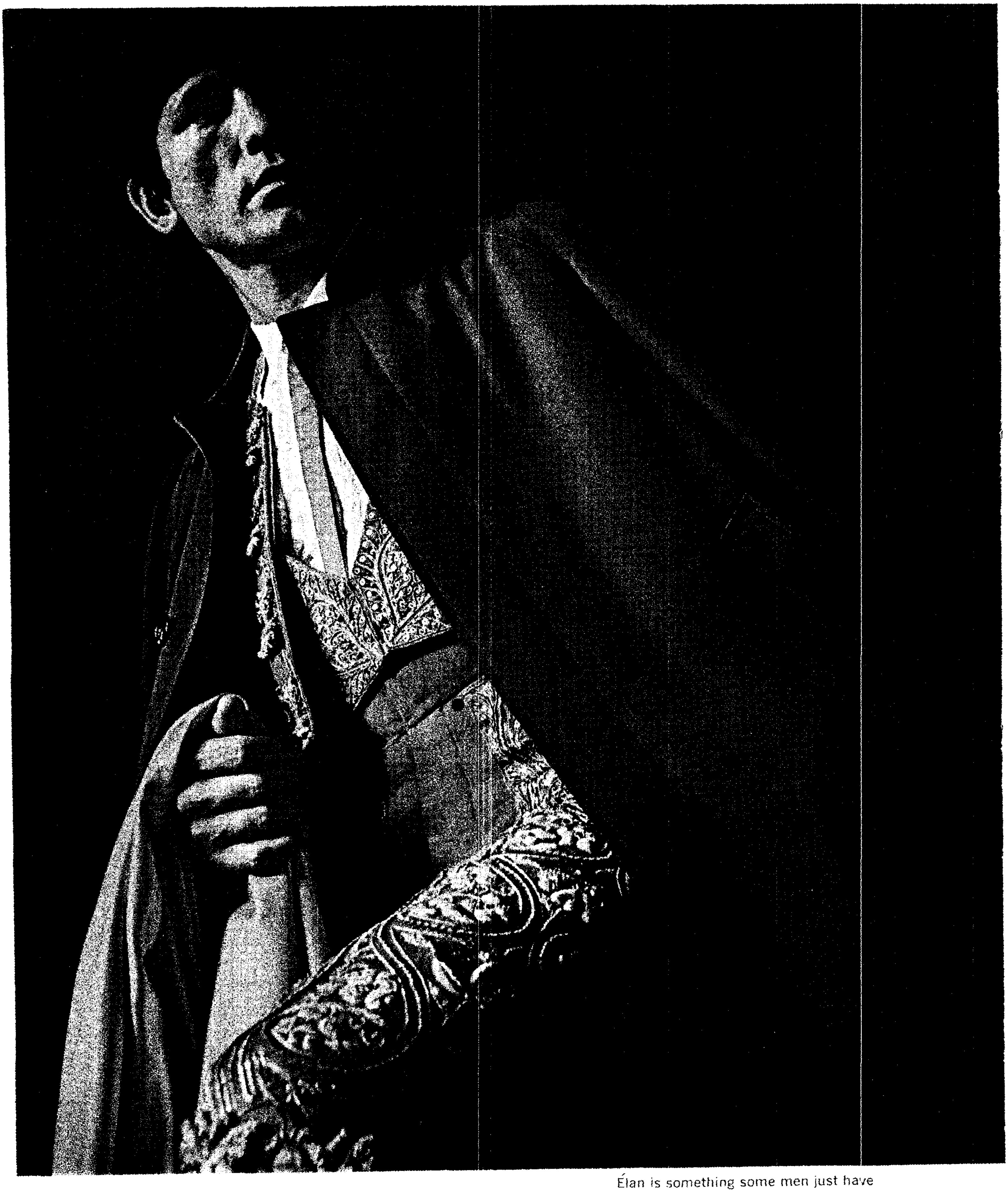

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The current curriculum provides Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings with Abbey Lincoln, a soprano pretty persuasive and pretty, along with the Cedar Walton trio (her boy guides) and John Coltrane's sort of ingrown foursome; plus Monday evenings with Thad Jones' seventeen-man band, in which one might easily descry Bobby Brookmeyer, Hank Jones, Pepper Adams, and Mel Lewis. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a belowstairs cave. Up top, Jaki Byard does his best with an over-age piano every night but Monday. Down under, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12, Dick Gregory will tell, mostly in good humor, what it feels like to overcome, and the Clara Ward Singers will bay at any number of moons; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, it will be the Wards and Gloria Lynne, that staccato soprano. On Mondays, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Other nights, total darkness. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy. No anvil choruses, though, are to be expected from the quartet of Sonny Rollins, who is a great deal more subtle than that. Fridays and Saturdays, the group is supplemented by the Horace Silver quintet (oh, exquisite sorrow!) Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway (GR 5-7804): Jake Holmes, a folk man who knows what he is doing, is onstage in this reliable coffeehouse, and among the others is the Uncalled-For 3, aspiring wits. They all lay off every Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The Jazz Workshop of Charles Mingus is in its standard state of productive ferment. Toshiko Mariano, nowadays going it alone on piano, provides fetching interludes. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dill Jones, and Morey Feld—to produce the old-school music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually comprising Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. On Monday, Feb. 14, Max Kaminsky starts mingling with this throng. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three every night, and each Tuesday-through-Thursday a bagpiper waxes eerie. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays bring on, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

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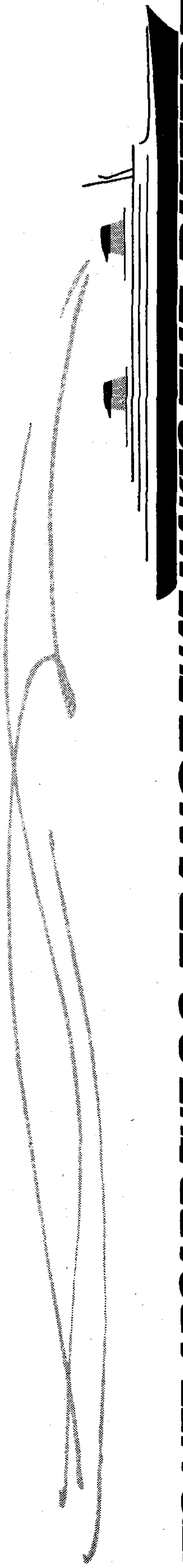

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and paintings having to do with death; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Recent gouaches, mobiles, and stabiles; through March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Cassatt—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings and pastels; through Feb. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Carmen Cicero—Paintings; through Feb. 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Copley—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enrico Donati—Abstract paintings done in a mixture of sand and oil; through Feb. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings; through Feb. 26. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Madeleine Gekiere—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Abstract paintings; through March 5. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Gorski—Figurative paintings and collages; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St.)

Zoltan Hecht—Collages; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

Auguste Herbin—Gouaches and pencil drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists; through Feb. 26. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lester Johnson—Still-lifes and figure paintings; through March 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Robert Kipniss—Landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gaston Lachaise—Sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

César Manrique—Abstract paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Feb. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ezio Martinelli—Bronzes; through Feb. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Matthews—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Walter Murch—Still-life oils and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Felix Pasilis—Abstract oils; through March 5. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hugo Robus—A memorial exhibition of his figure sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Carlos Sansegundo—Paintings; through March 5. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lee Savage—Drawings of figures in interiors; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Jason Schoener—Paintings of Greece; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ruth Vollmer—Geometric metal sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John von Wicht—Graphics; through March 5. (Grippi, 344 E. 59th St.)

Bryan Wilson—Flowers, birds, and beasts; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Sculptures—Pieces by Arp, Calder, César, and other American and European artists; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Greek Art—Plates, vases, bronze animals, and other Greek antiquities; through March 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—Masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, bronze, and ivory), from Mali, Liberia, Nigeria, and so on; through Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Avenue, at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **grand central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Robert Brackman, Frederick Frieseke, and Robert Philipp; through Feb. 25. . . . **valente**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and drawings by Henri, Luks, Shinn, Sloan, and Glackens; through Thursday, Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **american federation of arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: Roy Lichtenstein, Josef Albers, and Victor Vasarely are three of the artists represented in a travelling show of graphics entitled "Pop and Op;" through March 2. (Closed Lincoln's Birthday.) . . . **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Pastels by Milton Avery, Vuillard, Redon, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: An exhibition consisting of sculptures, paintings, drawings, and objects relating to the subject of chess, by such contributors as Helen Frankenthaler, René Magritte, and Jean Tinguely; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **davis**, 231 E. 60th St.: A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by, among others, Eakins, Prendergast, and Corot; through Saturday, Feb. 19.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Old Masters in Twentieth-Century European Art," including Picasso, Arp, and Mondrian; through March 5. . . . **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Degas, Matisse, and Picasso are among the exhibitors in a showing of French drawings and watercolors of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Chinese Metalwork," a new installation of small objects dating from 1500 B.C. to about 1250 A.D., including sculptures, religious images, and jewelry, in gold, silver, and gilt bronze. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ A display of architectural drawings of projects and buildings by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, in celebration of his eightieth birthday; through March 20. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ "The Photographic Image," an exhibition of paintings by Richard Artschwager, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, and four other artists, whose work involves elements or themes suggested by photographs; through Sunday, Feb. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Oils, drawings, and small caseins by Niles Spencer, 1893-1952; through March 6. . . . ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. . . . ¶ "Greek Gold: Jewelry from the Age of Alexander," a loan exhibition of some two hundred items, the majority of them unearthed during the past fifteen years in Greece, Italy, Syria, and Turkey; through March 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Ancient Art from Afghanistan: Treasures of the Kabul Museum;" through March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through March 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty-one paintings and drawings by Abstract Expressionist Philip Guston; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Large paintings-constructions by Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, Larry Rivers, and others; through Sunday, Feb. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through April 9. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Rhetoric and Old Lace," the annual display of old-fashioned valentines dating from 1790 to 1885; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Folk Artist in the City—Erastus Field in New York," an exhibit of portraits and subject pieces by this nineteenth-century artist; through March 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Graphic Art—"Five Centuries of Graphic Art," the initial showing of this new Museum, at present without a home of its own, is being held in temporary quarters at the Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. On view are woodcuts, etchings, engravings, and lithographs, ranging from Schongauer to Picasso. Through March 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas, from the Museum's collection; through March 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 10: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Jean Madeira, Gladys Kriese, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 11: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Jan Peerce, Geraint Evans, Theodor Uppman, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 12: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 12: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Barry Morell, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 14: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Pilar Lorengar, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Jan Peerce, Geraint Evans, Theodor Uppman, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 15: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Jean Madeira, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 16: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Ruza Pospanov, Alfredo Kraus, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 17: "Falstaff," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Mildred Miller, Lili Chookasian, Judith Raskin, Geraint Evans, Frank Guarrera, and Luigi Alva. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 18: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, Tito Gobbi, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 19: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 19: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 11, at 2:15;

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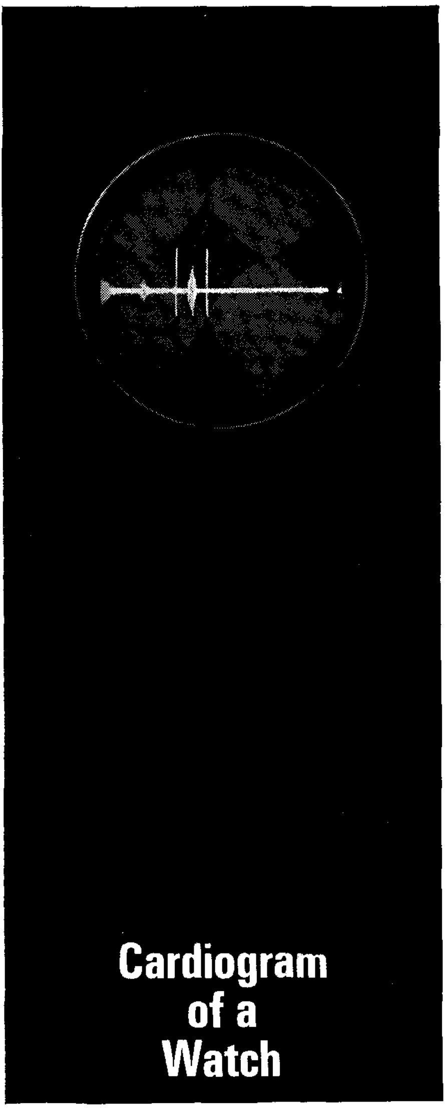

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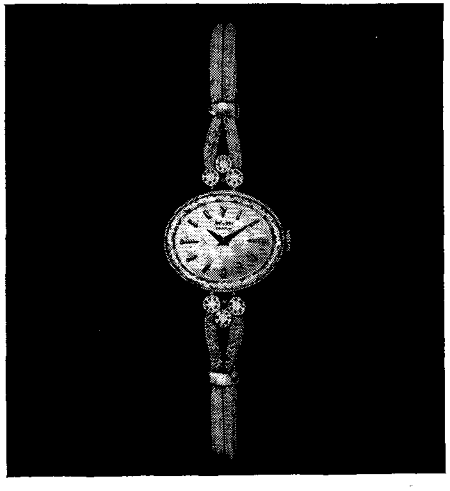

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 14, at 7:30 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin); and a Copland-Rachmaninoff program on Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30 (with Jerome Lowenthal, piano).

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting the third and fourth in a series of six concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8:30, with Gérard Souzay, baritone; and Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:30, with Peter Serkin, piano.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Beethoven program, with Ingrid Bjoner, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; Yi-kwei Sze, baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

New Orleans Philharmonic—Werner Torkanowsky conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Gold and Fizdale, duo piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting the final concert of the season, with Teresa Stratas, soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Mannes College Concert—Carl Bamberger conducting the Mannes Orchestra and Harold Aks directing the Mannes Chorus. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing a performance of Berlioz's dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," with Margaret Roggero, mezzo-soprano; David Bender, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing an all-Mozart program, with Crail Conner, soprano; Corinne Curry, mezzo-soprano; David Dodds, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

RECITALS

Tamás Vásáry—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Julius Katchen—The last three in a series of recitals presenting the complete solo piano works of Johannes Brahms. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 10; Monday, Feb. 14; and Thursday, Feb. 17, all at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—The third in a series of four programs of new music, this one performed by Robert White, tenor, and Joseph Bloch, piano. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Szymon Goldberg and Victor Babin—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Julian Bream—Lute and guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The New York Chamber Soloists. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Netania Davrath—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; Richard Goode, piano; Felix Galimir, violin; and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Hans Richter-Haaser—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Noël Lee—Piano, in an all-Copland program, with commentary by the composer. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:40.)

Charles Castleman—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Richard Syracuse—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Artists' Choice Concert—The New York Camerata. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin, in the last in a series of recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Note—Grant Johannesen, piano, and Zara Nelsova, cello, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 14, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, and Dave Lambert. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 14-15.)

Fencing—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, Feb. 18, at 9 and 8: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 9 and 8: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 12, at 1: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 12.

Track Meet—New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 18, at 7:15.)

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19-20, at 10.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **brooklyn philharmonia**: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.). . . **new york philharmonic**: Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concerts of the season, with the Philharmonic's three assistant conductors, and with four piano soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 19, at noon and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS: "Young Abe Lincoln." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 1:30 and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.)... MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... STORYLAND THEATRE: "Heidi." (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 988-7461.)... TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2:30.)... ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE: "King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Brightest Moon of All;" through Feb. 28. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Leonard Cohen and Irving Layton reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Flower Show—The Winter Garden Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Feb. 16, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 11, at 1:45: Oriental art, including K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung single-color porcelains, jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, and ivory carvings; from the estate of Mrs. Wendell P. Colton and from other sources.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorative objects, from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 1:45: English furniture, Fabergé *objets de vertu*, and rugs; from the estate of the Grand Duchess Olga Alexandrovna of Russia and from other collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 12.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; Feb. 11-15. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Feb. 16, tentative.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A rousing melodrama, laid in the blistering Sahara. Among those getting blistered are James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. Directed by Robert Aldrich. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Help!—The Beatles are shown, travelling roughly as fast as sound, on skis, in tropical waters, in a London wine cellar, and, at irregular intervals, on stages and in studios, belting out songs. A joyous mess, directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 15.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even *triple*-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Feb. 16, tentative.)

Italiano Brava Gente—A panoramic view of the small corner of the Second World War that concerned the Italians on the Russian front. The Italians are made to seem a kindly lot. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Feb. 15.)

King and Country—A harsh account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War, flawlessly acted by Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde under the direction of Joseph Losey. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Feb. 16. After 6 on Wednesday, Feb. 16, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 16.)

The Moment of Truth—There are several different truths to be found in this remarkable film by Francesco Rosi; one is that bullfighting is an abominable activity and another is that it's very beautiful. The hero is played by an authentic matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelín. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 16.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—James Coburn has great fun playing a Bond-like paragon of international sleuthing. He is aided and hindered by lots of pretty girls. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. . . . ¶ Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting Feb. 16.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Feb. 16.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully well acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—An entirely successful adaptation of the famous best-seller. With Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director is Martin Ritt. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The 10th Victim—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this witty Italian extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Ably directed by Elio Petri. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robard, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Thunderball—A silly, thrilling, and occasionally beautiful mélange of sex and sudden death, starring Sean Connery as James Bond. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, 563-4350; Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Where the Spies Are—A cheerful, frantic thriller, distinguished by David Niven's well-bred perplexity and resourcefulness in the midst of innumerable low-bred scoundrels. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

REVIVALS

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; and New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Feb. 16.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy, in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Feb. 16.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 10.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 13-15. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 15.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 15.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 15.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 15.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 15.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 13-15.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—W. C. Fields concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 11-13.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 11-14.)

Not on Your Life (1965)—A Spanish comedy (yes) that concerns an executioner and an undertaker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 16.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. With Jean Marais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 11.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 11-13.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 14-15.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 10.)

Swing Time (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing away to Kern music. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 10.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Feb. 16.)

The V.I.P.s (1963)—Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, and Louis Jourdan are all trapped by a sudden fog at the London Airport. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 16.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 10.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 16.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Feb. 10: "Die Puppe" (1919), with Ossi Oswalda, and excerpts from "Gypsy Blood" (1918), with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ Feb. 11-12: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), with Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Feb. 13-14: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), with Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ Feb. 15-16: "So This Is Paris" (1926), with Monte Blue and Myrna Loy. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Through Feb. 11, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Cinderella Jones" (1946), with Joan Leslie and Robert Alda. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 3 and 5:30 and Feb. 13 at 2 and 4: "They Made Me a Criminal" (1939), with John Garfield and Ann Sheridan. . . . ¶ Feb. 15-16, showings at 3: "Gold Diggers of 1933," with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers. . . . **note**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OUR MAN FLINT.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
THUNDERBALL.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 15: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "The Promoter," revival, Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns.
From Feb. 16: **THE LOVED ONE.**

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 15: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder Most Foul," revival, Margaret Rutherford.
From Feb. 16: **THE V.I.P.S**, revival; and "The Hill," Sean Connery.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Feb. 10: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft; and "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar.
Feb. 11-15: **DARLING**; and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From Feb. 16 (tentative): **THE IPCRESS FILE.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THUNDERBALL.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 15: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.**
From Feb. 16: "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Feb. 16: **BILLY LIAR**, revival; and "Rattle of a Simple Man," revival, Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Feb. 13: **OUR MAN FLINT.**
From Feb. 14: "Male Companion," Jean-Pierre Cassel.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THUNDERBALL.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Feb. 16: **THE LOVED ONE.** (After 6 on Wednesday, Feb. 16, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
DARLING; and "Red Desert," revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
WHERE THE SPIES ARE.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 15: **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival.
From Feb. 16 (tentative): **DARLING.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
(Saturdays and Sundays, features are shown only after 4.)
Feb. 10 at 2:30 and 8:30: "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.
Feb. 11-15 (last showing on Feb. 15 at 4): "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.
Feb. 15 at 8 and 10: "Dancing Mothers" (silent), Clara Bow; and "Salome" (silent), Nazimova.
From Feb. 16: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 15: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft; and "Finger on the Trigger," Rory Calhoun.
From Feb. 16: "Ecco," a documentary film; and "Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine," Vincent Price, Frankie Avalon.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 15: "That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.
From Feb. 16: **OUR MAN FLINT.**

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 10: **THE SOFT SKIN**, revival; "Contempt," revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; a François Truffaut episode from "Love at Twenty;" and a Jean-Luc Godard episode from "7 Capital Sins."
From Feb. 11: **ORPHEUS**, revival; and "Beauty and the Beast," revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Feb. 12: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
Feb. 13-15: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival.
From Feb. 16: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Feb. 10: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft; and "Harlow," Carroll Baker.
Feb. 11-15: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder Most Foul," revival, Margaret Rutherford.
From Feb. 16: **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival; and "Plisetskaya Dances," revival, a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 15: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**
From Feb. 16: "Kwaidan" (in Japanese); and "High Infidelity," Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 15: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Feb. 16: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG**, revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 15: "Gypsy," revival, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "The Music Man," revival, Robert Preston, Shirley Jones.
From Feb. 16: "That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones; and "Apache Gold," Lex Barker.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 15: "Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.
From Feb. 16: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH**; and **NOT ON YOUR LIFE** (in Spanish), revival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Feb. 15: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.**
From Feb. 16: "Othello," performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Mermaid" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
KING AND COUNTRY.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 10: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and **SWING TIME**, revival.
Feb. 11-13: **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival; and **ROOM SERVICE**, revival.
Feb. 14-15: **SABRINA**, revival; and "Two Weeks in Another Town," revival, Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.
From Feb. 16: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "Cangaceiro" (in Portuguese), revival, Alberto Ruschel.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 15: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.
From Feb. 16: "The Hill," Sean Connery; and "The Young Lovers," revival, Peter Fonda, Sharon Hugueny.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 10: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Anatomy of Love," revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.
Feb. 11-14: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; and "My Uncle," revival, Jacques Tati.
From Feb. 15: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 15: "Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.
From Feb. 16: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.**

Has the Volkswagen fad died out?

Yes.

But it was an unnerving experience while it lasted.

Because after we introduced our completely sensible car, people ran out and got it for completely frivolous reasons.

The first people bought VWs just so they could be the first people to have one.

And a lady in Illinois had one because it looked cute beside her "real" car.

However, the faddists soon found out that the bug wasn't an expensive ($1574) toy, but a cheap ($1574*) car.

As a fad, the car was a flop:

(When you drive the latest fad to a party, and find 2 more fads there ahead of you, it catches you off your avant-garde.)

But as a car, the VW was impressive:

If you had to go someplace, it took you. Even when some cars wouldn't. And when you got there, you could park it. In places where other cars couldn't.

Once people took the bug's good points for granted, it became the best-selling car model in history.

And that's when the VW fad ended.

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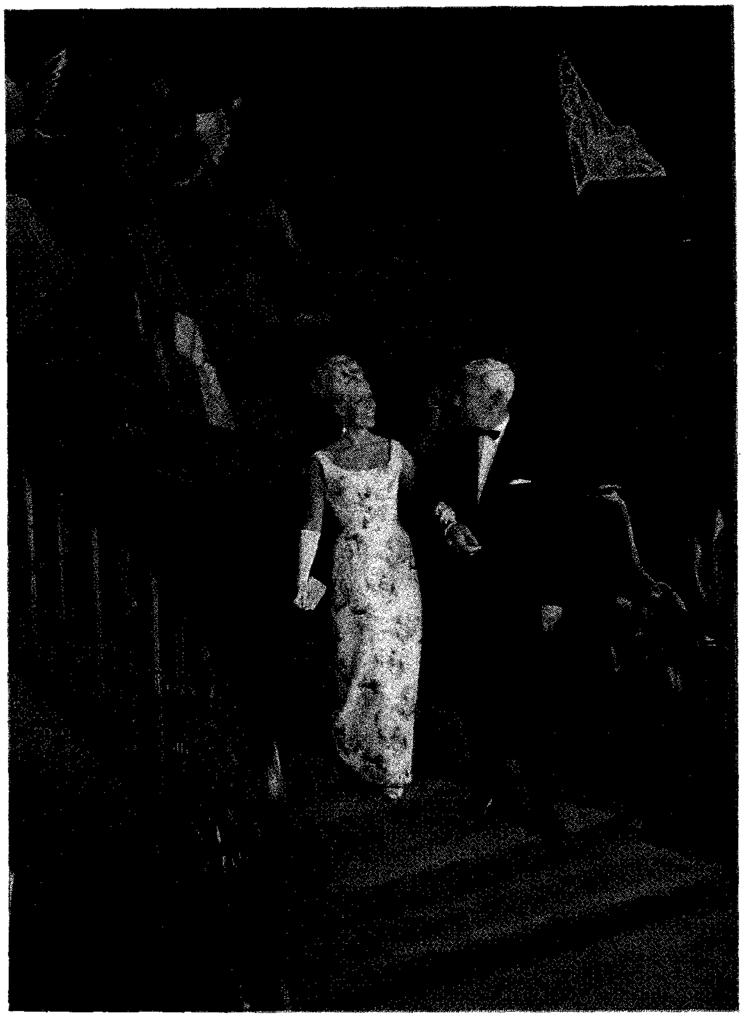
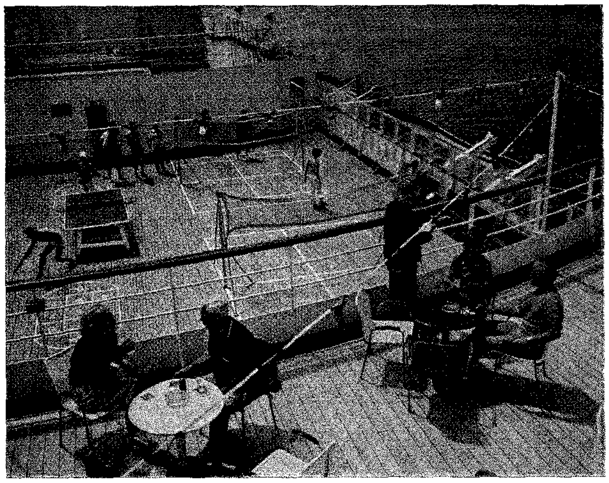


Above: The sweeping staircase to the Ritz Carlton Lounge on the flagship s.s. Rotterdam.

Top Right: One of the s.s. Rotterdam's spacious First Class lounges.



Below Right: Overlooking the s.s. Rotterdam's First Class Sports Deck.

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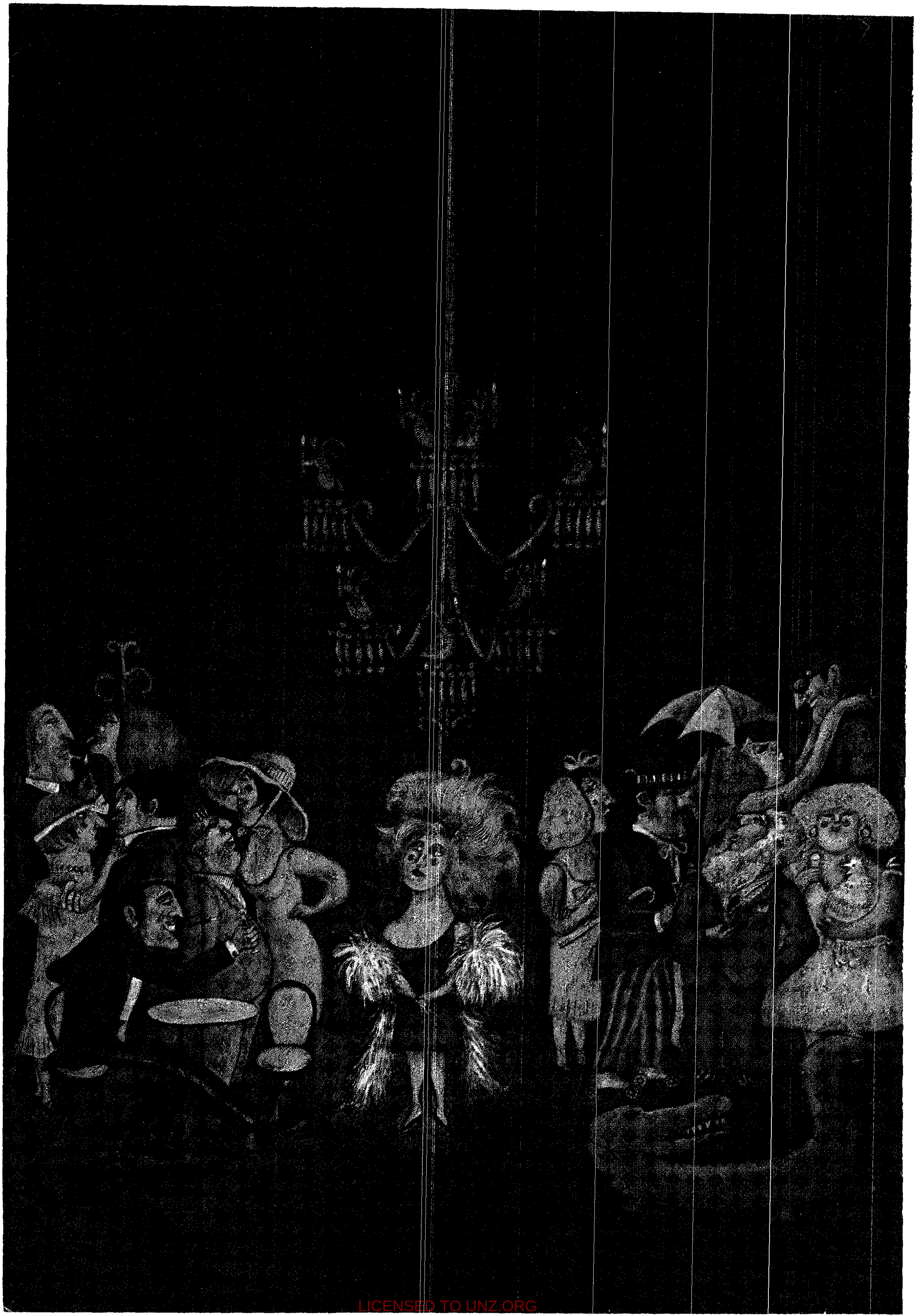


Nobody told you he would be there.
It rained on your wig.
And he hates you in purple.

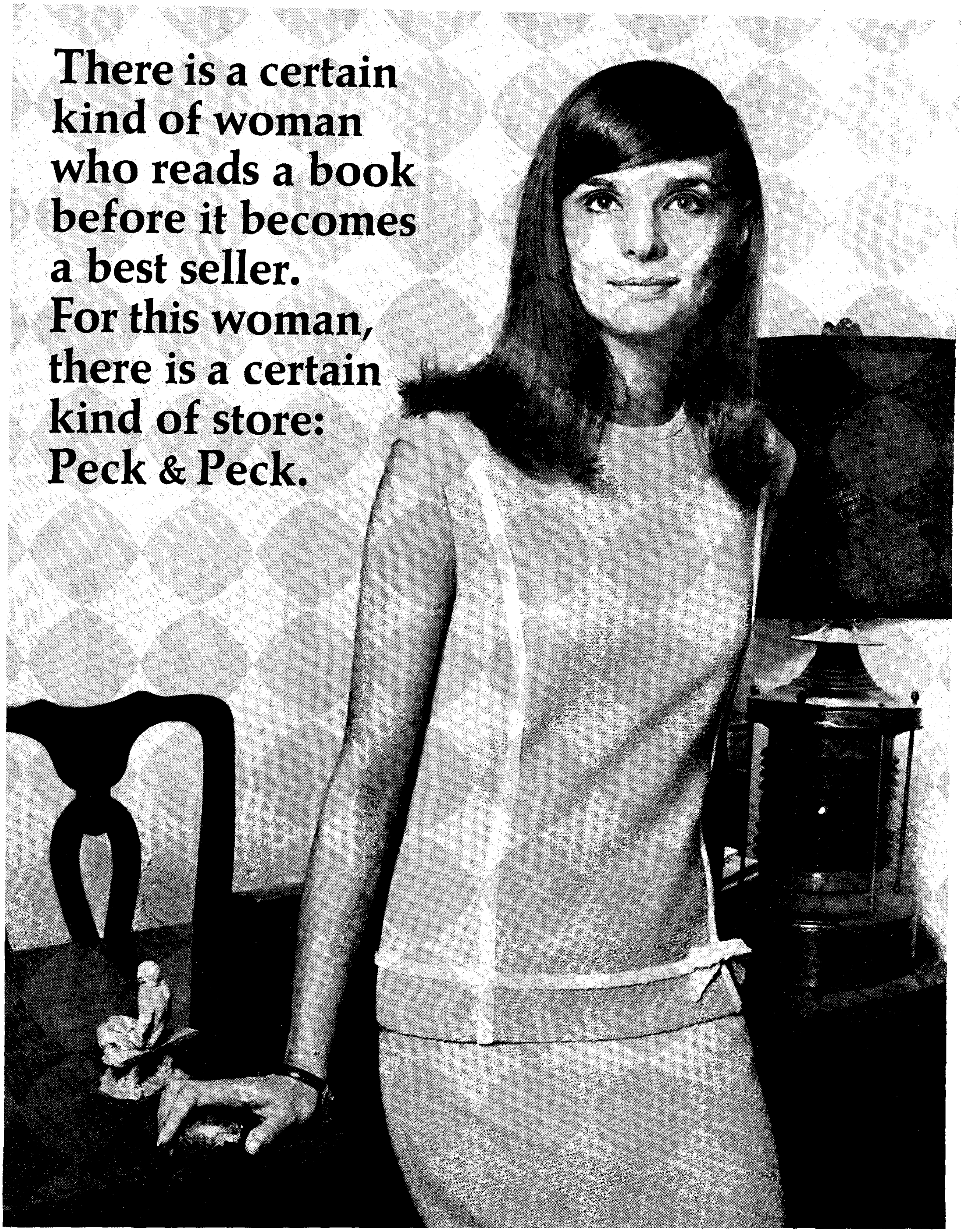
Aren't you glad you wear Hanes?

It is, alas, just one of those days. You'd love to put your best foot forward—only you can't figure out which one it is. Fortunately, you wear Hanes stockings. And both feet look simply marvelous. Both legs, too. The thing to do now is to press your advantage. Take off your shoes. Walk around a lot. If he's half the man you know he is, he'll notice they're Hanes. And he'll think to himself, "She may be ugly, but boy she's got class".

So you see, those Hanes stockings weren't an extravagance after all. They fit to perfection—with never a sag or a bag. They're inspected so many times you never have to worry about big goopy runs starting for no good reason. They're flattering. And fashionable. And fun. In fact, Hanes stockings are a necessity that just happen to be a luxury. So if, sometime later this month (perhaps at your wedding reception), the cat scratches and the stockings snag—look at it this way: They snagged him, too, didn't they?

Great Legs deserve Hanes
Others need them.

There is a certain kind of woman who reads a book before it becomes a best seller. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

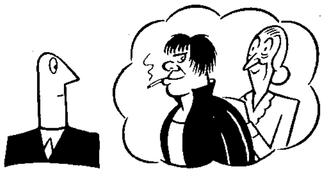
THIS is an exciting age we live in, all right. Artists paint exciting pictures. Ladies wear exciting dresses, made from exciting fabrics. Exciting dresses (made from exciting fabrics) are worn to performances of plays by exciting playwrights. Sometimes the playwright is exciting, the play is not. Sometimes vice versa. Novelists write exciting novels. Hostesses give exciting parties. Toothpaste companies invent exciting toothpastes. Children study exciting new concepts of mathematics, in classes taught by exciting teachers. And everyone has an exciting job—except, possibly, people like that sleek, sleepy-eyed fellow in the Grant's-whiskey ad ("As long as you're up get me a Grant's"), who doesn't actually have a *job* (unless you count writing letters to the *Diners' Club Magazine* on a ribbonless Olivetti as a job) but who doubtless lives in an exciting house. The other afternoon, we overheard two young ladies on a bus discussing a recent purchase made by one of them. "Oh, it's an exciting coffeepot," this one said. "But, unfortunately, it doesn't work." We pass the information along for what it's worth.

WHAT is more baffling, more outrageous than the misplaced compliment? At odd moments for the past several weeks, we have been laughing and muttering to ourself over one of the prettiest commendations this city has received in many years—a sudden buss on the cheek so gratuitous and so utterly unmerited that at first it made us duck away, blushing, and rub at the spot with the back of our hand. We have the thing before us on our desk now—a brief essay about New York in a recent issue of the *New Statesman*, written by a kindly Englishman named Edward Hyams. It is called "Strollers' City," and it begins:

> A thing I'd forgotten after 25 years is that New York is an easy, pleasant city to walk in. The New Yorker's gait is not ours; it is a Southerner's stroll, the pace and bearing those of a *flâneur*, very different from the London scuttle. It is easier and safer to cross the streets than in Rome or Paris. . . . New York is less noisy, and therefore less tiring, than any major European city.

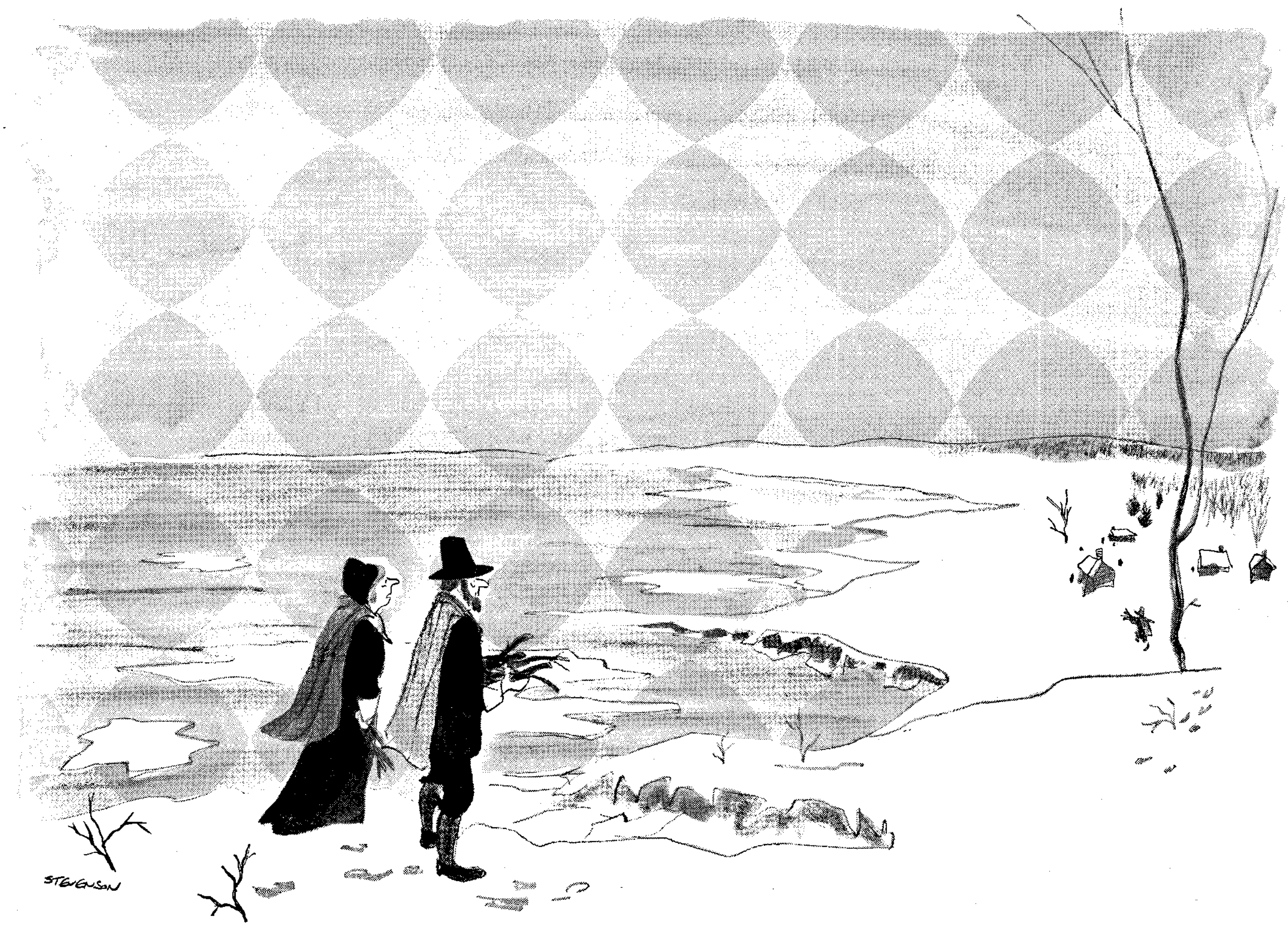
There is more of the same ("The New Yorkers remain very like O. Henry's—villagers"), but further quotation would merely thicken this bemusing fog. Mr. Hyams' gentle benison is so inapplicable, his New York so unrecognizable, that only the most exaggerated hypotheses occur to us as explanation. Can it be, for instance, that Mr. Hyams' copy was delayed in transit—that the envelope containing his story slipped behind a counter in the *New Statesman's* mailroom, say, and lay there unnoticed for forty years, and that the editor who finally discovered it, slit it open, and sent its contents down to the compositor was only faintly puzzled by the faded notation "Via S.S. Berengaria—Rush!" scrawled next to the address? No, it won't hold up; farther along in his story the writer reveals that he came to New York by air and that the airline managed to lose his luggage for several days. That, in turn, suggests another answer: Mr. Hyams' suitcases were in New York all the time but he himself, on leaving London, inadvertently stepped aboard a plane to Boston, from which he filed his story. The Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston has copies of the New York *Times* on its newsstand every morning, there are Wall Streetish skyscrapers shooting up behind Beacon Hill, and the squirrels slowly strolling the Public Garden powerfully resemble our own squirrels, in their gray *flâneur* suits, in Central Park. A natural mistake, Mr. Hyams! Please think no more about it.

Yet an explanation, however brilliant, for the *New Statesman's* New York does not entirely erase our sense of outrage at being improperly characterized. We feel exactly like an obdurate, unshorn, black-jacketed motorcycle hoodlum who has just been called a good boy by his old auntie. We reject the kindness. From now on, we want it understood that New York is impossible to stroll in, and that it is as hurried and dangerous and noisy and exhausting as any city in the world. Love us for ourself or leave us alone.



Director

JAN KADAR, one of the two directors of the much admired Czechoslovakian film "The Shop on Main Street," was in town recently for the New York première of his picture, and we had a chance to talk with him before he flew back to Prague. We joined him for breakfast one cold morning at the King's Inn, in the Barclay Hotel, where he was staying, and found him to be in even better spirits than when we met him on his first trip to the city, last September, which he had made in response to an invitation to attend the Film Festival at Lincoln Center. He was wearing a brown tweed jacket over a navy-blue sweater, with a white shirt and a blue-and-white striped tie. As he studied the menu, we studied his face—long and sensitive, a little weary-looking, with a high forehead, shrewd, slightly hooded



"If we had to flee religious oppression, why couldn't it have been to some place warm and sunny?"

• •

eyes, and an expressive mouth, which turned up in the friendliest way imaginable.

How, we asked Mr. Kadar, does a director direct a film with someone else—in this case, Elmar Klos? How, for example, do two directors instruct the actors before a shot, or tell the cameraman which lens to use? Aren't there likely to be disagreements?

Mr. Kadar, who must have answered this question many times since last May's Cannes Film Festival, where "The Shop on Main Street" was first presented, said, "It is a little bit like a good marriage—it's a question of confidence, of friendship, of respect. Nevertheless, Mr. Klos's and my ambitions are different. Mr. Klos always concerns himself with financial affairs and with practical matters. He protects me from these things, so I have no worries and can devote all my energies to solving artistic problems. During shooting, I am completely responsible, I do everything. I am like any other director—all the decisions are mine. But later, when the shooting is over, Mr. Klos is there in the editing room to cut the film. Of course, he joins up the shots as we go along, too—you call them 'dailies,' I believe. He is very experienced. It's not an easy way to work, perhaps, and I wouldn't recommend it to everybody, even though I've had this long and very close association with Mr. Klos. We have collaborated for fifteen years. I wouldn't like to work with anyone else."

The waiter came up, and Mr. Kadar said he would have orange juice, scrambled eggs, and coffee.

Remembering that Mr. Kadar had said in September that the only place the film had then been released commercially was London, we asked him whether it had now been shown in Czechoslovakia.

"It has played in Prague, but it was not such a great financial success as here," Mr. Kadar said. "Not *such* a success, though it was very well received by the critics. It is the first tragicomedy on the theme of the Nazi persecutions, as far as I know. But a mediocre German Western called 'Winnetou,' which played at the same time—*that* did very well."

As the waiter gave Mr. Kadar his orange juice, we said it sounded as if things were the same everywhere.

"Yes," he said. "And distributors are the same all over the world, too. Even in Czechoslovakia, they want to make a lot of money. It's very funny. They said my film would play three weeks, and instead it played eight. However, in some ways, whether a picture does well there or does badly, it's all the same to us; we just go on making new ones. You can see, I'm sure, that for someone who is trying to do something artistic there are advantages to a system like ours, even if it can also be a haven for people without any talent. So far, the system seems to be working successfully, though it is still necessary to be very strong and not compromise. In Europe, Czechoslovakia is a new center of picture-making. Very interesting things are happening there. It is like Italy. In five years, there have been great changes."

We asked Mr. Kadar if he would tell us something about the way films are made in his country.

"All film production is undertaken by Czechoslovak Film, a company financed by the state," he said. "It is as big as your Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer used to be, I think. We make about thirty-six features a year, and a good many shorts and animated films. Production is concentrated in five completely separate—autonomous—groups. Each one plans and executes its own films, and is responsible for how they turn out—how the pictures are budgeted, their treatment and content, everything. We manage to function very well, and, as I said before, I don't have to think about financial things—only about how to make good films." Mr. Kadar poured himself some coffee. "I won't get anything myself out of the film's run in America," he went on. "Of course, nobody had any idea our film would be so successful here. In one week, I've heard, it has made eighteen thousand dollars. So many people said that the film would not do well—that the public in New York would only go to see James Bond—but it has been proved again that there is always an audience for serious films."

When we had finished breakfast, Mr. Kadar said he wanted to go to a laboratory on West Forty-fifth Street to supervise some work on the subtitles of "The Shop on Main Street." We were headed in the same direction, so we waited in the lobby of the Barclay while he went up to his room. He returned wearing a heavy overcoat and a large brown fur hat, and we went out into Forty-eighth Street together. At Park Avenue, where we stood for a minute waiting for a light to change, Mr. Kadar looked north. The sun was reflected from hundreds of windows and from the metal trim of new buildings. Large automobiles hurtled past, flinging melted snow into the air and making a steady shooshing sound. "Fantastic and terrible," Mr. Kadar said. "Fantastic and terrible at the same time."

Implacable Pal

AN artist we know who banks at Chase Manhattan held an exhibition of his watercolors the other day and, to his pleasure, met a lady from Philadelphia who was eager to invest in one of his works. Trouble was she didn't have her checkbook with her. "No matter," said our artist. "Use one of my checks from Chase Manhattan. Merely cross out everything that identifies the check as having been issued by my bank, and substitute the name and address of your bank." The lady did as she was instructed, and went her way with the painting she fancied. Some weeks later, the artist got a letter from Philadelphia. The lady wrote that she was rather perturbed because she couldn't find the cancelled check for the watercolor or any record of it in her bank statement. "Don't worry," the artist wrote back. "Banks are infallible." But, on a hunch, he took a look at his own bank statement, which he had been neglecting, and then with rue his heart was laden, for the bank's computer, impervious to everything about the check except the code figures telling it how to calculate, had ignored all the inked-in corrections, and so, of course, had charged him for the painting he had sold.

Franchises

THE Start Your Own Business Exposition returned to the New York Coliseum last week, and we looked in during our lunch hour to see how the old Horatio Alger spirit is faring in these new days. If we had any fears for the future, they were immediately dispelled by the sight of a large, enthusiastic crowd surging up and down the aisles between the exhibitors' booths as the knock of Opportunity resounded deafeningly from all sides.

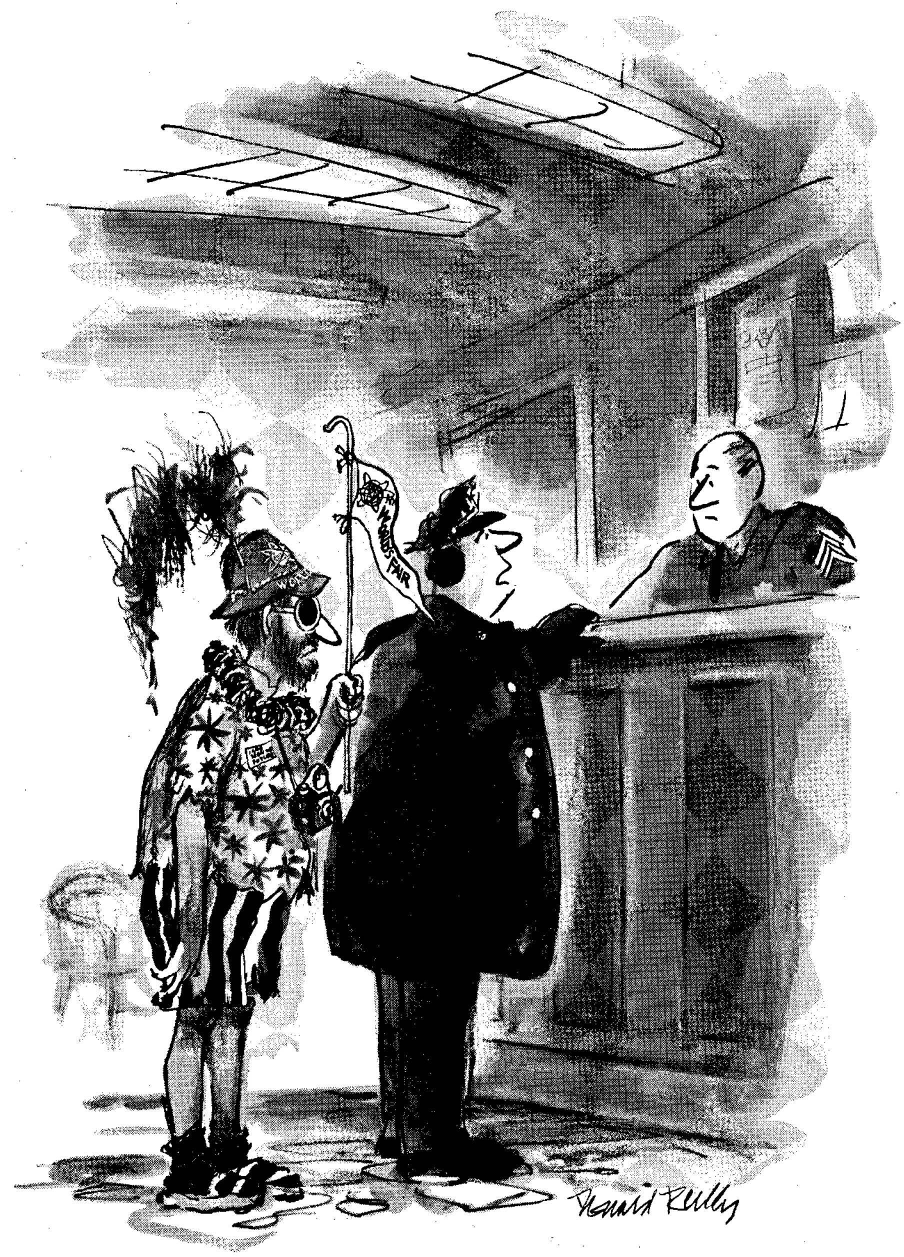
The largest crowd seemed to be lined up in front of a booth operated by the Blimpie Base System. Under a sign that read, "The New Atomic Idea of the Franchise Industry with an Explosive CHAIN Reaction," a young man in a dark suit was explaining that the real secret of the Blimpie success was taking an established product—"namely, the hero sandwich"—and developing an "image" for it. Franchises to sell Blimpies directly to the public were now available for as little as five thousand dollars cash. It turned out that the long line was waiting not for Blimpie franchises but for Blimpie sandwiches, which the parent company was giving away. After sampling a Blimpie No. 4 (Italian-cold-cuts combination), we followed the crowd to another booth, where a representative of Manhattan's La Crêpe restaurant was offering to set up, anywhere in the country, for anyone with an appetite for net profits of up to thirty-two per cent on an investment of only twenty-five thousand dollars, an exact replica of the present La Crêpe. A lovely "*crêpe* maiden," in native Breton costume, was demonstrating a brace of *galettoires*—round black iron griddles imported from Brittany for making true *crêpes*—and handing out free samples. We accepted a folded-over paper-thin pancake filled with strawberry preserve, and then followed the crowd to the Chicken Delight exhibit, where we learned that fourteen thousand dollars is all one needs to become the owner of a retail food shop featuring take-out orders of chicken parts fried in special high-temperature conduction cookers protected by a United States patent. We agreed to try a free sample, but before we could finish our part

(a crisp second joint), the crowd had moved on again, and we ended up in front of the Mister Donut exhibit, watching a young woman in black mesh stockings pass a tray of doughnuts around. We took a very small bite of one, and asked the man in charge of the booth to explain why an ambitious young fellow might be tempted to become a Mister Donut franchisee instead of starting out entirely on his own. The man reeled off a series of statistics to prove that more than three-quarters of all small-business ventures fail in their first year, whereas Mister Donut franchisees almost always succeed, thanks to eight weeks of intensive training at the Mister Donut College and continued supervision thereafter. For an initial investment of twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars, plus a small percentage of annual gross sales, the franchisee can expect a net income of twenty thousand a year. “And, besides the tangibles, our franchisees get the benefit of a national advertising campaign and our excellent public image,” the man said. “Our doughnuts have a heart-shaped hole in the center—the first major advance in doughnut design in a hundred and nine years—and we have it protected by patent. Our slogan is ‘We Put Our Heart in It.’ ”

Soon afterward, we were attracted to a colorful exhibit sponsored by the Schertle Galleries, of Baltimore. The three sides of the Schertle booth were stacked with oil paintings, which a man with a slight Southern accent assured us were all originals; they ranged in subject from stormy seascapes to brightly lit Montparnasse street scenes. “Are you offering franchises?” we asked, and the man said, “Yes, sir, we are. We have five franchises already, and none are grossing less than thirty thousand dollars a year. We buy paintings all over Europe from more than five hundred artists, many of whom work exclusively for us. We put on a hundred new artists just last year, and we expect to put on another hundred this spring. Take this painting here.” He held up a small landscape. “This sells for fifteen dollars retail. An American artist could barely buy a stretcher and canvas for that. Our dealers work on a fifty-five- to sixty-per-cent markup on paintings and a markup of almost three hundred per cent on frames. You don’t have to know anything about running a gallery. We fly you to Baltimore for a week’s training. We teach you the importance of a balanced inventory. For instance, you may not like nudes personally, but you should keep a few on hand. Even modernistic abstract art will usually account for two or three per cent of your business, so we supply some of that, too.”

We asked whether customers ever expressed a preference for one artist over another.

The man said, “Well, this seascape here is by Van Berk, of Holland. A twenty-four-by-forty-eight-inch Van Berk retails for seventy dollars, without frame, and he’s very popular. We take everything he does, and we wish he did more. He turns out thirty-five or forty seascapes a month, but we have to share those out among all our franchises. If someone wanted a Van Berk and we couldn’t supply it, we’d suggest a Leonard instead. He paints a lot like Van Berk.”



“*I found him wandering in the subway.*”

Making a quick tour of other sections of the exposition, we took note of exhibitors offering franchises in such lucrative fields as burglar-alarm systems, coin-operated laundries, paint products, soft ice cream, automated legal research, beefburgers, pizzas, miniature slot-car raceways, lawn care—just about everything. Then we turned a corner and discovered American Franchise Systems.

“We’re franchising consultants,” the man behind the counter said. “We represent seven different clients at the moment, and what we’re interested in right now is signing up people to sell our clients’ franchises.”

“You mean you’re hiring franchise salesmen?” we asked.

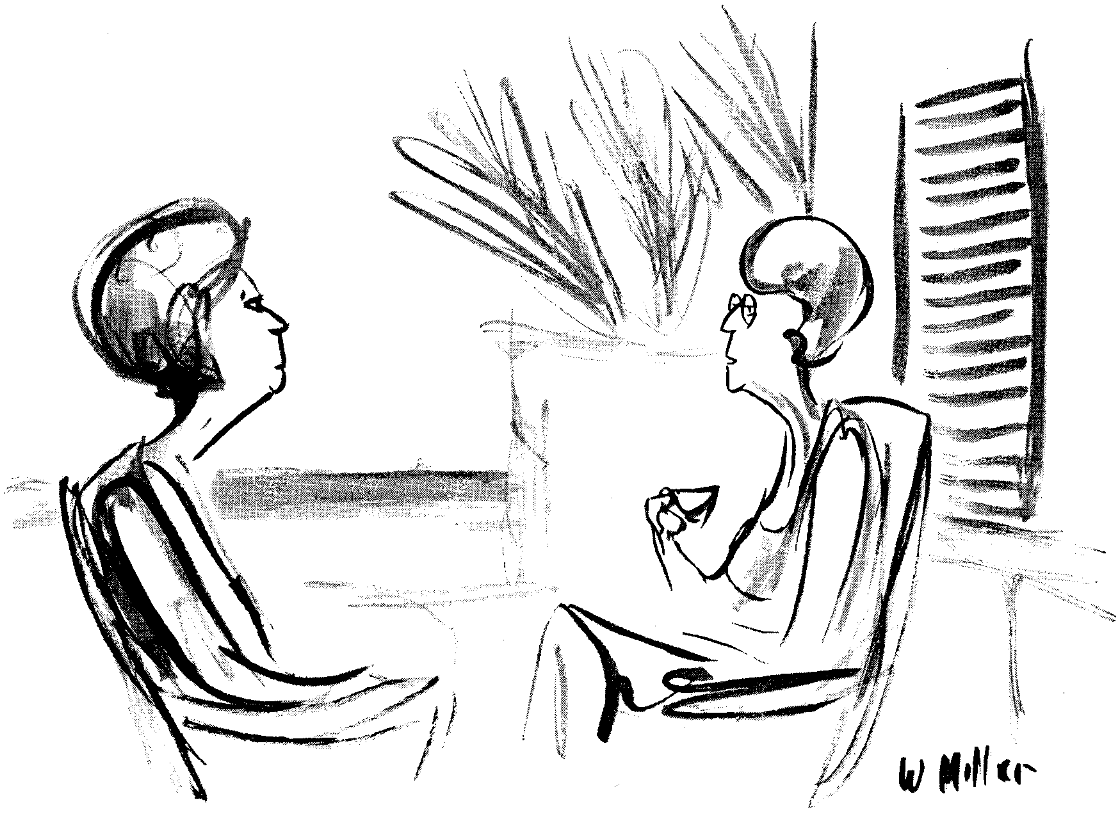
“Area representatives,” the man said. “For instance, a local representative could get the exclusive rights to sell our seven franchises in Nassau County for only a thousand dollars.”

"And you're working for American Franchise Systems?" we asked.

"I'm a regional director," the man said. "I bought the exclusive rights to sell area franchises to local representatives in the New York-New Jersey region."

"In other words," we said, "American Franchise Systems has sold you a franchise to sell franchises to sell franchises to local franchisees for seven companies who sold franchises to American Franchise Systems."

The man nodded, and before he could say anything else we rushed toward the nearest exit.



"We've been thinking of closing our town house. If those dynamos could fail once, they could fail again."

• •

Comprehensive

We compulsively read other people's kitchen bulletin boards, and while we were exercising this habit recently at an acquaintance's house in Princeton, we came upon this printed list of telephone numbers:

PRINCETON TOWNSHIP
Community Service Telephone Numbers

Fire and Local Police	921-2100
State Police	452-2600
Hospital	921-7700
Poison Information	921-7700
Rescue Squad	924-0496
Republican Committeeman	924-5012
Republican Committeewoman	921-6792

Snow Removal

At the nadir of last week's snow crisis, when the streets had narrowed to single tracks, like wagon trails, between mountains of what looked like dirty whitewashed Roquefort, with splattered cars and humpbacked yellow Sanitation trucks wallowing in the slush, we were lurching and slipping among the craters of West Forty-seventh Street, heading toward Broadway, when we suddenly came upon a short stretch of clean, snowless sidewalk. The clear pavement extended along the front of the Hellenic Palace Restaurant & Bar, at No. 141, terminating on the east at the Alamo Chile House and on the west at the House of Louie Chinese-American Restaurant. Directly in front of the Hellenic Palace, and near the curb, was a very small boy in a bright-blue hooded snowsuit, black leather gloves, and dark-brown boots, shovelling away, with a large red shovel, the last bit of snow from around a hydrant.

When we congratulated the boy, he said, "I did from there, and there, and there. I put the snow with the other snow." He pointed toward the uneven heaps at the edge of the pavement. We introduced ourself to him, and he introduced himself; he told us his name was Chris, he was four years old, and he lived in Plainview. Then he resumed working, noisily scraping the last coating of slush from the curb. Presently, he rested, holding his shovel at arm's length. "When I grow up," he said, "I'm going to be bigger than this shovel." He glanced down the street, where a man in gray trousers and a blue coat was shovelling in front of the House of Blondes. "I'm faster than he is," Chris said. "I shovel down and down and down." He demonstrated for a few moments more, then turned and walked into the Hellenic Palace, where he took off his gloves and his snowsuit coat, revealing a gray sweater and a checked shirt, and then climbed up onto a bar stool.

"All finished, Chris?" called a dark young man, walking toward us between white tables set for lunch.

Chris nodded, and flipped his gloves around.

The man introduced himself as Teddy Kletsidis, and said he was Chris's father and the owner of the restaurant. Chris's grandmother and grandfather, he added, were both in the kitchen, where they cooked for the Palace.

Chris said something in Greek, and Mr. Kletsidis pulled off the boy's boots. "He said his feet hurt," Mr. Kletsidis explained.

"Because I was working," Chris said. "That's why."

Chris climbed down from the bar stool. "When I grow up," he said, "I'm going to be a doctor." He paused, and added, "When I'm finished with being a doctor, I'm going to be like my daddy." He walked over to the counter where the cash register stood. "I like that," he said, pointing to the register. "It goes *drrrnng!*" He climbed up on a chair, poked at the register, then climbed down and wandered away to the kitchen.

Mr. Kletsidis presented us with a demitasse of thick, sweet Greek coffee. "Chris comes in with me from Long Island once a week," he said. "He's a nice boy."

A moment later, Chris emerged from the kitchen and ran toward us between the tables. He went to the front window and picked up a squeegee that was lying on the sill. "Can I clean the window?" he asked.

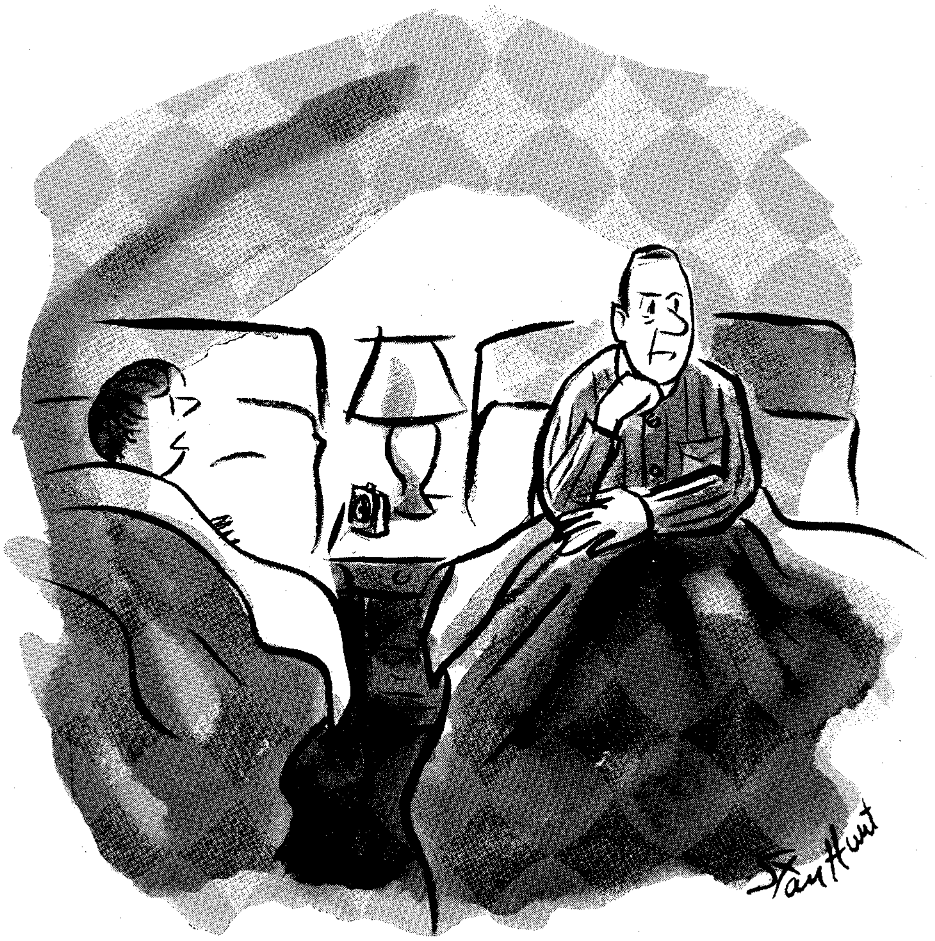
THIS NEWSPAPER HERE

AGAIN today the little girl come along come along dancing doggedly with her knitting needle steel-blue knitting needle. She knows I can't get up out of this chair theoretically and sticks me, here and there, just to make me yell, nice little girl from down the block somewhere. Once I corrected her sharply saying "don't for God's sake what pleasure is there hearing me scream like this?" She was wearing a blue Death of Beethoven printed dress and white shoes which mama had whited for her that day before noon so white were they (shoes). I judged her to be eleven. The knitting needle in the long thrust and hold position she said "torment is the answer old pappy man it's torment that is the game's name that I'm learning about under laboratory conditions. Torment the proper study of children of my age class and median income and *you* don't matter in any case you're through dirty old man can't even get out of rotten old chair." Summed me up she did in those words which I would much rather not have heard so prettily put as they were nevertheless. I hate it here in this chair in this house warm and green with Social Security. Do you know how little it is? The little girl jabbed again hitting the thin thigh that time and said "we know *exactly* how little it is and even that is money down the drain why don't you die damn you dirty old man what are you contributing?" Then I explained about this newspaper here sprinkled with rare lies and photographs incorrectly captioned accumulated along a lifetime of disappointments and some fun. I boasted saying "one knows just where nerves cluster under the skin, how to pinch them so citizens jump as in dreams when opened suddenly a door and there see two flagrantly . . ." But I realize then her dreams are drawn in ways which differ so that we cannot read them together. I threw then jam jar (black currant) catching her nicely on kneecap and she ran howling but if they come to object I have jab marks in extenuation. Nice little girl from down the block somewhere.

The reason I like to read this newspaper here the one in my hand, is because I like what it says. It is my favorite. I would be pleased really quite if you could read it. But you can't. But some can. It comes in the mail. I give it to a fellow some time back, put it in his hand and said "take a look." He took a look took a look but he couldn't see anything strawdinary along this newspaper here, couldn't see it. And he says "so what?" Of course I once was in this business myself making newspapers in the depression. We had fun then. This fellow I give it to to take a look some time back he that said "so what" is well educated reads good travels far drinks deep gin mostly talks to dolphins click click click click. A professor of ethnology at the University of California at Davis. Not in fine a dullard in any sense but he couldn't see *anything strawdinary along* this newspaper here. I said look there page 2 the amusing story of the plain girl fair where the plain girls come to vend their wares but he said "on *my* page 2 this newspaper here talk about the EEC." Then I took it from his hand and showed him with my finger pointing the plain girl fair story. Then he commences to read aloud from under my finger there some singsong about the EEC. So I infer that he is one who can't. So I let the matter drop.

I went to the plain girl fair out Route 22 figuring I could get one if I just put on a kind face. This newspaper here had advertising the aspidistra store not far away by car where I went then and bought one to carry along. At the plain girl fair they were standing in sudden-death décolletage and brown arms everywhere. As you passed along into the tent after paying your dollar fifty carrying your aspidistra a blinding flash of some hundred contact lenses came. And a quality of dental work to shame the VA Hospital it was so fine. One fell in love temporarily with all this hard work and money spent just to please to improve. I was sad my dolphin friend was not there to see. I took one by the hand and said "come with me I will buy you a lobster." My real face behind my kind face smiling. And the other girls on their pedestals waved and said "goodbye Marie." And they also said "have a nice lobster," and Marie waved back and said "bonne chance!" We motored to the lobster place over to Barwick, then danced by the light of the moon for a bit. And then to my hay where I tickled the naked soles of feet with a piece of it and admired her gestures of marvellous gaucherie. In my mind.

Of course I once was in this business myself making newspapers in the depression. So I know some little some about it, both the back room and the



"Don't start thinking any big thoughts now, dear. You've got to get up early."

front room. If you got in the makeups' way they'd yell "dime waitin' on a nickel." But this here and now newspaper I say a thing of great formal beauty. Sometimes on dull days the compositors play which makes paragraphs like

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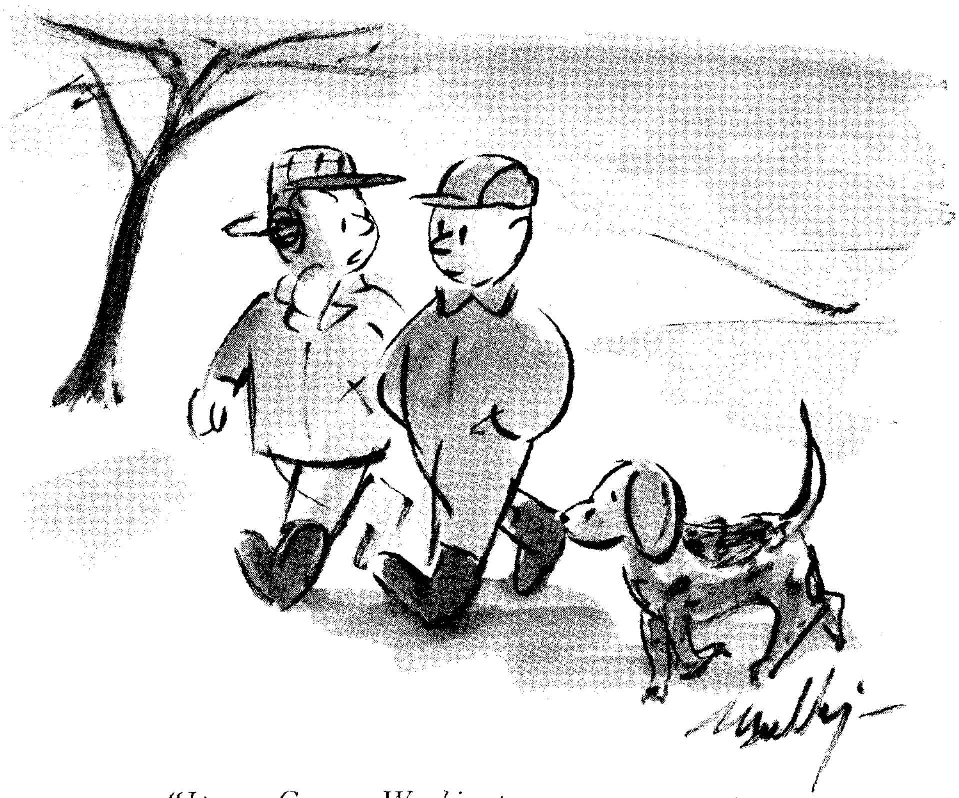
refreshing as rocks in this newspaper here. And then you come along a page solid bright aching orange sometimes and parts printed in alien languages and invisible inks. This newspaper here fly away fly away through the mails to names from the telephone book. Have you seen my library of telephone books I keep in the kitchen with names from Greater Memphis Utica Key West Toledo Santa Barbara St. Paul Juneau Missoula Tacoma and every which where. It goes third class because I print HOTELS-MOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN AMAZING FREE OFFER on the wrapper. As a disguise.



"It was George Washington who never told a lie. I guess Lincoln did."

• •

Then a learned man come to call saying "this with the newspaper is not kosher you know that." He had several degrees in Police Engineering and the like and his tiny gun dwelt in his armpit like the growths described by Defoe in "Journal of the Plague Year." I judged him to be with some one of the governments. Not overfond of him in my house but I said in a friendly way "can I see it." He took out the tiny black gun and held it in his hand, then slapped me up against the head with it in a friendly way. He coughed and looked at the bottle of worryberry wine sitting on the table on the newspaper saying "and we can hear the presses in the basement with sensitive secret recording devices." And finally he said sighing "we know it's you why don't you simply take a few months off, try Florida or Banff which is said to swing at this season of the year and we'll pay everything." I told him smiling I didn't get the reference. He was almost crying it seemed to me saying "you know it excites the people stirs them up exacerbates hopes we thought laid to rest generations ago." He nodded to agree with himself laying soft hands around the windpipe of the gramophone automatically feeling for counter-bugs down its throat saying "we don't understand what it is you're after. If you don't like our war you don't have to come to it, too old anyway you used-up old poop." Then he slapped me up alongside the head couple more times with his exquisite politesse kicking my toothpick scale model of P. J. Proby in blue velvet to splinters on the way out.

Can you imagine some fellow waking at dawn in Toledo looking at his red alarm clock and then thinking with wonder of a picture drawn in this newspaper here by my friend Golo. When we were in Paris Golo was a famous one because he drew with his thumbs in black black paint which was not then done yet much on brown paper and it made people stop. Now Golo has altered his name because he is wanted. Still he sends me drawings on secular subjects from here and there, when they irritate me I put them in. It is true that I dislike their war and have pointed out that the very postage stamps shimmer with dangerous ideological radiation. They hated that. I run coupons to clip offering Magnificent Butterfly Wing Portraits Send Photo, Transistorized Personal Sun Tanner, How to Develop a He-Man Voice, Darling Pet Monkey Show It Affection and Enjoy Its Company, British Shoes for Gentlemen, Live Seahorses $1 Each, Why Be Bald, Electric Roses Never Fade or Wither, Hotels-Motels Need Trained Men and Women. And I keep the money.

But what else can I do? Making this newspaper here I hold a prerequisite to eluding death which is looking for me don't you know. Girl with knitting needle simply sent to soften me up, a probing action as it were. My newspaper warm at the edges fade in fade out a tissue of hints whispers glimpses uncertainties, zoom in zoom out. I considered in an editorial the idea that the world is an error on the part of God, one of the earliest and finest heresies, they hated that. Ringle from the telephone "what do you mean the world is a roar on the part of God," which pleased me. I said "madam is your name Marie if so I will dangle your health in merryberry wine this very eve blast me if I will not." She said into the telephone "dirty old man." Who ha who ha. I sit here rock around the clock interviewing Fabian on his plate-glass window incident in my mind. Sweet to know your face uncut and unabridged. Who ha who ha dirty old man.

—DONALD BARTHELME

•

Brown, who wears contact lenses when he plays, scored Missouri's first touchdown on a second period field goal with a 15-yard sweep on his own right end and contributed a futile 45-yard sprint down the sidelines just before the end of the third quarter.—*Allentown (Pa.) Sunday Call-Chronicle.*

An embarrassing moment for his optometrist.

NOTES ON A LIFE TO BE LIVED

I STARGAZING

The stars are only a backdrop for
The human condition, the stars
Are brilliant above the black spruces,
And fall comes on. Wind

Does not move in the star stillness, wind
Is afraid of itself, as you have been afraid in
Those moments when destruction and revelation
Have spat at each other like cats, and the mirror
Showed no breath, ha, ha, and the wind,

Far off in arctic starlight, is afraid
To breathe, and waits, huddled in
Sparse blackness of spruce, black glitter in starlight, in
A land, north, where snow already is, and waits;

And the girl is saying, "You do not look
At the stars," for I did not look at
The stars, for I know they are there, know
That if I look at the stars, I

Will have to live over again all I have lived
In the years I looked at stars and
Cried out, "O reality!" The stars
Love me. I love them. I wish they

Loved God, too. I truly wish that.

II DRAGON TREE

The faucet drips all night, and will not stop.
A cat, *in coitu*, squalls like Hell's honeymoon.
A child is sick. The doctor coughs.
Do you feel, in your heart, that life has turned out as once you expected?

Spring comes early; ice
Groans in the gorge; water, black, swirls
Into foam like lace white in fury. The gorge boulders boom.
When you hear, in darkness, the gorge boulders boom, does your heart say, "No comment"?

Geese pass in dawn light, and the news
From Asia is bad, and the Belgians sure mucked up
The Congo. Human flesh is yet eaten there, often uncooked.
Have you sat on a hillside at sunset and eaten the flesh of your own heart?

The world drives at you like a locomotive
In an archaic movie. It whirls off the screen,
It is on you, the iron. You hear, in that silence, your heart.
Have you thought that the headlines are only the image of your own heart?

Some study compassion. Some, confusing
Personal pathology with the logic of history, jump
Out of windows. Some walk with God, some by rivers, at twilight.
Have you tried just to sit with the children and tell a tale ending in laughter?

Oh, tell the tale, and laugh, and let
God laugh—for your heart is the dragon tree, the root
Feels, in earth-dark, the abrasive scale, the coils
Stir. But look! The new leaf, in sunlight, flaps gilt. Birds sing.

III COMPOSITION IN GOLD AND RED-GOLD

Between the event and the word, golden
The sunlight falls, between
The brown brook's braiding and the mountain it
Falls, in pitiless plenitude, and every leaf
On the ruined apple tree is gold, and the apples all
Gold, too, especially those

On the ground. The gold of apples
That have fallen flushes to flame, but
Gold is the flame. Gold
Goes red-gold, and the scene:

A chipmunk is under the apple tree, sits up
Among gold apples, is
Golden in gold light. The chipmunk
Wriggles its small black nose
In the still center of the world of light.

The hair of the little girl is as brown-gold as
Brook water braiding in sunlight.

The cat, crouching by the gray stone, is gold, too.
The tail of the cat, half Persian, weaves from side to side,
In infinite luxury, gold plume
Of seaweed in that tide of light.
That is a motion that puts
The world to sleep.

The eyes of the cat are gold, and

I want to sleep. But
The event: the tiny
Shriek unstitches the afternoon, the girl
Screams, the sky
Tingles crystalline like a struck wineglass, and you
Feel the salt thickening, like grit, in your secret blood. Afterward

There is a difference in the quality of silence.
Every leaf, gold, hangs motionless on the tree, but
There is a difference in the quality of
Motionlessness: unverbed, unverved, they
Hang. On the last day will the sun
Explode? Or simply get too tired?

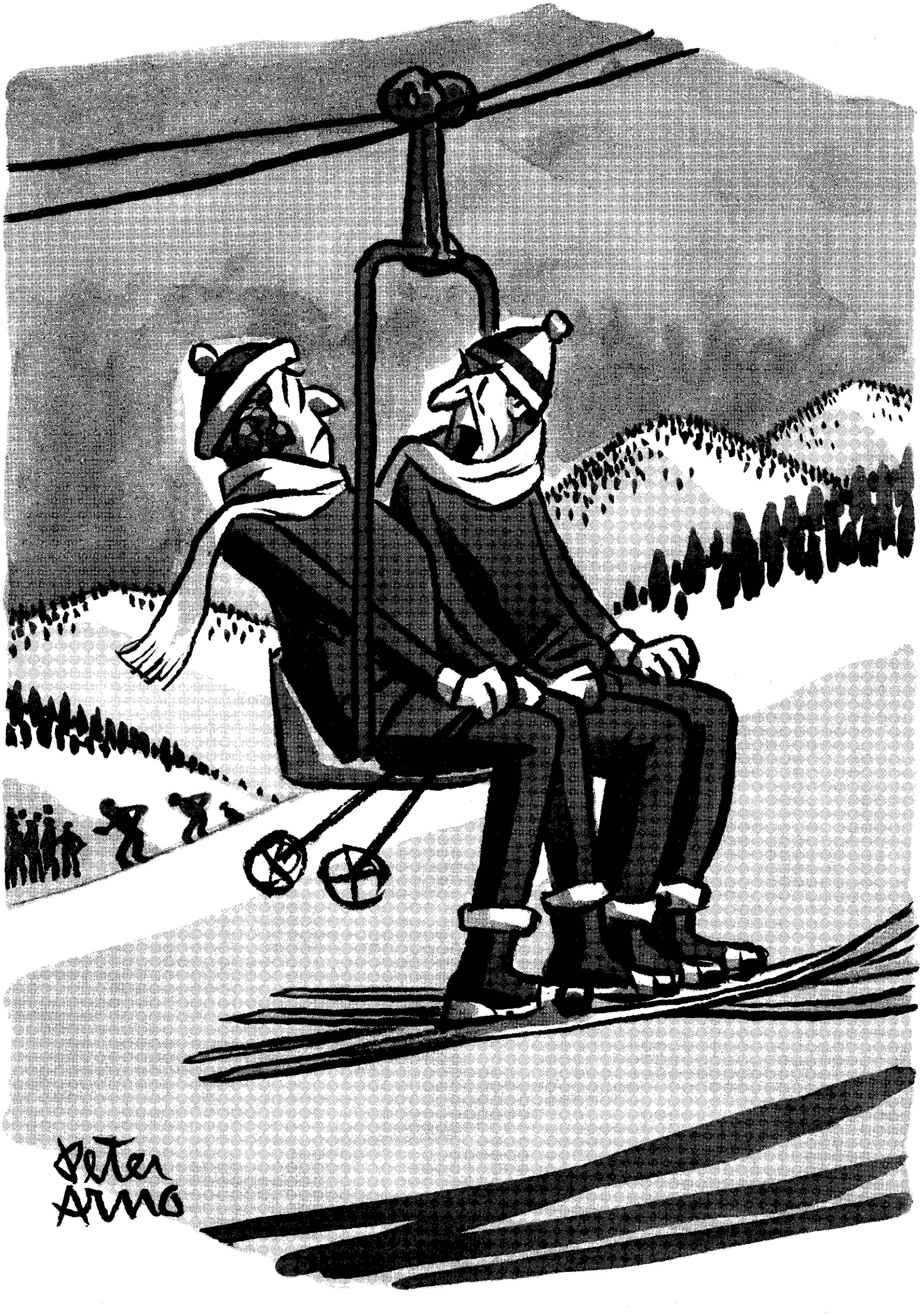
The chipmunk lies gold among
The gold apples. It
Is prone and totally relaxed like ripe
Fruit fallen, and,
Upon closer inspection, you can see
The faint smear of flame-gold at the base
Of the skull. This effect
Completes the composition.

The little girl
Holds the cat in her arms,
Crooning, "Baby, oh, baby." She weeps under
The powerful flood of gold light.

Somewhere, in the shade of alders, a trout
Hangs steady, head against a current like ice.

The eagle I had earlier seen climbing
The light above the mountain is
Now beyond sight.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN



"Will you knock it off, Stella! I'm not driving this thing!"

THE SNOWS OF MINNESOTA

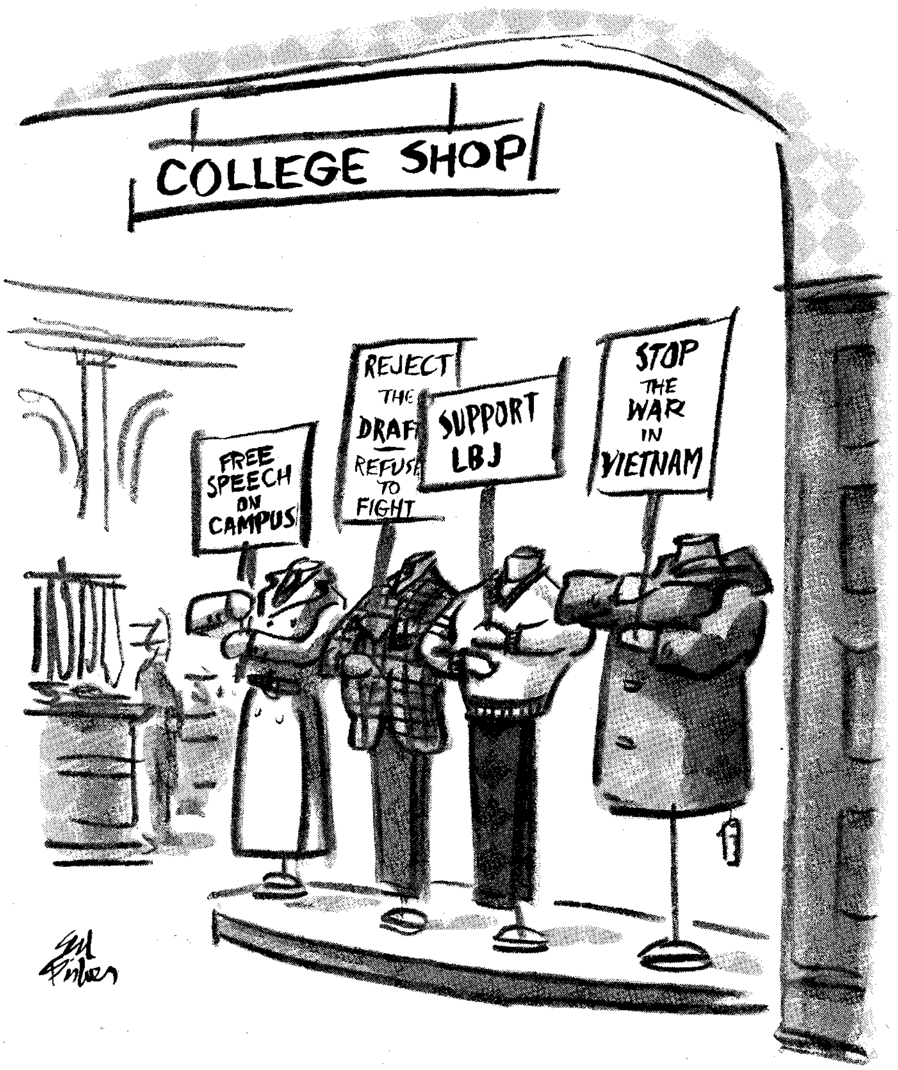
THE first snow came on a warm gray evening—little balls of snow the size of pinheads, at first. Jimmy Paulson held out his palms to them, and they bounced, stuck, and each with a tiny sting melted away into a point of moisture no bigger than a bead of mist. The air was full, right up past the houses and the bare, silent maple trees, full of these quick, floating little balls of snow, and Jimmy was suddenly happy, as he had always been at the first snow when he was at home. Then he remembered that he was not home anymore but in the yard of this strange, old house more than a thousand miles away from Duluth, from his friends Harold Johnson and Paul Krause, even away from himself as he really was, the person he had once earned the right to be. Was it snowing in Duluth? Did this same gentle storm cover the lake, and Park Point, and the North Shore where the dark woods came down to the lake? No, probably not. He knew better—that in between this dense sky and the sky of Minnesota were clear, empty spaces impossible for him to cross.

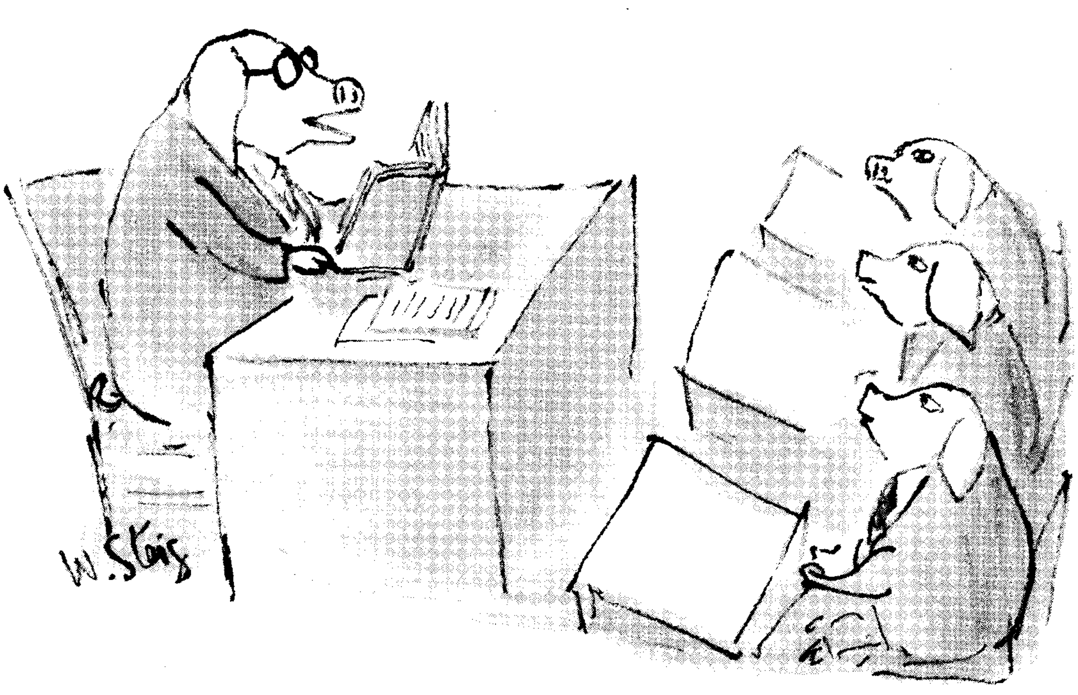
He knew that his family had left their home and come east to this place of old houses and fat trees because his father had been transferred—a word that seemed dishonorable, even dangerous. It had been explained to him that this had really been a promotion for his father, and that the family could now afford this big, dark house on the quiet street. A dead-end street, his mother had said with happiness in her voice; a safe street. But still, this action, "transferred," which had been done upon them all, seemed totally without their consent, and made them all smaller and tenderer, diminished in the world. Where was the lake, the fresh, blue water of Lake Superior? They told him the Atlantic Ocean was not far away, and they would drive over to see it, sometime. But that would be an old salt sea, briny and green, not the great lake he desired. It was as if he needed the lake in order to breathe, and ever since he had moved to New Hampshire he felt that something was wrong with his body. He was short of breath, and didn't want to eat. Once, he had vomited for no reason, and cried for no reason.

In school, his classmates talked with hard, dry voices, and said words like "modren" for "modern," and "idear" for "idea." They put "r"'s where none belonged and left them off where they should have been, and had strange, stiff ways of moving, as though they were being watched by enemies. The school playground was nothing but hard dirt and worn tree roots that came to the surface and froze, helpless under the grinding feet of the children. No one spoke, or could know how to speak, in the close and funny language of his friends Harold and Paul, who perhaps right now walked through another snow, and jumped over barberry bushes now powdering in the soft Duluth evening. This was to have been the winter of the fifth grade, when their ages changed from one digit to two and they became the princes of boyhood. Ten.

"Ten," he said out loud, and the word was lost in the dark street where the snow, now changing into soft flakes, seemed against the bulk of his family's new but old, old house to be a snow that had happened back in history sometime, long before he was born.

He entered the house quietly, hearing his mother in the kitchen, and went up to his room, where most of his things still sat in boxes. Some were toys, like Mr. Machine, now much too young for him. Arranged around the room in odd piles were his books, now stacked more by size than subject matter, so that a book on tunnels was on top of "The Wind in the Willows," and his dictionary lay on a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. His best airplane models had suffered minor damage, and he could have fixed them easily, yet a bent landing gear or a broken tail now seemed a fatal injury, as though it had been a disaster of flight, and the plane had crashed. His paper wasp nest was partly squashed, and lay next to a plastic globe of the world that was smudged at the point of Lake Superior, where his finger had so many times pressed against Duluth. Again the sickish tiredness came over him; he sat on his bed staring at the striped wallpaper, his eyes sliding quickly out of focus, and wished to be where he could not be. His father's new car came down the street and turned into the driveway, muffled by the snow, and the garage door rumbled down and locked with a thump before his father's heavy steps came into the kitchen.





"Allia-Gay est omnis ivisa-day in artes-pay es-tray."

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Harry and Ruth Paulson had noticed the change in their son, and had worried about it, and talked it over. It was a difficult adjustment for him, they agreed. Harry went to hang his coat in the hall closet, and came back into the kitchen. "Is he home yet?" he asked hopefully. They both hoped Jimmy would find a friend and come home late for supper one of these nights, the way he frequently had back in Duluth.

"I don't know," Ruth said. She missed Duluth, too, and her friends there, but she'd been so busy fixing up the new house she hadn't had much time to think about it. What people she'd met seemed quite friendly. Everybody moved these days; she'd read that one out of three American families moved every year. But that, she thought, did *not* alter the fact of her son's sadness. She would try to make this house into a home for him. She would scrape it, and paint it, and buy pretty curtains for the windows. They would all sit in the long living room, on the new furniture, and look at the fire. She had a lot to do, but she would do it. And when the house was perfect, then they could all begin to live in it.

"He'll snap out of it. You'll see," Harry said.

"I think he's home," Ruth said.

Harry went upstairs to see, and found his son sitting on the bed, his coat still on.

"Jimmy," he said.

"Yeah, Dad."

"You feel all right?"

"Sure."

"I mean, I know how hard it is to . . ." To what? Harry thought. "To adjust to a new place." He could almost hear the word through his son's ears: *adjust*. It seemed a bad thing to have to do.

"Dad?"

"What?"

"Do you think it's snowing in Duluth?"

Actually, Harry had worked like hell in Duluth, especially in the last five years, and the town might just as well have been Des Moines or Atlanta, for all the time he'd had to think about it. He had grown up in Duluth, though, and for just one moment he did feel his son's homesickness, just a flash of it, and then it faded and was gone. It must have been a memory of some time in his childhood, a memory of a memory. What he could see was that Jimmy was listless and unhappy—that was plain enough.

"Do you think it's snowing in Duluth?" Jimmy asked again, his thin face turned toward the window.

"It might be, but I don't think it would be the same storm."

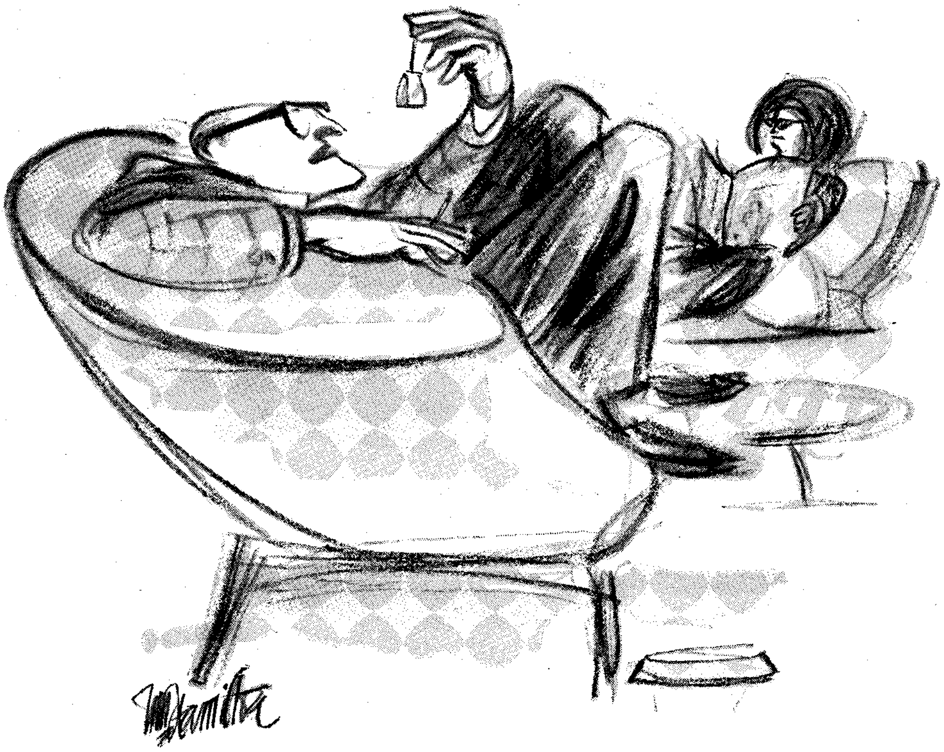
"No, I guess not."

Jimmy's hands, still in his mittens, lay palms up in his lap. His arms seemed so listless that Harry could believe he'd lost the power to raise them, and moved by Jimmy's sadness he began again to feel that wisp of memory of his own childhood. They had lived on Park Point, between the bay and the lake, on the bay side of the narrow point of sand. In the winter, the snow sometimes drifted as high as the trolley wires, and the house creaked and moved in the blizzards that roared in from the lake and tried to push them into the bay. He'd lie in bed, just on the edge of real fear, and try to hold the house down upon its precarious foundation. Now, just for a flash, just for the smallest instant, he was filled with the unbearable pleasure of memory. "You'd better get ready for dinner," he said.

Jimmy nodded, and began, slowly and weakly, to pull his mittens off. At supper, he was almost too polite, and ate very little. After supper he went right to his room, and Harry and Ruth remained silent at the table.

ALL that night it snowed. The snow drifted softly over the house, sometimes ticking lightly against the windows. Down through the bare trees it came, to fill up the lawn and cover over the street. On the spruce and pine at the end of the street, it stopped, then sifted down through the dark branches that seemed almost unbelievably green where the street light touched them. Jimmy stood at his window, wrapped in a blanket. He'd awakened at four in the morning and smelled the snow, somehow—or maybe it was the hard dryness of his radiator, which was too hot to touch. Then he heard the softness of the snow. At first, there was his happiness about the first snow of the year, and then it seemed too cruel that he was far from home in this foreign place—like the dream in which it is your father standing in the dark and you are so relieved, until he turns and it is not your father at all.

The snowplow trucks had long been out. He heard on other streets their muffled boom and scrape, and after a while one came slowly down his street, snow streaming across its dim headlights, its weight felt in the timbers of the house, and shoved its great wave of seething snow into the trees at the dead end; then it backed, turned, and pushed back up the street. The snow still whirled down invisibly until it fell below the street light, where it turned white



"You know, if I were able to think of just the right thing to say about this tea bag, I could be hauling down fifty thousand dollars a year."

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and glided into the pureness of the ground. In a few minutes, the street was as smooth as it had been before.

Jimmy went back to bed, but lay awake, and later the great truck came back down the street. He must have slept, although the night seemed very long, and each time the plow rumbled and boomed he half waked. In the morning, as he lay drugged and unrested in the warm bed, he wondered if he had heard the plow three times or a hundred times. With the sheet over his eyes, so close his eyelashes touched it, he stared into whiteness. What if the snow had come up like this over his windows, over the house, pure and white and soft as blindness? The street would have to be a tunnel, then, and the whole town subterranean. He pulled the sheet away from his eyes and looked; the snow still fell past his window. A toilet flushed, and then his parents spoke softly in the hall as they moved past his door. It was Saturday, and they didn't want to wake him because he had looked thin and tired. He knew they were worried about him, and he was vaguely sorry about that, but ever since they had all been transferred away from home, his parents' authority, even the strength of his concern for them, seemed to have lost importance. It was as if they were all merely puppets, moved by someone else's hand.

Late in the morning, he got up and went downstairs in his pajamas and bathrobe. The dry air in his room had made him thirsty, and he had a glass of milk. His mother wanted to make him scrambled eggs, which he usually liked, but he didn't want any. She seemed upset by this, and even in his own mind, as he examined the vision of a plate of scrambled eggs, yellow folds steaming, he wondered how they could seem chalky and strange—too strange to eat.

"Isn't the snow nice?" his mother asked. "You love the snow."

"Yeah," he said, but this was not his snow. It had come unhoped for, with neither his joy nor his permission.

All Saturday it snowed, and the plow returned several times. Instead of their shovelling the driveway themselves, as he and his father had done on their steep street in Duluth, a jeep came and plowed them out. That evening the jeep had to come again, and with a great many backings and turnings did a mammoth but sloppy job on the driveway. When the town plow came back, it pushed everything down into the trees. After supper, a big yellow loader came, and with its scoop piled the snow higher against the evergreens, until their tops were like Christmas trees growing on a white hill. The pile was at least fifteen feet high.

On Sunday morning, the TV said New Hampshire had received twenty-five inches of snow, and though it had begun to taper off, there would be no school in many towns on Monday. Later, the local radio station said that Leah was one of those towns; the school buses would not be able to get through to the outlying roads of the school district for at least another day.

That morning, Jimmy felt tired. His arms almost ached—seemed just on the verge of pain whenever he moved them. He sat watching television, and afterward couldn't remember what he'd seen. His mother asked him why he didn't unpack his things and arrange his room—it was so much nicer than the little room he'd had back in Duluth. He said he might, but merely went upstairs and sat on his bed for a while. When he stood up, he looked out the window at the huge pile of snow the loader had made; he had never seen so much snow piled so high in one heap—a mountain of snow. He thought of the buried trees descending like elevators down into the white, deep into a kind of blankness, where all was pure and new. A little shiver of excitement startled him, because he wasn't sure what had caused it. That pureness, like a piece of white paper to draw on, where you alone run the pencil that carves out the world from the flatness of it. But why should he care, all of a sudden? He knew only that in the deep pile existed possibilities for him, perhaps a way to change his weakness back into some kind of action, and so he put on his long underwear and ski pants, then went downstairs and took his rubber boots from the hall closet into the kitchen. He knew his mother was happy to see him want to go outside—she made sure that he had his Mackinaw buttoned, tucked his scarf in around his neck, and didn't ask him where he was going.

He remembered having seen something on the back wall of the garage that had not been too interesting, but now he went out to look at it more closely. It was a little folding shovel, and he knew from television that in the Army it was called an entrenching tool, used by soldiers to dig foxholes. It even had a green canvas scabbard he could, with some bending of the wire clasps, hitch onto his belt. Some previous tenant of the house had hung it on the wall and left it—he knew it didn't belong to his father—and so without asking he took it for his own.

He approached the snow pile circumspectly; he wondered about this, too, for he had every right to examine it, and no other children lived on the street. Slowly he pushed through the light snow, waist high in places, around the back of the garage, through the trees, so that he came onto the pile from the rear. The snow wall, much harder than the snow that had merely fallen of its own weight, rose up before him, laced by green branches. At the base of a pine tree, the branches had caused a natural tunnel, and he got down on his knees to look into it. The light came through the walls, softly, and all around him the snow breathed clean cold onto his face. After a few feet, the tunnel came to nothing; he crawled inside, on his knees on the pine needles sifted over with light snow, and he couldn't even turn around. He began digging merely to make the tunnel big enough so he wouldn't have to back into it in order to see the opening from the inside, but the snow cleaved off so easily, and the wall he began to carve with the green blade of his shovel was so much his own smooth creation, he kept on until he had nowhere to put the snow. It would take too long to kick it out the door, and he'd get snow up his waist, so he struggled out into the daylight again, in his nose the smell of snow, like cold water. He needed other tools—a cardboard box to put the snow in, and he could slide it out easily; plenty of boxes were in the basement, left over from moving.

He didn't want to have to go back to the house—there was even some reluctance to make his trail plain, as though he might be followed and observed. But he needed the box, and he did go back, successfully unseen—his mother was upstairs—and found a good box, narrow and long, and not too high. This he carried back above the snow, so as not to leave an imprint of its smoothness or its square corners anywhere, and he felt relief when the branches closed over him again. Farther inside the tunnel he felt even more safe, and with each carving stroke of his shovel his safety seemed to increase: the room grew in volume. Bluish light came down through the arched ceiling, and as he moved the end wall past the tree the room grew lighter. By four o'clock, as the light began to fade, his room was five feet wide, and nearly five feet high at the top of the arch. Carefully he cleaned the floor and sharpened the corners, then pushed the box outside along its smooth worn track, to empty it again. As the last light faded, he returned to sit in his snow room; quietly the cold moved out of the walls and surrounded him, yet he was not cold. Before he left, he put the shovel and the box inside and carefully covered the entrance with blocks of snow.

That evening, his father asked him what he'd done all day, and he said he'd watched television and then played in the snow for a while. As he lay in bed that night waiting for sleep, he seemed to be in the snow room again, and it was huge as a cavern. He could look up the wall, higher than houses, and see the smooth strokes carved by his shovel. The great strokes had smoothed a wall high as a palisade.

In the morning, he woke at the first light. His hands and arms were sore, yet seemed stronger, and a sense of urgency, not happy but at least purposeful, made him get out of bed immediately. He gathered his clothes as quietly as possible and went down to the kitchen to dress. Though he wasn't hungry, he decided to eat a bowl of cereal; he must leave evidence that he had eaten, and also he knew that his body needed the food. This was a strange idea he had never worked upon himself before; he had been forced to eat things that were good for him, carrots and cauliflower and other things that seemed to grow in the mouth, but now by his own choice he ate without hunger, so that he could go to his snow room without being followed, and have the strength to work. This deliberate treatment of his body, without the simple desire of appetite, was so new it seemed dangerous, and he shivered for a moment with a fear like the tingle of falling.

As another precaution he tore a piece of paper from the grocery-list pad and wrote a note:

Dear Mother and Dad,
I have gone out to play in the snow.
love,
Jimmy Paulson

Later, Harry and Ruth examined the note. "That's a good sign, I'd say," Harry said.

"I wish he had a friend," Ruth said. "I wish some other children lived on the street. Do you have to go to work this morning? You could do something with him—play with him or something. Go skating."

"There's no skating with this snow. Anyway, it hasn't been cold long enough to freeze the rink."

"You could do something with him."

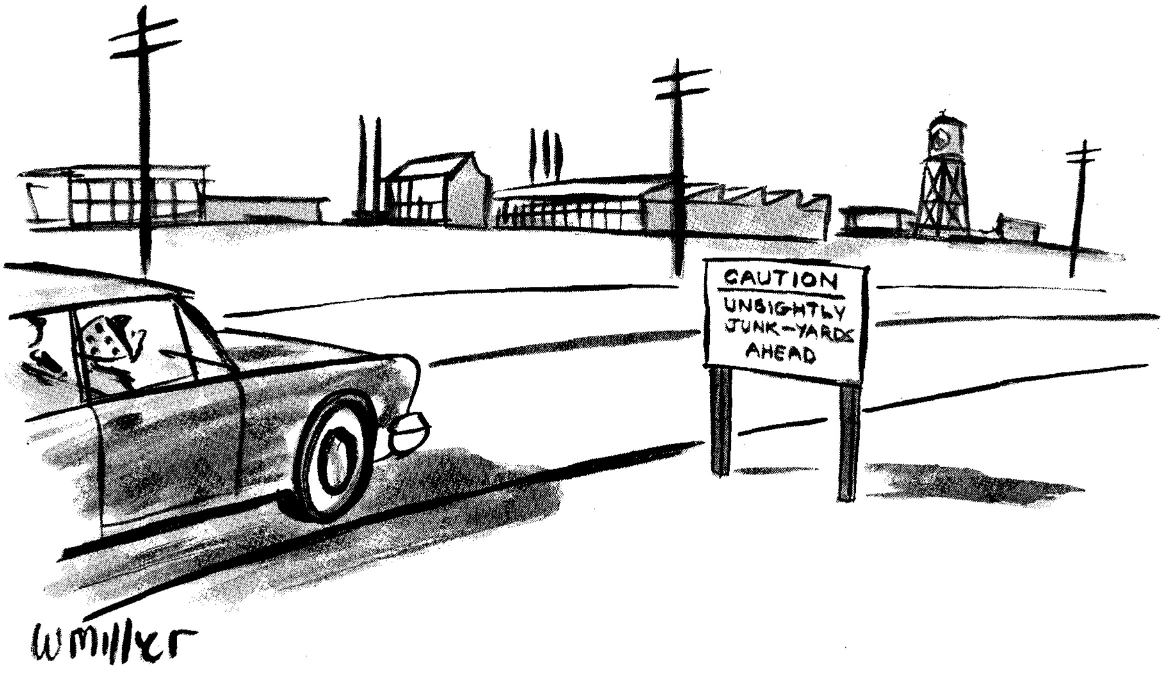
"You know I have to go to work," Harry said, with some of his impatience showing. He felt guilty—a little guilty—and it seemed mostly Ruth's fault. "I'm responsible for the whole plant now. You know that. Things no one else can do."

"You go away on Saturdays, on Sundays. You go down there. When does he get to see you?"

"Ruth, I have to. I simply have to, now. Later on, I'll get things organized, but now there are so many things."

"We could have stayed in Duluth!" she said, and began to cry.

He wanted to tell her the facts of life—that when a man is offered a pro-



LATE LIGHT

when leaving with your loving in my veins
lightfooting over all the wintry walks
I saw my beautiful bawdy city shining
and across the way
a baby plunked asleep on the father's shoulder
flatted as though he were the earth
and gravity
his meat and bone
as you are mine:
how grave I grow eating that meat
in the midst of laughter moving:
I see your all most precious truth
moving to death
eyes dimmer than they were
drinking against me thirstily
the whole man wearing as the days bear down
but yourself
shining as never before:

and when you knelt one day in your heavy coat
and I looked down on that head and counted
all seventeen gray hairs
and tenderness ran like a heavy tide at sea
and drowned you though you did not know it
all dice were cast

—Barbara Bellow Watson

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motion and refuses, or even hesitates, he is through. They couldn't have stayed in Duluth. That was absolutely impossible. But he'd told her all this before, in calmer circumstances. He went to work leaving everything like that.

Jimmy began to carve a door upon the rear wall of his snow room. He made the lintel, then the sides, carefully cutting a sharp edge all around, even where the plow had folded some sand into the snow, and then shaved down the center of the door until it stood upon the wall with the authority of its squareness. It seemed a door he might simply open, if he knew how, and then he might walk through it into that perfect uncreated world beyond.

When he pushed the box full of snow out into the sunlight, he was blinded, and couldn't keep his eyes open. Then, when he pushed the box ahead of him back into the hole, it was almost too dark to see, and his new door seemed just too primitive—only some marks upon the wall. He would have to have light, and immediately he remembered the red candles that had been stored so near a radiator they had melted over upon themselves into jointed-looking shapes. They were somewhere in the basement, in a shoebox; they would never be used, yet never thrown away, and he knew he could have them.

He would need the light, because he felt certain he was going beyond the carved door, deep into the interior of that place he almost knew already. Why was he sure, for instance, that the door entered immediately upon a passage, and not another room? And at the end of the passage, another door led to a vast place of light, where he could breathe freely again and not be sick.

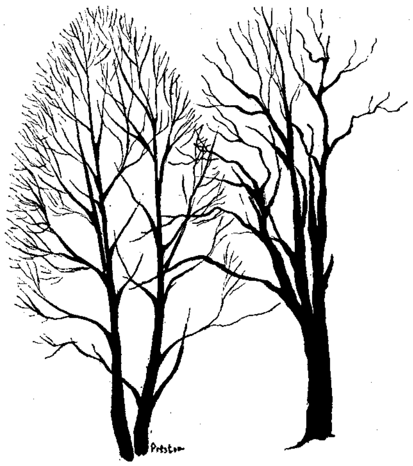
He knelt in the dim cave, tasting the bitter dye of his mitten; he wanted only to pass into that place, but he had to wonder about himself, and for the last time to speculate upon his belief in such childish magic. No, it was there, and therefore true; how could he not believe it? The world was there, waiting to be defined by his own hands. Now he would have to get to work; he needed the candles, so he must go out into the sunlight of the unhappy town and go back to the big house for a while. He would have to take time out for lunch, too, because of his mother. He wasn't worried that she would come out to see what he was doing, because she wasn't the kind of person who ever left the sidewalk to go out into the snow. She wouldn't even have the right kind of boots for that. Then, after that delay, he could come back to this real work.

When Harry Paulson got home from work that evening, Ruth opened the kitchen door before he could put his hand on the knob, and stood there dramatically, her hands flickering across her face.

"It's dark, and he's still out there by himself! What can he be doing in the dark?"

"I'm sure he's all right," Harry said, but he turned to go and see. In the garage, he met Jimmy coming in, and pretended to look for something in the car. Then, because he had falsified his intentions, he couldn't ask Jimmy what he'd been doing. Ruth did, though.

"I'm building something," Jimmy said. To Harry he seemed not so much evasive as simply bored by their interest.



"What are you building?" Ruth asked.

"Sort of a fort. You know," Jimmy said wearily.

"You're all wet!"

"Now, Ruth," Harry said. "Naturally he's going to get wet in the snow."

"But he hasn't been feeling well!"

"I feel fine," Jimmy said.

"He doesn't look fine. He looks pale, and he doesn't eat enough. I made him a sandwich for lunch and I found most of it in the garbage can."

"I ate the meat out of it," Jimmy said.

"You've got to eat more. You've got to go to school tomorrow, and you look so tired and thin!" Ruth's voice quavered.

Harry stood by, helpless. He felt that he should be the one to understand his own son. He'd always seemed to before. But now this strangeness came up in front of him—this and other things—and they seemed beyond understanding.

Jimmy sat down on the kitchen floor and began to pull off his boots, and Harry could at least help with that. As he pulled at Jimmy's boots, the little boy seemed as light as cloth, and Harry had to hold him by his skinny knee with one hand and pull a boot off with the other. Jimmy lay back passively and let this be done.

"You'll have a hot bath before supper," Ruth said. "Look at his feet. They're practically blue!"

"That's only stain from my socks," Jimmy said.

He was calm, and went upstairs in his underwear, slowly for him. He actually walked. Harry could not remember seeing Jimmy walk up any stairs before, and he was not so old himself he couldn't remember the time when he never walked up the stairs but always took them at a run. When did it happen, that great change in him? It seemed such an important point in his life that he felt he should remember the exact set of stairs, and the very hour in which he had lost that easy lightness in his body.

WELCOME STOCKHOLDERS
1962
1963
1964
1965

"And so, in the words of Tiny Tim, God bless us every one."

After getting into the tub, Jimmy lay back in the hot water that burned quickly at his skin and then was merely thick and warm. The back of the tub seared his shoulders with ice, and that changed, too, so that in a moment he lay suspended in warmth so benevolent the water seemed part of him, as though it moved easily through the pores of his skin. He thought of a reptile sunning on a rock, having to be no more than an extension of the temperature of the world, and when the world cooled, he cooled, and still felt nothing, any more than the rock itself felt its changes and retractions.

He went to sleep, and woke soon after in slightly cooler water. This he knew, but seemed to feel no heat, no cold. He thought of all the things he knew. He knew so many things. Why up was the same as down, how he lived on a planet smaller than a mote of dust, all alone in indifferent space so wide that in the reaches of his mind, when he tried to conceive of it, his imagination slid over the smooth edge of eternity and fell forever. Yet came back, somehow—*was* back inside his head, fragile and illusive.

He dreamed of cloud walls all around him that turned and were cleaved, and he moved down a long passage his mind projected as if it were a light sharp as blades. Soon the walls ended in folds and misty geysers that shot away violently and disappeared, and there was the dark, warm city, at Christmas, with the snow drifting off the lake. He descended at his will, down into Lester Park among the tall pines—the three boys coming home late, wet, warm, cheering the snow, planning labyrinths, invincible in their understanding. Their laughter turned visible, like sparks and flames in the falling snow. Blue, red, green—the colors of Christmas. "*Yay!*" he heard them yell, faintly, as they crossed the bridge over the river that splashed in the dark down toward the lake. As their yells and laughter faded homeward across the park, his heart turned inside out with love.

DURING the next few days, Harry began to worry about what, exactly, it was that kept Jimmy out until suppertime each night. He'd come right home from school, change his clothes, and work on whatever it was, out there, on into the dark. He looked exhausted, yet he spent all of his after-school time out there in the snow. All he would say was that he was building a fort of some kind.

On Friday morning, Harry went to the plant with a slightly queasy feeling because he had to fire two men. One was a maintenance man, a carpenter. He took it as if he had expected it all the time, but the other man was an assistant in purchasing, who said in a surprised, shocked voice that he had never "got let go" before from any job. Harry told him that it wasn't a matter of his competence but one of organization. This was not exactly true, and after the man had left his office Harry's head began to throb and he felt vaguely nauseated. He told his secretary he'd be back after lunch, and went home.

"I don't want to be sneaky," he said to Ruth, "but I've got to see what Jimmy's doing out there. He won't tell me anything."

"I'm so worried about him," Ruth said. "He used to be such a normal boy. He used to be so happy with us."

Harry put on a pair of old pants, a Mackinaw, and boots. He didn't intend to tell Jimmy he'd gone to look, if he could get away with it, and again he had the queasy feeling that came from deception. Had there ever been a time in his life when he lived simply, and never had to tell anything but the truth? He couldn't remember, but there must have been such an innocent time—a time before it had become necessary to manipulate, to be devious. Was it in his childhood? No, he could not honestly say that; there had always been secrets to be kept. And yet he had a twinge of yearning for such a time—also a moment of fear, as though he had gone out just too far on thin ice, and yearned for the shore.

Jimmy's path led around back of the garage into the trees. Its bottom was smooth and hard, and Harry didn't have to worry about leaving tracks; he needn't have changed his clothes, he

thought, and began to make little of his spying. He'd just look, turn around, and come back. But at the end of the path he found only unorganized piles of snow around the main pile made by the plow. Nothing. Then he saw that certain tracks, or more permanent depressions, seemed to lead to one place, though an attempt had been made to disguise this. Two big discs of snow hid a door, and as Harry moved them carefully aside, knowing that he would remember exactly how they had been placed, his guilt came back; this place was really meant to be a secret. Now he could *never* talk to Jimmy about it.

He got down on his hands and knees and looked inside. Dim light came from above, bluish white. The interior seemed very large, and across the room an arched doorway led into sheer blackness. He would be required to do more than just look, and he was a little afraid. This place could be physically dangerous to Jimmy, he supposed, but that wasn't what occupied him now, or caused any of his fear. As he crawled inside, the blue surrounded him—this strange room created by his son; in a brutal way, he seemed to be entering his son's mind, that protected place that had always seemed so large in proportion to the little boy's mere body. Harry's knees made dents upon the floor. On each side of the room, red candles stood in niches carved from the walls, and in a long cardboard box he found the entrenching tool that used to hang on the rear wall of the garage. He remembered the half-melted candles now. And the entrenching tool. He had never missed it at all, and this seemed not only a dereliction of his observation but a dereliction of his love.

In order to see past the arched doorway, he had to take one of the candles and light it. The walls turned warmly white, and he saw how carefully they had been smoothed and made square. He couldn't go down the farther passage because the sill was raised, and his weight would squash the whole floor down. But he could look down that hallway to its end, which was obviously unfinished. Where would it go? Where did Jimmy want to go down there? God, it was a marvellous and scary place, this sculptured cave, and how proud a boy would be of it! But Jimmy had done it all alone, for his own lonely purposes, and Harry felt awe for his son's determination. Kids just didn't stick to anything this long, or work so hard. Then he had, again, the hollow, painful feeling that he could now see what he would never be told. This dark cave. Yes, it was a marvellous cave, but he knew Jimmy never intended to show it to him.

He put the candle back, and blew it out, then tried to erase all the signs of his intrusion. With his fists he beat out the impressions his knees had made in the floor, and when he came out into daylight again he took a long time to hide the entrance exactly as Jimmy had.

"It's a snow cave, sort of," he said to Ruth when he returned to the house. "You won't mention to Jimmy that I've seen it."

"All right."

"I mean this, Ruth. Can you possibly keep your mouth shut about it?" He heard the hard edge of his voice, and saw it strike her. She was hurt, but he meant to impress her. He had to make sure, and again he felt brutal. "It's important he doesn't know. Do you understand?"

"I don't understand anything!" she said, and her eyes became glossy.

"I don't either," he said. "Jesus Christ, I don't either."

"I thought when I made the house right," Ruth said, "when I fixed the house, we could all be happy again. Remember when Jimmy was a baby?" She put her hand on his arm. "We had more time for everything then, didn't we?"

"We had less money," he said.

"That's right. You didn't have to work so hard."

"It's not that, Ruth. I *don't* think I work any harder than I did then. I've just got less time left over."

"We used to go skating."

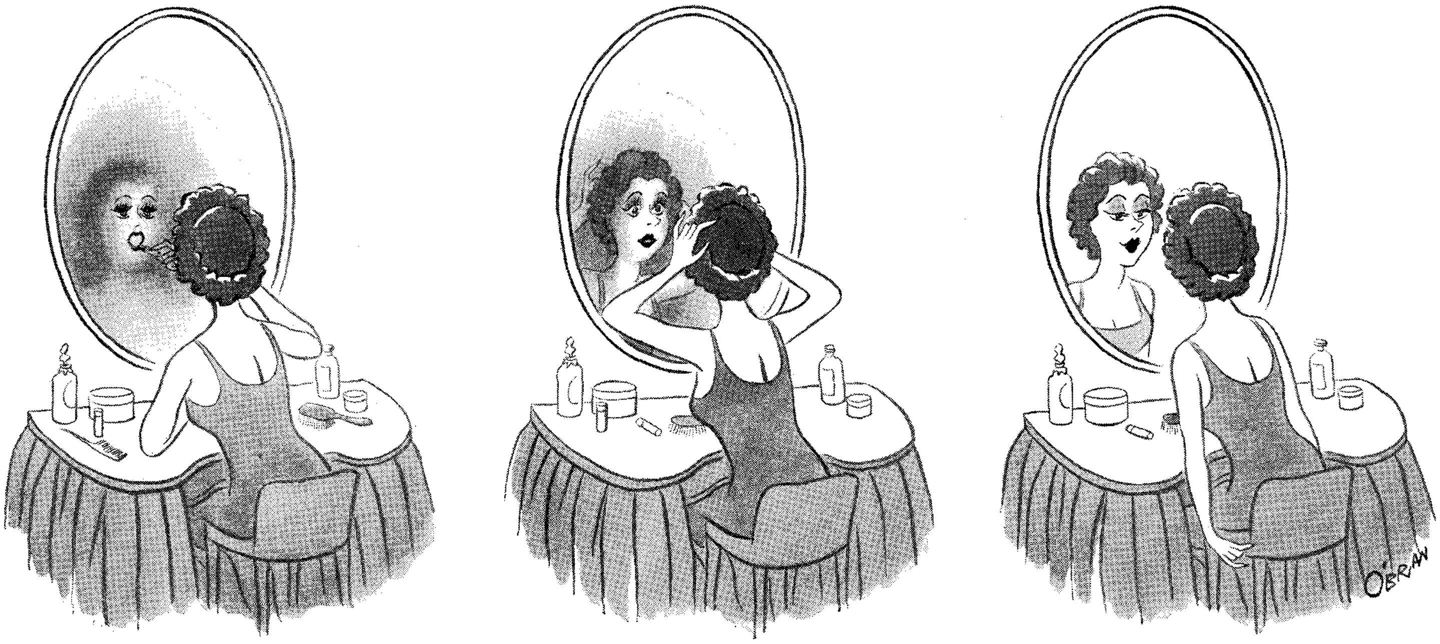
"Yes, we did," he said, and he remembered the gliding, the showing off, the time when everything he did had been a kind of friendly competition. He remembered that time, sadly, but without a real sense of loss.

That night when Jimmy came in from his cave, he coughed, and it sounded like the blat of a sheep. Harry watched him try to keep from coughing. His eyes were dark and desperate, and his arms shook inside his jacket sleeves. Ruth heard the cough, and came running.

"It's all right," Jimmy said. "I feel fine."

"Get the thermometer!" Ruth cried. "It's in the bathroom cabinet upstairs!"

When Harry came back with the thermometer, Ruth had Jimmy's wet clothes off, and they hustled him upstairs, with the thermometer sticking



out of his mouth, and wrapped him, scowling and muttering, in a blanket. His temperature was 104.

"I don't care!" he yelled. "I feel fine!"

Promptly he went into a kind of fit. He kicked the blanket off him entirely and started to get up. Harry had to hold him down, and it was like holding a fluttering bird. Jimmy was so weakly violent, and the way he moved his arms and legs seemed as strange as the movements of a bird—as though the joints and muscles were not made to move the way a human being's did. Harry was so surprised at this behavior he lost his breath, and couldn't speak. He just held Jimmy down on the bed. Ruth called the doctor, and as they waited for him they tried to soothe Jimmy, but nothing worked. First he froze and then he burned, and when he stopped fighting them it was only because of exhaustion.

The doctor was a heavy old man, who wheezed after climbing the stairs. He examined Jimmy, who glared at him silently. "He's going to be in bed for a while," the doctor said. "If he keeps fighting you, you'll have to take his temperature rectally."

"But what is it he's got?" Ruth asked.

The doctor shook his head. "Who knows what's going around? Might as well call it flu as anything. Just keep an eye on him, and if he don't improve, let me know." He said he'd call in a prescription to the pharmacy and Harry could pick it up. "I've got ten other cases in town just like this. It'll last three, four days, and then, when the fever goes, he'll be weak as a dishcloth for a few more days. Give him aspirin. Make him take liquids. Keep him in bed." The doctor packed his satchel and left.

Jimmy glared and shivered; he seemed only to be waiting for his strength to come back.

"Jimmy," Harry said, "will you stay in bed?" Jimmy's teeth clicked, and Harry saw hatred in his face. Why did he deserve that? "Jimmy," he said, "we want to help you get well." The boy's pale face, pale as paper, turned ugly. For a moment, Harry didn't recognize him, as though he could read there no person at all, just pure obstinacy and hatred. Harry's anger rose in him icily, like the pulse of a wave, and receded, leaving him weak and empty. "But will you stay in bed? We want you to."

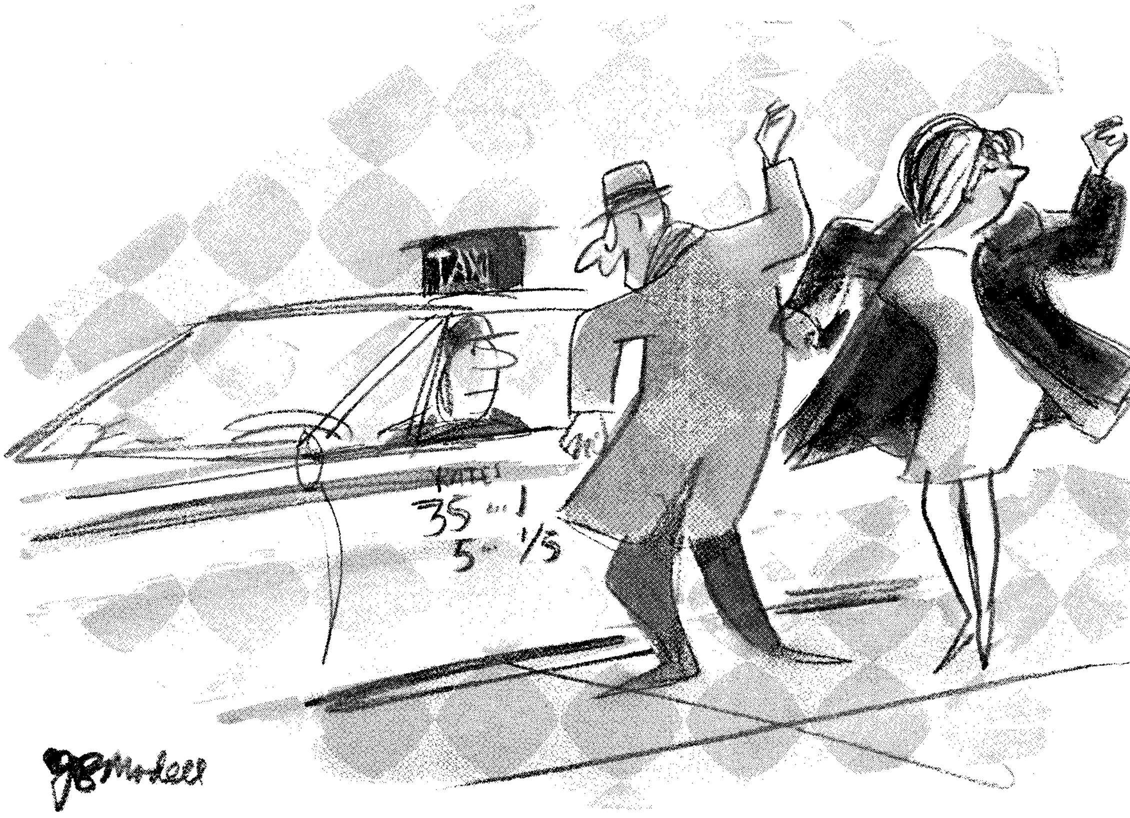
"Yes," Jimmy said, and turned his face away.

TO Jimmy it was not the days that passed but the undulations of his fever. His stomach ached, his bones ached; he sweated, and then lay in icy water. Only when he began to get well did his real desperation return, and he feared for the secrecy of his cave. He knew what would happen to it if someone found it. What did you do when you found a thing made of snow? You destroyed it, because it was only snow. He could see himself jumping on the roof, and bringing the arched ceiling down into meaningless rubble. Even now, some boy might be having that instinctive fun.

One night, he woke in the dark, feeling that he had crossed that indefinable point where, no matter what happens, the body has won, and is mending. His bones no longer ached; he was merely weak. He heard himself whimper, and decided that he couldn't live, actually could not continue to live, without knowing if his cave had been discovered. He got out of bed, and stood balancing himself in the dark. His feet had become so sensitive that the rug stung them as he sneaked down the dark stairs. In the hall closet he found his outdoor clothes by touch, and put them on over his pajamas. He cried silently when he couldn't, at first, find his other boot, and cried again when he had too much trouble pulling it on, but he made no sound. He had no fear of the dark of the middle of the night, and this seemed a kind of illness itself, and proved to him that his desperation was real. On the way out through the garage, he stopped and took the flashlight from the glove compartment of the car, and then went out on his path.

The cave had been found. The door was uncovered and partly broken, as though someone had stood up too soon on the way out. The bent red candles were all strewn around in the packed snow in front, where strange feet had scuffled and stamped. The cardboard box had been taken outside and squashed, and the entrenching tool was not in it.

He looked inside the doorway, where careless shoulders had crunched into his walls and ruined them. With their knowledge of his cave, they had killed it; he would never go inside it again. He heard his own voice crying, and the sound was so undeserved, had been caused by such brutal unfairness, that he began to rage, and threw himself against the door. They would never enter it again either. With all his



"Arthur, and hurry!"

• •

strength he climbed up and jumped upon the cave, breaking it into chunks and slabs, filling up the floor. He could still hear himself crying.

HARRY woke up in a sweat; either he was coming down with Jimmy's flu or he'd forgotten to turn down the thermostat before coming to bed. It was four in the morning, the unprotected time when all disasters, all regrets and failures are poised upon the exposed surface of the mind like water spiders on surface tension—on nothing, really, but a kind of delicate force. Ruth slept on, and at the end of each of her long breaths of sleep she slightly voiced a sigh, as though she were having a sad dream. When he raised the blankets, cold reached out of the heat of the room and laid an icy hand on his chest. He decided to move; any sort of action was better than lying here in the power of his thoughts. He'd check the thermostat and take some aspirin.

On the way, he stopped to look in on Jimmy and found him missing. He wasn't in the bathroom. No lights seemed to be on downstairs; careful not to wake Ruth, he went down to see. Jimmy's outdoor clothes and boots were gone, and Harry quickly got into his own, putting his overshoes on over his bare feet. The car door was open and the flashlight was gone, but it was a clear night, and the stars themselves seemed to give him light as he followed Jimmy's path toward the cave.

At first he thought Jimmy was in a fight. He heard thrashing and crying, and the flashlight beam swung wildly against the trees and across the snow. He came on the run, and grabbed Jimmy up in his arms. Jimmy struggled violently, and again Harry thought of the feeble violence of a bird.

"Get away! Leave me alone!" Jimmy cried.

"Jim," Harry said. "Jim . . ."

"It's ruined!" Jimmy cried. He struggled, trying to bend Harry's fingers back so he could get loose. "Get out of here! Leave me alone!" He sobbed and hiccuped; his teeth clicked in anger, and his only purpose was to get loose, to get away.

"Listen, Jim! Listen!" Harry said, and shook him, but Jimmy only struggled harder.

"God damn you!" Jimmy yelled, and Harry let him go.

At first he turned toward his cave, then ran back along his worn path toward the house. Harry picked up the flashlight, shone it once across the tumbled wreckage of Jimmy's marvellous cave, and then followed him back to the house.

Ruth was up, and they put Jimmy back to bed. He was tired, sad, and lay there moving his head slowly from side to side.

"You do feel better, don't you, Jimmy?" Ruth said.

Jimmy nodded, yet his large dark eyes were blank, and his mouth was set. He didn't reply when they turned out his light and said good night.

When they were back in bed, Ruth moved toward Harry and put her hand on his chest. "Is he going to be all right?" she asked.

"Somebody found his snow house and ruined it," Harry said, "but I suppose that was inevitable."

"It's a shame," she said. "What was it like?"

"Very elaborate. He'd done a remarkable job for a boy."

"Why do you think he did it—worked so hard on it?" Ruth asked.

The radiator hissed and ticked; he'd forgotten to check the thermostat, and now he'd have to get up and do it. He lay there for a moment with her hand like a weight on his chest. There had been a time in his childhood, too, before his friends had grown old and tame, when the great lake rose in the winter, terrible and magic, into walls of blue ice, and the snow drifted high as the houses. Lying in bed, he saw himself as a child amid the wonder of those snow-clad houses, and he felt a sudden stab of envy toward that child who lived in a world he never had to make. Now, he thought, he understood what his son was trying to do out there in the snow. "He was trying to make Duluth," he said.

—THOMAS WILLIAMS

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Dahlbeck said Connolly sped off and the chase led onto the Massachusetts Turnpike. Patrolman Dahlbeck fired several warning shots.

With State Police and the city cruisers joining in, the chase sped through the South End, Roxbury, Back Bay and into the North End.

What does Robert think about it?
—*Boston Globe.*

Wait a minute, we'll ask him. Robert?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CHINA WATCHERS

GAZING out from the British crown colony of Hong Kong, one can see the forbidding hills of China only a few miles away, and the taste, touch, smell, and sound of that vast country are all around. To be so near and yet so far from China is inevitably tantalizing to anyone who remembers and cherishes the days when it was possible to travel freely there. A number of old China hands I know in Hong Kong remind me of forlorn lovers. Though Westerners by birth, they have grown so accustomed to Chinese ways that they cannot throw them off, or don't want to. They continue to speak and read Chinese, they eat Chinese food and drink Chinese tea, they shop in Chinese stores, and they make their homes as Chinese as possible. All this keeps them immersed in a Chinese atmosphere, even though they cannot know with certainty what life under the Communists is like for the Chinese people they once knew.

Certainly no other major nation in recent history has deliberately cut itself off from the rest of the world to the extent that China has since 1949, when the Communists defeated the Kuomintang and established their dictatorship on the mainland. Churchill once called Soviet Russia a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma, but the labyrinth of Communist China is even more difficult to comprehend and render judgments on. The dark passageways of this labyrinth are still mostly unexplored, and its secrets have not yet been revealed. Not even Russia during the period of the most rigid controls imposed by Stalin was isolated the way the Communists have isolated China, a place where foreign scholars used to spend years happily studying one facet or another of the country's rich history or its contemporary society. Foreigners in China today, even those who are looked upon as "reliable" by the Communists, find that severe restrictions are imposed on their freedom to talk with people and to go where they want. Members of the small foreign community in Peking—diplomats of nations that have recognized the Communist regime, a few businessmen, and about three dozen resident journalists—may not leave the outskirts of the capital unless they obtain special permission, which is rarely given, for longer trips. Western journalists are seldom invited to press conferences, and foreigners have practically no contact with Chinese officials except at occasional government receptions, usually on national holidays. Even then correspondents and diplomats alike can do little more than speculate about shifts in the Chinese hierarchy on the basis of who is and who isn't present or who is seated next to whom. Similarly, the attitude of the Chinese toward a visiting foreign dignitary must be gauged by such abstruse considerations as the size of his welcoming parade, the number of guests at a dinner for him, and the number of courses served.

For the most part, correspondents in Peking have only each other and their diplomatic friends to talk with—the same people monotonously attending the same round of cocktail parties and dinners week in and week out. Jacques Marcuse, who used to represent Agence France-Presse in Peking, once wrote, "At all these functions, if there is little factual information to be bartered, there is an unlimited supply of rumors one may sift, compare, and contribute to, for Peking's foreign community lives on gossip. Many a rumor is often started deliberately at one cocktail party or another and small bets are then laid on how long it will take before it finds its way into the foreign press under a Hong Kong or Tokyo dateline." Marcuse, who remembers life in Peking in pre-Communist days, has compared the present atmosphere in the capital to that of a huge sanitarium with millions of inmates: "The main rules are, as in any such establishment: one, have implicit faith in your doctors; two, do as you are told; three, don't ask yourself, or anybody else, questions; four, leave the thinking to those whose business it is to think for you." Under such circumstances, all that resident correspondents can do, besides providing physical descriptions and some assessments of mood, is relay official pronouncements, and the three Western journalists regularly assigned to Peking—the Agence France-Presse man, his counterpart from Reuters, and a regular correspondent of the Toronto *Globe & Mail*—depend heavily on English and French translations of whatever news the Chinese government sees fit to publish.

The visitor with a short-term visa is frequently given more opportunity to travel around China than the foreign resident is, and in recent years, as the Chinese Communists have sought to extend their influence outward in the world, especially into Southeast Asia and into Africa, there has been a slight relaxation of their policy of inaccessibility: tourists (including Europeans but no Americans) have been allowed to enter the country and have been taken on conducted tours of five or six carefully chosen cities; Western businessmen (but so far no Americans) have visited China individually and as members of trade delegations, and have been permitted to see a certain number of factories and to attend trade fairs; and a growing number of carefully screened Western journalists (including one American, Edgar Snow) have been granted visas and allowed to spend a limited time travelling around with escorts and interpreters to some industrial plants and a few model agricultural communes. Aside from what these people have seen with their own eyes, they have picked up some random facts by talking to middle-rung Communist administrators and, on occasion, to somebody at the top of the hierarchy, such as Premier Chou En-lai or Foreign Minister Ch'en Yi.

Snow, who in the nineteen-thirties was friendly with most of the top Communist leaders, has been accorded the best treatment so far. He has made two trips to China since 1949—one of them in 1960 and the other in 1964. During five months in 1960, while he was gathering material for his long book "The Other Side of the River," he travelled more than twelve thousand miles through fourteen of China's twenty-two provinces. "I cannot complain about lack of opportunity to *see* China," he explained in the first chapter of his book. "I was to travel, if anything, too extensively in the time I had available. . . . I visited scores of factories, hospitals, schools, urban and rural commune enterprises, projects large and small—dams, reservoirs, bridges and power plants under construction, steel mills, coal mines—from huge machine-building plants to porcelain factories." He

interviewed more than seventy of China's leaders, from Mao Tse-tung to young members of Party cadres, and he had conversations with a great variety of people in all walks of life. "I talked to many such citizens alone, and often directly in Chinese, but that does not mean that I was given any clairvoyant power to enter into their private thoughts," he wrote. "At formal interviews there was generally an official or an interpreter present, and nobody bares his soul to either one, especially with a foreigner around. Nevertheless, I think I know more about all these people than I could possibly have understood had I never returned to China."

Snow was an exception. Other correspondents have had much more difficult experiences and have come away soured by them. Robert Guillain, a well-known writer for *Le Monde*, in Paris, wrote of his tour, "A subtle veil was always kept skillfully and firmly drawn between China and myself. . . . There are [millions of] Chinese, but in two months I was never left alone to speak with one of them without a witness, and if I was, it was a put-up job. . . . It was a sheer waste of time to ask to stay for a few days in a village, or even to spend twenty-four hours there. I was never able, if I felt inclined, to visit with my guides at random a house in some district of my choice. I could never stop and make inquiries in a factory, a farm, an institution, or some other place unless the visit had been planned in advance. . . . Like every journalist and visitor to China, I went nowhere without an interpreter by my side, a useful companion but at the same time a constant supervisor. . . . The attentive guides never show the visitor anything that is not excellent or even exceptional, but they refrain from telling him so. . . . Every effort is made to protect him from direct contacts with the people."

A chance to see China at first hand is without doubt invaluable these days, the way a visit to Russia was in the twenties and thirties. But the very size and variety of China, not to mention the constant gyrations of policy during the past sixteen years, have made understanding and interpretation extremely difficult for those who have been permitted only a glimpse of it. As things stand now, not much more than a glimpse is possible, and the effect the war in Vietnam is having on China doesn't make it seem likely that the barriers will be removed in the foreseeable future.

"Alberta, will you marry me?"

LACKING opportunities to obtain a comprehensive view of Communist China from within, serious students of the country have been forced to adopt indirect methods of informing themselves about their subject, and for some years now their efforts have been concentrated in Hong Kong. A four-hundred-square-mile area composed partly of mainland and partly of islands off the South China coast, Hong Kong is unique as a listening post. It is, after all, a Chinese city itself. Ninety-eight per cent of its population, now approaching four million, is Chinese, and very few local restrictions have ever been placed on the comings and goings of Chinese by the British, to whom the island of Hong Kong was ceded in 1842. (The adjacent mainland area of Kowloon was added in 1860, and in 1898 the British leased the larger New Territories for ninety-nine years.) Even though the Communists have made it difficult for people to leave China of their own volition, almost

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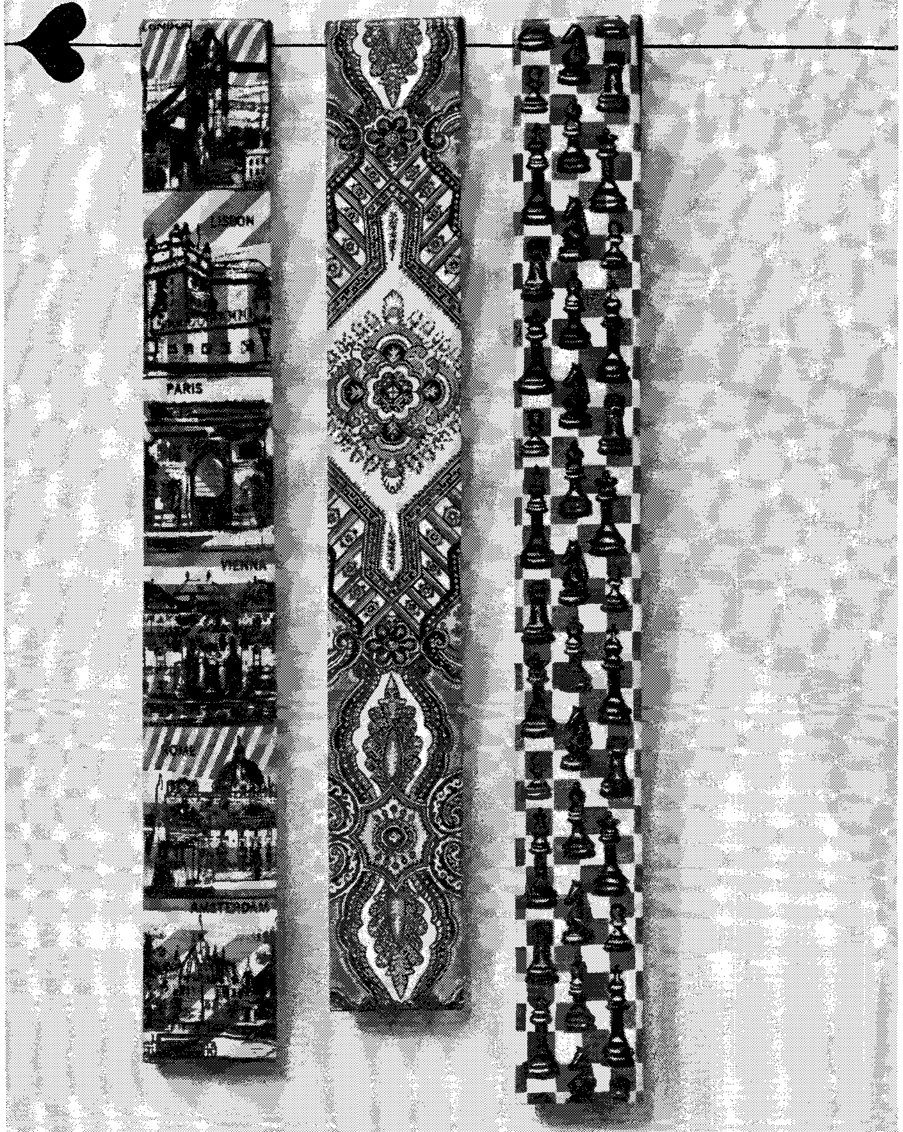
Germaine Monteil



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half of Hong Kong's present population is composed of people who have come from the mainland since 1949 to settle in the colony. Many of these new residents, together with older citizens of Hong Kong who have relatives across the border or other personal reasons for visiting the mainland—such as a desire to "sweep the graves" of their ancestors each spring during the commemorative Ching Ming Festival—are permitted to go back from time to time for limited periods, and thus there is a regular, legal traffic of a million or more people a year going both ways, in addition to the smaller, illegal traffic of those who manage to sneak into the colony past Chinese and British guards. The Chinese maintain a spot check on letters going in and out of China, but although this makes it dangerous for people on the mainland to keep up a constant correspondence with friends and relatives in Hong Kong, letters do come out fairly regularly, and many of them contain valuable information—some of it relayed cryptically and some of it with amazing frankness—about what life is like in China. In addition, businessmen, diplomats, and journalists who have visas admitting them into China almost always pass through Hong Kong on their way in and out.

Unlike other historic listening posts—such as the Baltic port of Riga during the First World War and the period of the Russian Revolution, or Lisbon, Istanbul, Tangier, and Casablanca during the Second World War, where intelligence agents and foreign correspondents depended almost entirely on shadowy personal contacts for information, rumors, and deliberately planted misinformation—Hong Kong has many of the aspects of a scientific laboratory. The workers in this laboratory are trained technicians who invariably speak not only Chinese and English but two or three other languages. These professional China watchers—often referred to as Pekingologists, or, more flippantly, as dragonologists—are constantly sifting through the raw material that Hong Kong provides them with.

All about them in the streets of the colony, among the six hundred thousand refugees now relocated in government resettlement blocks and among the hundreds of thousands of rooftop and valley squatters for whom new quarters cannot be built fast enough, the Pekingologists can find rich stores of information on the effects of Communist rule. Most of the refugees are quite willing to talk. But there are

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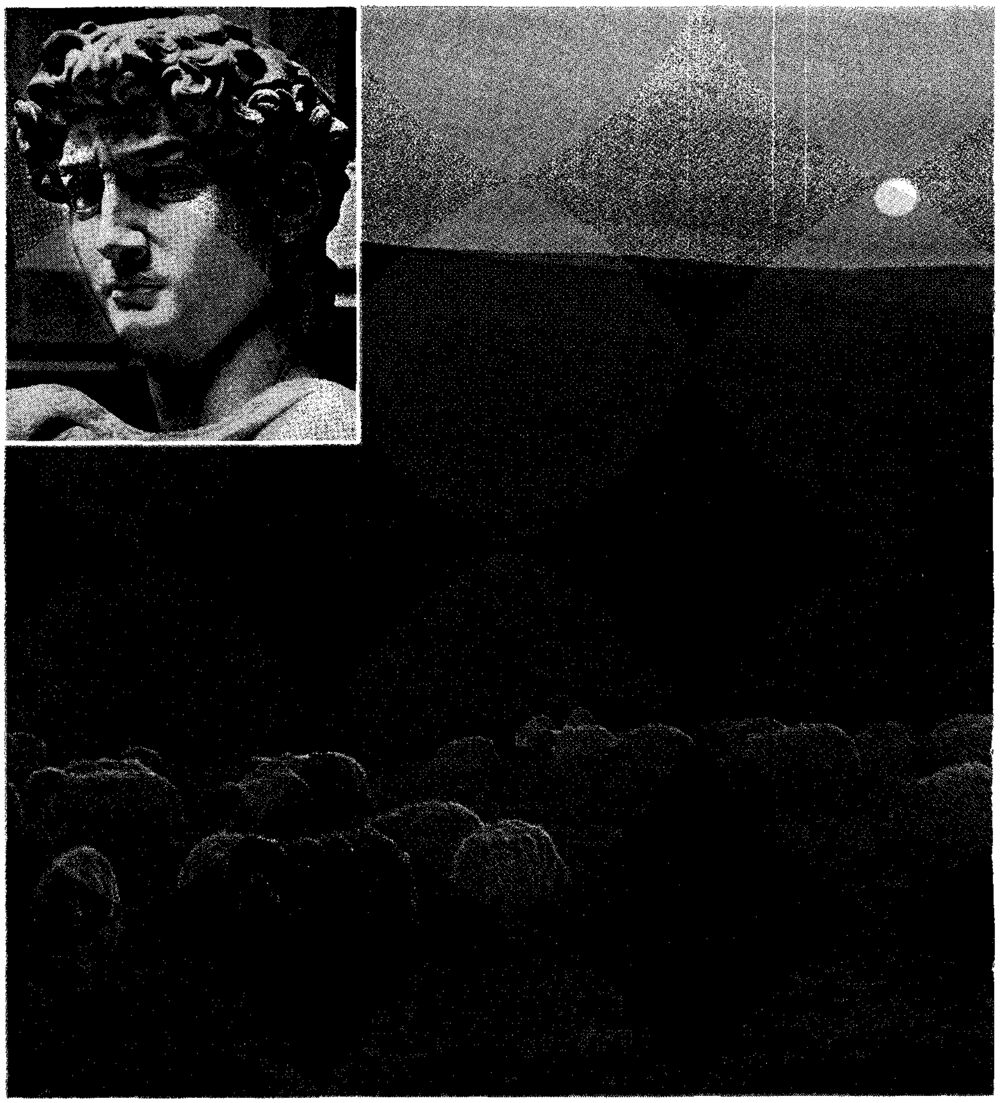

You can walk through the streets and alleyways of Jerusalem and out into the Judean Hills, and you will find yourself gazing at a completely bizarre landscape, yet one that is strangely familiar to you.

And this is the remarkable thing about seeing Israel. You know with certainty that David, the shepherd who became king, and Solomon, and all the prophets walked the same paths, gazed at the same landscape, drew inspiration from the same stony hills, the same sky so blue, that it seems almost unreal.

The supreme paradox: the unreality that leads to reality. You know the feeling within you is real because you experience it so fully. And all experience in Israel leads to one thing — a sense of holiness which hovers over the land.

Take Mount Zion, for instance, where every path, every tree, every ruined wall shares some portion of biblical legend.

There Isaiah had prophesied, Stephen had been stoned, Peter had hidden in a cavern, Bathsheba had bathed in full sight of David. And there the Last Supper had taken place.

From Mount Zion you can retrace the steps of Canaanites and Assyrians, Romans, Crusaders, and Moslems, and enter the Valley of the Cross where, above a Byzantine-Crusader monastery, you will find the Israel Museum and the Shrine of the Book which houses the precious Dead Sea Scrolls.

Everywhere, the land speaks of the Bible: from the Galilee to Eilat, from Mt. Carmel to Nazareth.

And everywhere you'll see the marvelous efforts of modern Israel to restore the Promised Land to the original lushness depicted in the Bible.

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In fact, if you could forget the biblical associations for a moment, if you could forget, too, the miracle of modern Israel, you could appreciate Israel simply because it is so beautiful.

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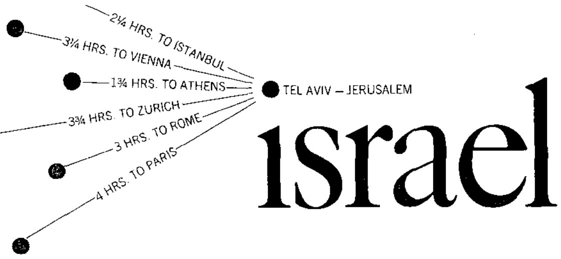
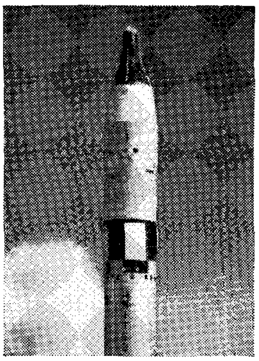
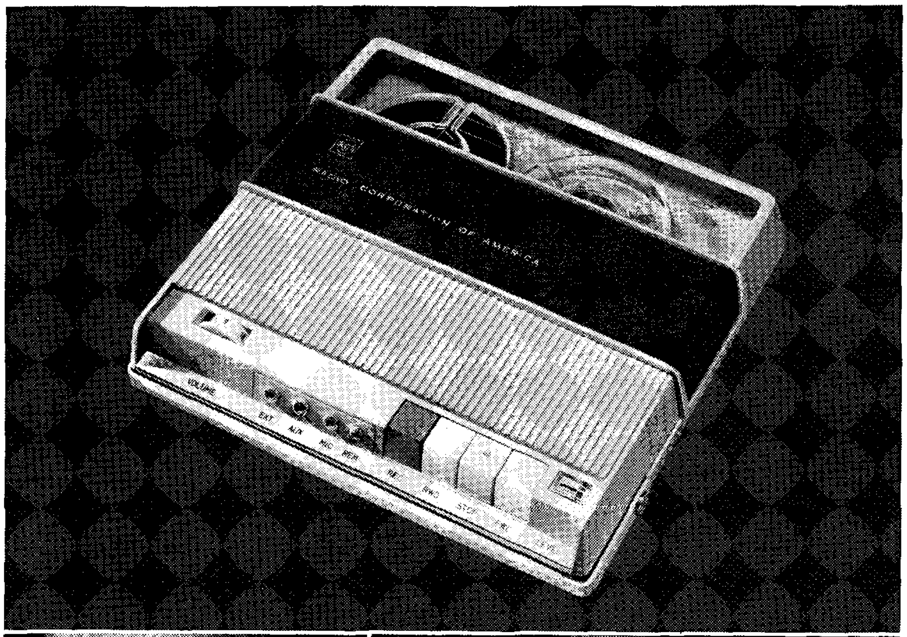
And that's a promise.

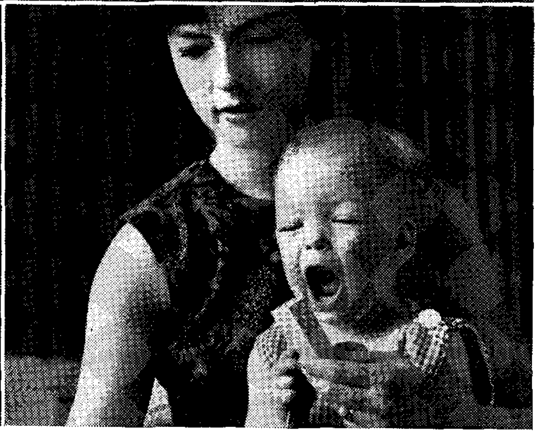


Contact your travel agent or Israel Government Tourist Office, 574 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10036. Also Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Canada.

many other Chinese men and women who go about their daily activities much as everybody else does, wearing the same kind of Western clothes, riding the same ferries between Hong Kong and Kowloon, and eating in the same restaurants, but who remain, almost always, unapproachable and mute. The presence of undetermined numbers of Communist officials, underlings, agents, and sympathizers is one of the ironies of the situation, and at the same time one of the principal reasons for the colony's continued existence.

For the Communists, too, Hong Kong serves as a useful bridge between two worlds, and Communist activities in the colony provide the China watchers with further, and often invaluable, clues to conditions on the mainland. Hong Kong may be a remnant of British imperialism, but it is also Peking's primary source of foreign exchange. From and through the colony the Communists have been taking in up to five hundred million dollars a year. About three hundred million of this represents what Hong Kong pays directly for imports from the mainland—mostly textiles and textile products, live pigs and chickens, fruits and vegetables, and other foods, brought in each day by freight train from Canton to Kowloon, or by sea. The other two hundred million dollars is in the form of remittances sent by Chinese living abroad to relatives back home; this money passes through one or another of several Communist banks in the colony, and since their business is arranged and transacted secretly, the annual total can be only approximated. The chief Communist financial institution in Hong Kong is the Bank of China, which the Communists took over from the Kuomintang; today it handles most exchange matters and supervises many of the negotiations for goods that the Peking government buys abroad, including machinery from Europe and wheat from Canada and Australia. The bank, which has some three hundred employees, occupies several floors of a gray stone skyscraper erected several years ago by the Communists. It overlooks the expansive harbor and is surrounded by such glossy new capitalist structures as the Hong Kong Hilton Hotel and by such sedate older structures as the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and the Hong Kong Cricket Club. Some of the space on the floors occupied by the bank is devoted to other Communist agencies, though the rest of the building is untenanted; the Communists could get added foreign exchange by renting the



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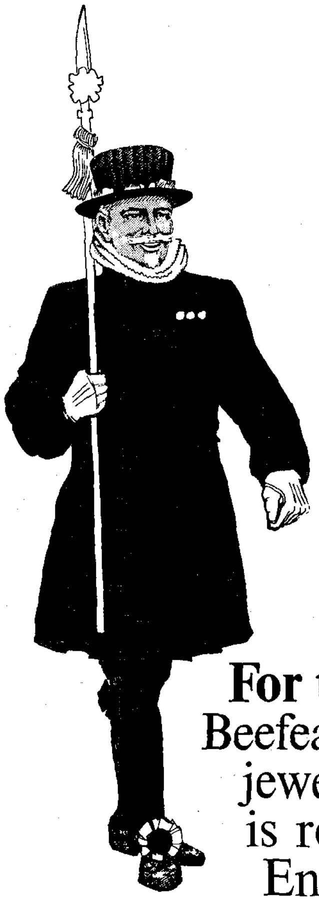

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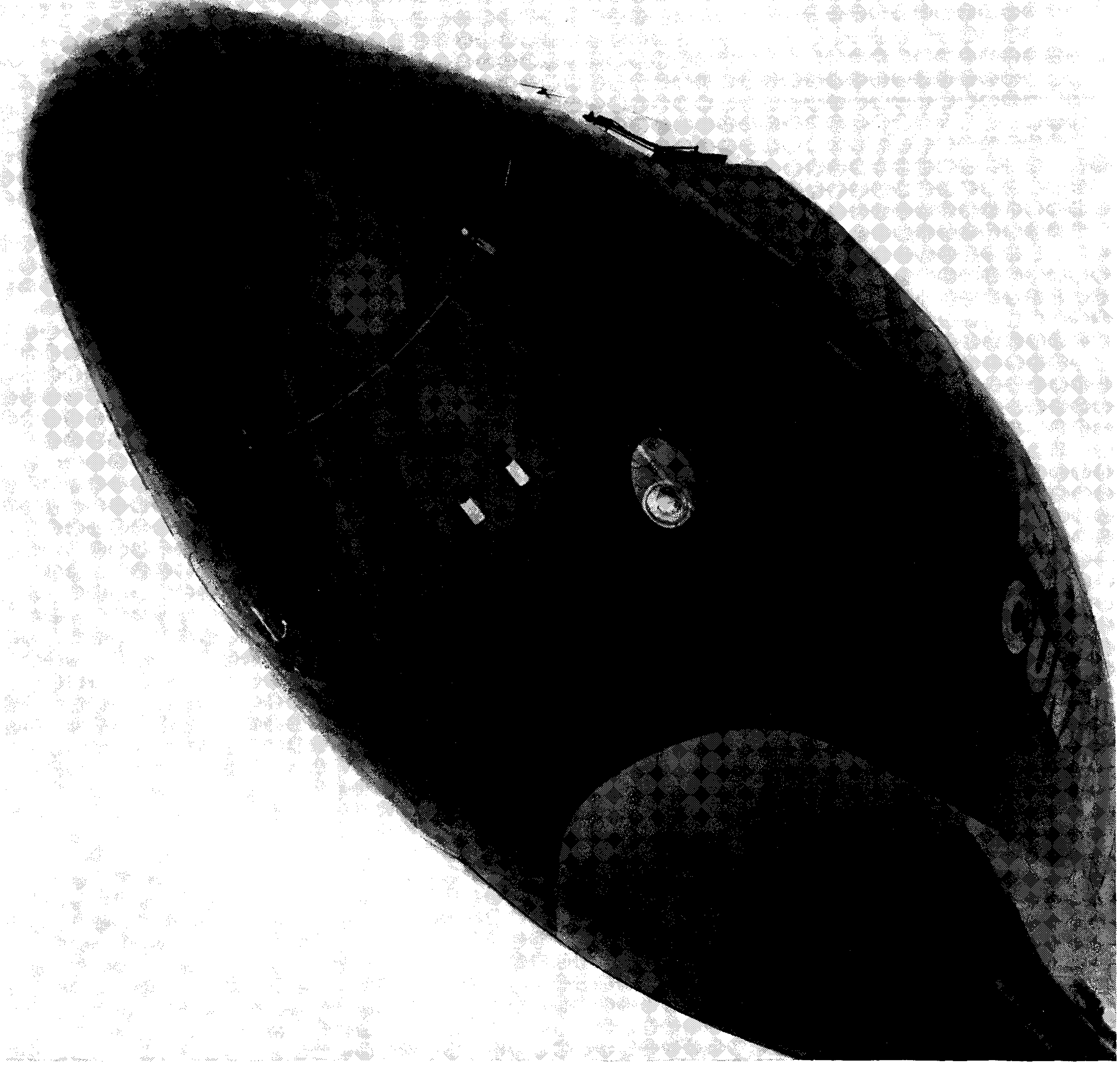
empty floors to Western firms, but they choose to leave the space empty, and they keep the entrances to the building carefully guarded. Many officials of the Communist banks in Hong Kong are holdovers from the Kuomintang days. These men, who maintain a tenuous but apparently satisfactory relationship with Peking, continue to live much as they did before 1949. The managing director of the Bank of China, for example, who sent two of his children to study at McGill University, in Canada, still lives in a fine house filled with Chinese works of art in an exclusive part of the colony, and keeps kennels in his garden for trained dogs.

The Communists conduct their commercial affairs in Hong Kong quietly, if not secretly, but with the help of non-Communist Chinese bankers and businessmen and of Western trade representatives the China watchers are able to obtain a good deal of information about the transactions that Peking engages in with the outside world. Aside from the banks, the most important of the various Communist agencies in Hong Kong is the China Resources Corporation, which carries on trade negotiations for Peking. The British deal with China through a number of large firms in the colony, and many (though certainly not all) of the old-time Chinese merchants in Hong Kong are eager to do business with the mainland, either directly or as middlemen. By studying the trade carried on through Hong Kong and obtaining figures from nations that have trade relations with China, the Pekingologist can gauge Chinese shortages of grain and other necessities, and their greatest needs in the way of machinery and the like. Interesting deductions about Chinese industrial capacity and objectives, for example, have been made from the fact that in the last two years the Communists have bought a number of complete plants abroad and placed orders for more, among them factories for producing steel tubing, fertilizer, ammonia, alcohol, petroleum, and palm oil. Foreign technicians who sometimes travel to China to install such plants are a further source of information.

The Communists maintain a score of public outlets for their export goods in Hong Kong, the largest of which is a department store called China Products, which occupies a two-story building in Wan Chai, the main Chinese business section. Here, every day, hundreds of Chinese and some Westerners shop for bargains, and one can get a pretty good idea of the quality and variety of goods being produced in



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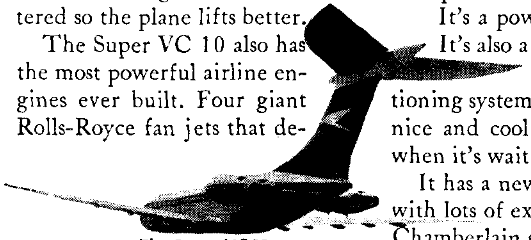

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China. I dropped by China Products one afternoon and was surprised at the number of things on display. They included some rather crudely made but seemingly workable sewing machines, clothing of all sorts, a wide assortment of cheap pottery and cheap jewelry, fake Chinese antiques, musical instruments, toys, canned goods, Chinese herbs, and even goldfish, which were exhibited, I noticed, with some fish food and chlorine remover unabashedly labelled "Made in U.S.A." The store is run as a capitalistic enterprise, and the manager, who works on a commission basis, is permitted to purchase what he wants through a team of buyers in China and to set his own prices. One of his biggest problems is packaging, for many goods shipped out of China arrive spoiled or broken.

In accordance with China's new policy of obtaining foreign currency by permitting tourists to make restricted trips to the mainland, the China Travel Service, a Communist agency, maintains a sizable staff in Hong Kong and advertises in the colony's newspapers. More than five thousand foreigners entered China from Hong Kong last year. Tourists are allowed to visit Canton, Hankow, Wuchang, and Wuhsien as well as Shanghai and Peking; if they ask for permission to go anywhere else, they are told that the China Travel Service has no office there. Tourists who have made trips to China praise the food and the accommodations, reporting that comfortable hotel rooms cost no more than five dollars a night, meals are less than a dollar, and tipping is strictly forbidden. It is generally assumed, however, that the government treats foreign travellers well in order to divert attention from less favorable aspects of life in China. Another service performed by the China Travel Service seems to bear out such an assumption; each month, in Hong Kong, it supervises the dispatch of food packages sent to mainland Chinese from relatives outside. These packages, which the Communists limit to two pounds each, have totalled as many as half a million a month, but the traffic has diminished greatly in the last year or two, because the Peking government is so anxious to get cash remittances from Chinese living abroad that, with a slight improvement in the domestic food situation, it promised to give any recipient of the equivalent of about forty dollars in cash an extra ration of rice, sugar, cooking oil, and pork.

Another overt activity that the Pekingologist can observe in Hong Kong, at least in a limited way, is the effect of

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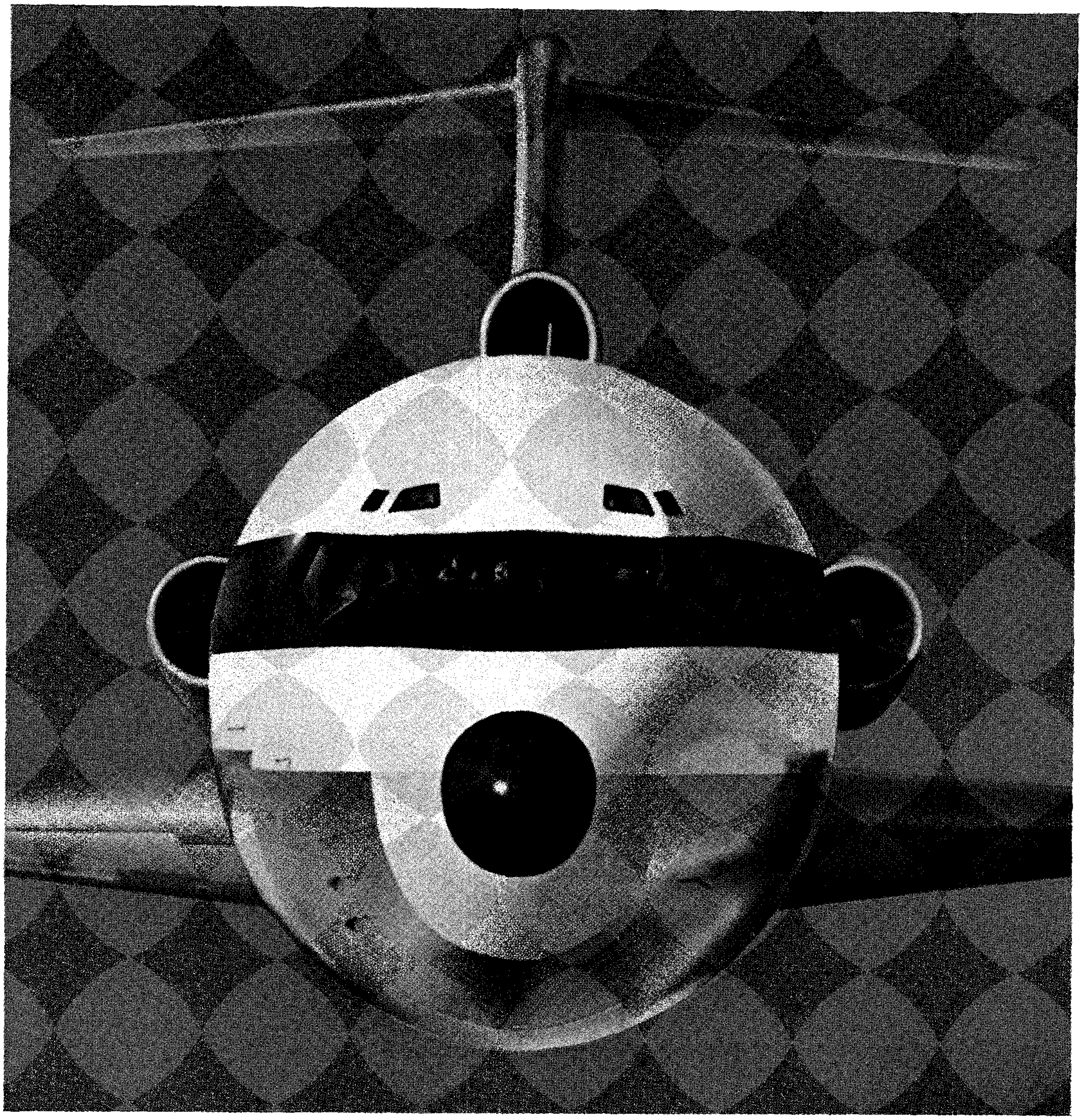

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Communism on Chinese culture. Chinese films, dramas, and operas from the mainland can sometimes be seen in the colony's theatres, and they invariably contain a "message," in accordance with Peking's current dicta on the arts. Peking is careful to offer only what it thinks will particularly appeal to Chinese who have lived away from the mainland for some time. The appeal is often an effective one, provoking both nostalgia and pride in people who are essentially apolitical but who still regard the mainland as home and have a certain respect for the fact that China under the Communists has made its mark as a world power. One evening, in the company of a Chinese friend, I went to a Chinese opera that was patently a Communist propaganda show about rural "labor heroes." My friend relayed to me comments from the audience, which consisted mostly of young people, and although I couldn't tell how many were actually impressed by the message, it was clear that they were all extremely curious about what they saw. Older people are eager to see newsreels of Peking, which apparently retains all its old beauty and charm beneath the superstructure of the modern Communist state.

Chinese Communists compete openly with non-Communists in two other local activities—labor organization and the fishing industry. A great many of the colony's labor unions belong to the disciplined Hong Kong Federation of Trade Unions, which takes its orders from Kwangtung, the nearest mainland province, while other unions have a more tenuous tie to Nationalist China through the Hong Kong and Kowloon Trades Union Council. The Left Wing unions, which represent, among others, seamen and dock workers, some municipal employees, and textile, airport, and electrical workers, are more active than their Kuomintang counterparts in promoting welfare and education plans and in demanding, and getting, wage increases as the Hong Kong economy grows. In labor relations, as in other areas of potential conflict, the British government in Hong Kong treads with caution, taking particular care not to offend the Communists; the Communists, for their part, are careful not to make demands that would threaten the colony's very unusual economic equilibrium. The Communists are less restrained in their treatment of some nine thousand fishing junks that operate out of Hong Kong. Motorboat patrols roam out of mainland bays and regularly arrest and detain fishermen who have strayed into

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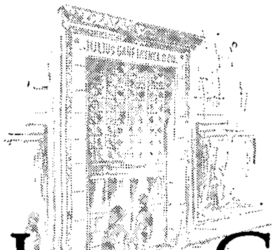
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Communist waters, seizing part of their catch and forcing them to pay fines before letting them go. Communist authorities permit some junks based in Hong Kong to operate in Communist waters if the owners agree to join a mainland fishermen's commune, pay it a regular fee, and attend its monthly meetings in Communist territory near Macao.

A few Westerners in Hong Kong—not including Americans—have managed to become acquainted with some of the local Communists and their sympathizers. Several Western journalists have come to know members of the Hong Kong staff of Hsinhua, the Chinese Communist news agency, and once a month an organization called the Marco Polo Club holds a luncheon meeting at which a group of British and other foreign businessmen and a few journalists are able to meet a selected group of Communist representatives, who do little more than pass on the latest platitudes from Peking. The club is run by Percy Ch'en, a lawyer who is the son of Eugene Ch'en, who served as acting Foreign Minister of the old Chinese Republic. Ch'en functions as a kind of watchdog for the Communists in the colony, keeping check on the amount of social intercourse that goes on between Westerners and Communists.

On the surface, there is little evidence of political tension in Hong Kong. The British prohibit any public rallies or parades that might stir up trouble. Each year, Communist flags may be flown publicly from October 1st to October 7th in celebration of the Communists' conquest of the mainland, and from October 10th to October 16th the Nationalists are allowed to celebrate their victorious 1911 revolution against the Manchu dynasty. There has been serious trouble only once since 1949. On October 10, 1956, the appearance of a Nationalist flag illegally pasted to the wall of a refugee settlement led to citywide riots, for secret societies whipped Nationalist zealots into a frenzy that ultimately caused dozens of deaths and nearly two hundred injuries; Gurkha troops finally had to help the police restore order. Since then, the British have maintained extra patrols during the dual celebration period.

As for what goes on beneath the surface, Communist China is known to have an espionage apparatus in Hong Kong, and so is the Kuomintang. The British do what they can to police their activities and move quickly to arrest and deport spies for either side when-

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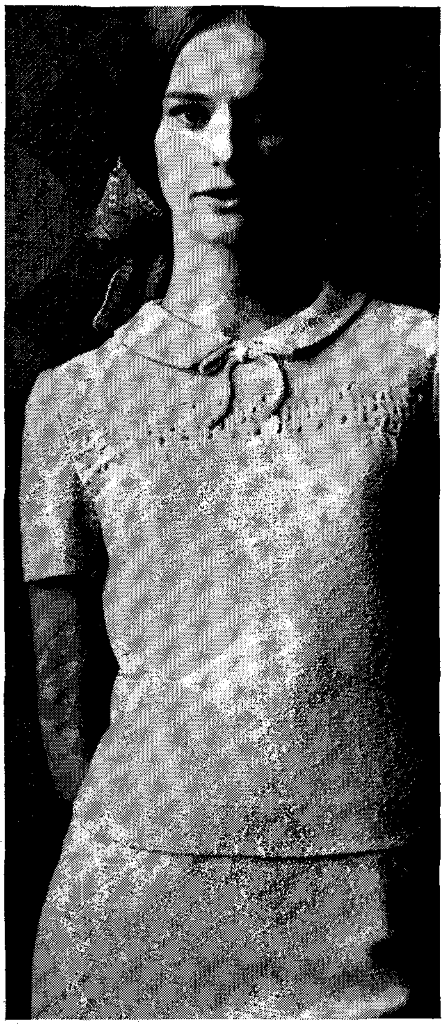

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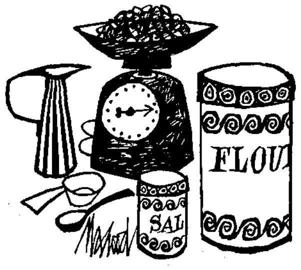
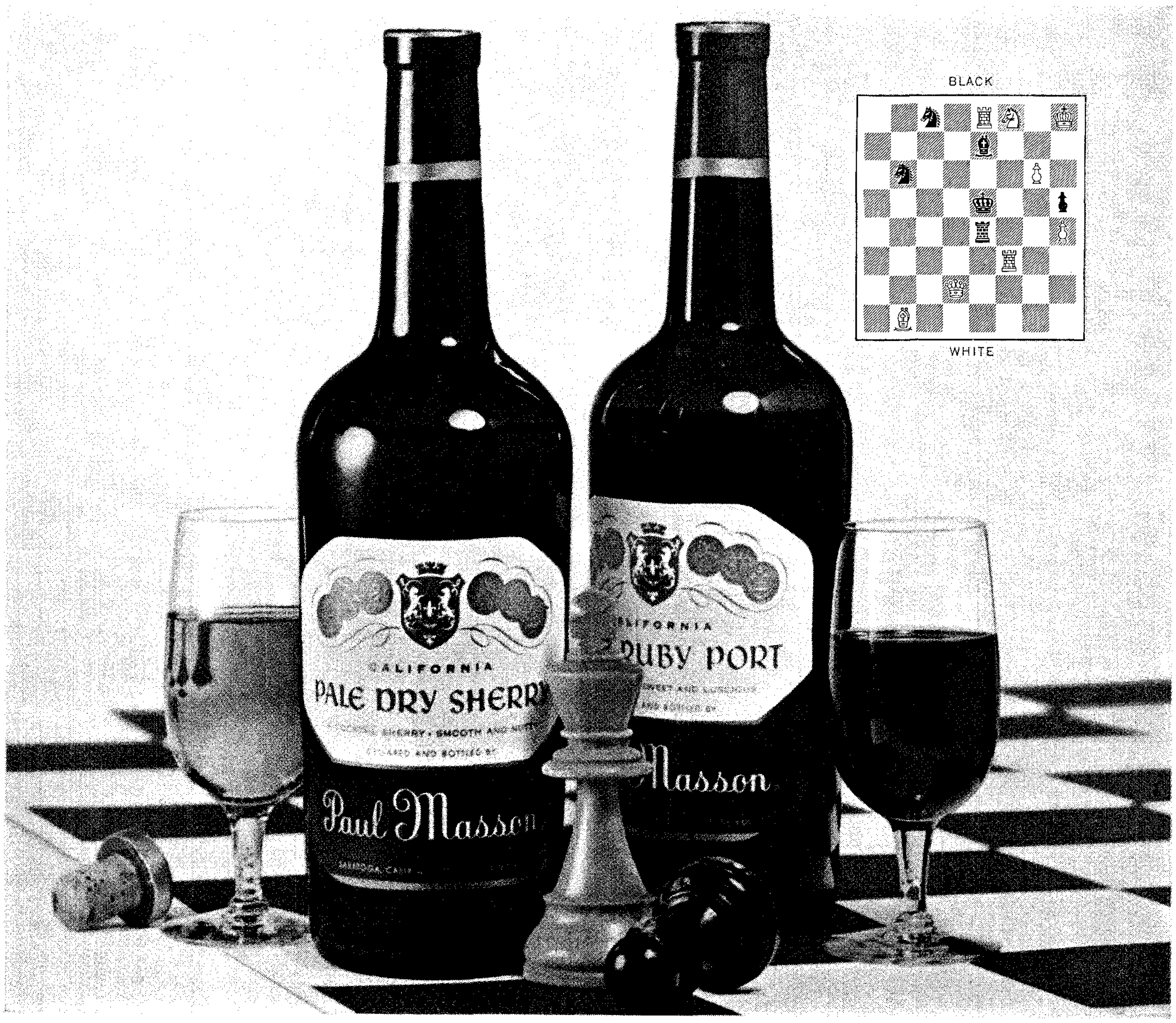
ever they are detected. The most notorious case in recent years was also the most embarrassing to the British, for it involved a Chinese assistant superintendent of police who turned out to be a Communist spy and had to be deported to Canton. (He is now teaching in a university there.) In a sense, of course, Communist agents in Hong Kong merely do the same thing that the Pekingologists do; that is, they use the unique facilities of the colony in order to find out all they can about a world that is very strange to them. They are, in effect, capitalist watchers.

WHILE a lot of what scholars call "hard research" about the Western world is readily available in Hong Kong, any information about China must be regarded as suspect and requires the most careful evaluation. Three years ago an organization known as the Universities Service Center was set up under a grant from the Carnegie Foundation to serve as a clearing house for the exchange of scholarly information and the comparison of analytical methods. The Center has the coöperation of the new Chinese University of Hong Kong, which was formed by the merging of three older universities in the colony, and at a small office in Kowloon fifteen China watchers—eight British, six American, and one Japanese—are currently availing themselves of desk space, a small documentary library, and a secretarial staff. These Pekingologists, living in Hong Kong for a year or two on university or foundation grants from their native countries, also exchange information with other scholars and journalists who visit the colony for shorter periods of time, perhaps to spend a month or two there working on one specific phase of China's politics, culture, or economics. In addition to scholars and journalists, there are many official China watchers in Hong Kong, in the direct employ of various governments. The United States Consulate General in Hong Kong maintains a larger staff than most American embassies. All China watchers must be careful not to jeopardize the colony's neutrality by offending the Communists, who raise objections from time to time about the way the British allow "imperialists" to carry on in Hong Kong. A few days ago, for example, when two American warships stopped at Hong Kong and their crews were given shore leave, the Communists renewed their protests about the use of the colony as a "base" for the war in Vietnam. But the advantages of Hong Kong to the Communists apparently outweigh the annoyances, and the China watchers are tolerated so long as they go about their work unobtrusively.

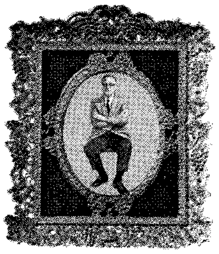
Pekingologists do considerable interviewing of newly arrived escapees (in Hong Kong, this term is preferred to "refugees") and of people who have visited China, but the bulk of their work consists in collecting, reading, and analyzing all the official material that comes out of China. There is a steady flow of such material, and on quite a few days, especially when the Sino-Soviet ideological dispute calls forth a barrage of denunciation, it comes out in reams. The Pekingologist studies these declarations as much for what they don't say as for what they do. It is a painstaking job, and one that requires a thorough knowledge of Chinese Communist history going back several decades to the founding of the Chinese Communist Party. It involves the ability to determine, or at least to make an intelligent guess at, the elusive and shifting motives of the Peking government as they are expressed in the peculiar ideological language used by Communists everywhere; a single sentence in an all but endless diatribe may furnish the key to a whole dialectic attack or argument, and to detect it and extrapolate its meaning is a primary function of the Pekingologist.



Another of the Pekingologists' tasks—a highly scientific one although it involves a certain amount of guesswork—is to determine the varying rates of economic progress or retrogression in China, chiefly in the critical areas of agriculture and light industry. This has been increasingly hard to do since 1957, when Peking began to cut down on statistics—by 1960 the blackout was practically complete as far as comprehensive figures on national production were concerned—and the broad claims that are published must be weighed against whatever is known about the serious setbacks the Communists have been suffering over the last several years, due less to natural calamities than to their own managerial mistakes. And in all his efforts to gauge the Communists' success or failure in refashioning China, the Pekingologist must study every twist and turn in Chinese domestic policy, and then estimate how



Son of Koltanowski?



YES, as a sequel we're giving the Chess Master and World's Blindfold Champion away in this year's Paul Masson Chess Tournament, as well. For the following reason:

1) He was a roaring success. Actually, he played the *first three* winners in a Grand Prize Grand Tour that took him to Seekonk, Massachusetts, Houston, Texas, and New York; playing all comers and dispensing champagne in a chessmasterly manner.

This year Koltanowski's bounty will consist of Paul Masson California Sherry (Fine, Cocktail, Rare Dry, Pale Dry, Rare Cream, and Golden Cream), Port (Tawny, Rare Tawny, and Rich Ruby), and Vermouth (Sweet and Double Dry): slow, thoughtful drinks, ideally suited to chess play.

All entries will receive a pocket-size "International Laws of Chess" with an introduction by Koltanowski. Second through 100th prizes are of the deluxe edition, and autographed by the Master himself.

So go to it. White to play and mate in two moves.

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. J-5, Saratoga, Calif.,

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski:________________ I'll be delighted to receive the International Laws of Chess. Also, I hope mine is among the first correct answers checked after April 1, 1966. I understand that unless my answer is postmarked before then it will be ineligible for a prize.

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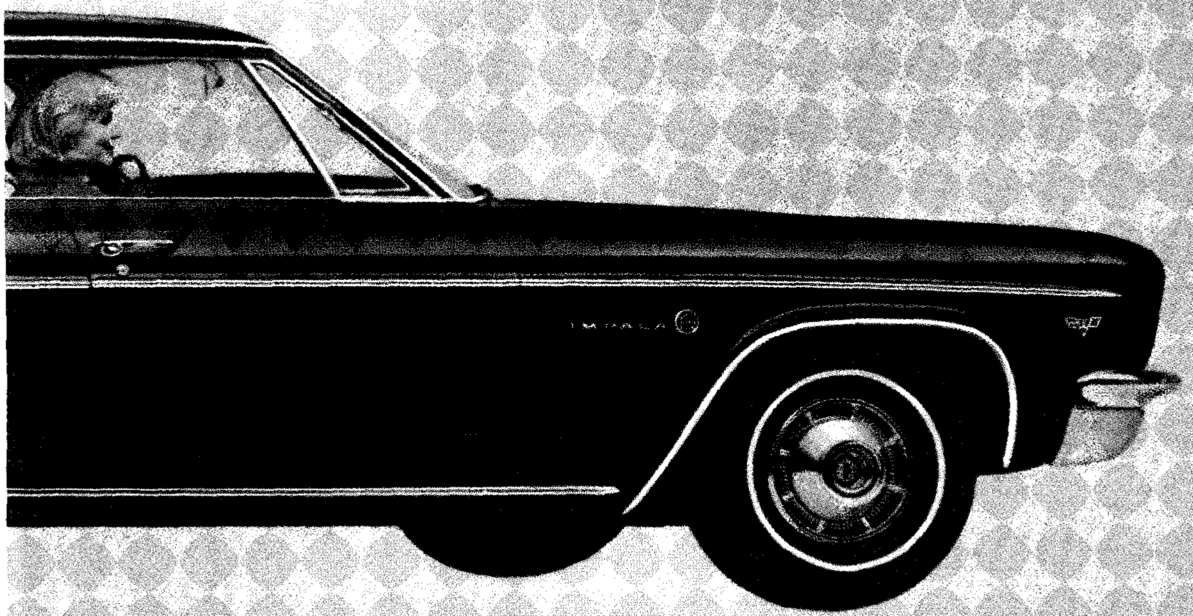

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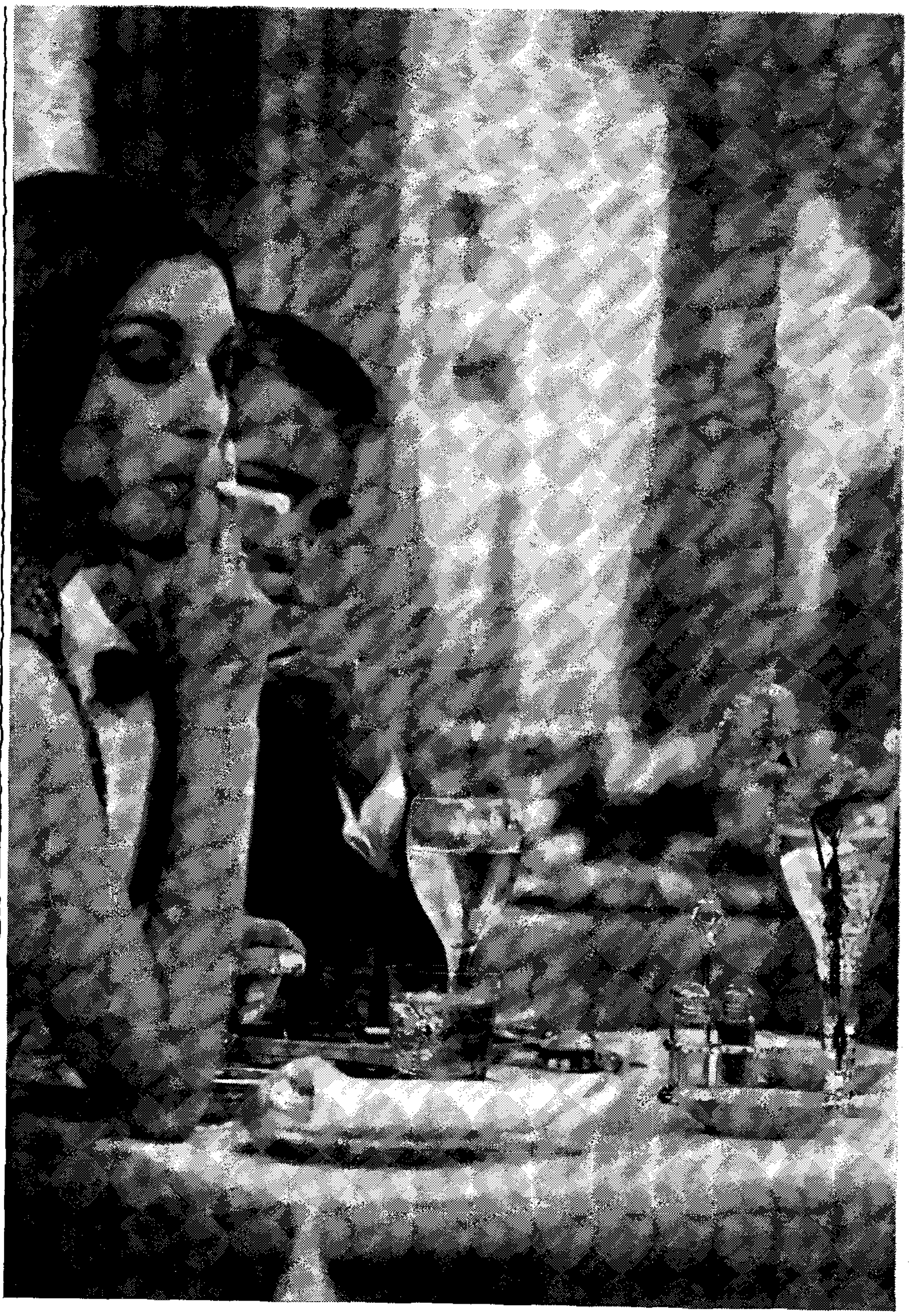
these changes specifically affect the various human elements engaged in the intricate process of struggle and adjustment in China today—the Party cadres charged with executing policy, the Army and the militia, the intellectuals and the students, and, above all, the peasants and the workers.

In effect, the expert China watcher tries to read the Communists' minds. Seymour Topping, of the New York *Times*, who has been both a Kremlinologist and a Pekingologist, once told me, "If you understand the special code and jargon the Communists employ, you can understand what they're saying to each other. And if you have a good background in Marxism and Leninism, you can even predict what they're going to say. With the Chinese, as with the Russians, there are always different categories of declarations and press announcements, and you have to be able to figure out which ones lay down an important policy line and which ones don't. What may seem to be nothing but propaganda or even sheer gibberish may make sense if it is taken in context with something else. Or a long, dull statement full of obscure doctrinaire terms may contain a vital directive to Party workers. Often the real meaning of an event won't become clear until two or three months later, and you have to be on the lookout for it all that time. There are always different levels of meaning, too; what the Communists say to each other is one thing, for example, and what they say to the West is another. The Chinese, I've noticed, have an extraordinarily keen sense of what will make news in the West. They know how to use innuendoes and warnings so that the bourgeois press will do a job for them that they want done; they'll get *us* to say that they mean such and such, even though they haven't actually gone out on a limb and committed themselves, and this gives them the maneuverability they like. It's wise not to get trapped in a game of words with them. On occasion, I've felt that I saw what they were up to, and I've written about it. As a result, they'd suddenly stop hammering away at a certain line—a threat to intervene in Laos, say—and I'd report their sudden silence, too. Then, two or three weeks later, they'd quietly pick up the theme again, in a slightly different way, and issue a new warning, maybe setting a new trap with fresh bait. Every now and then, I have the feeling that I'm sitting down here in Hong Kong matching wits with Peking."

Topping and other Pekingologists in Hong Kong naturally spend a good



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deal of their time reading. Their primary sources, the official and semi-official news and policy declarations of the Chinese Communist government, reach Hong Kong on the wires of Hsinhua, which has a number of foreign clients throughout the world, including the Hong Kong bureaus of Reuters and Agence France-Presse. (The Associated Press and United Press International also maintain Hong Kong bureaus, but they pick up most official Chinese Communist statements in Tokyo, because they can transmit dispatches from there to the United States more rapidly.) Each morning, Hsinhua puts out a review of what has appeared in the Chinese press—mostly in Peking. Then, during the day, come longer articles, statements on foreign affairs, and government policy declarations; the full texts of these are likely to be received before the regular Peking correspondents file stories about them, and the daily wire to Hong Kong can run as long as thirty-five thousand words. Six Chinese Communist newspapers are published in Hong Kong, two of them official Party publications. The six contain some significant news from China, but not as much as appears in five papers published in Peking that the Chinese consider "safe" for distribution off the mainland—the *People's Daily*, the *Peking Daily Worker*, the *Kwang-ming Daily*, the *Ta Kung Pao* (which also has a Hong Kong edition), and the *China Youth News*. The *People's Daily* reaches Hong Kong two or three days after publication and the others about a week after they appear in Peking. Communist news dealers in the colony get only two or three copies of each paper; they photostat them and sell the reproductions. Some recent studies would seem to indicate that mainland newspapers contain even less information and more exhortation than they did a year ago. According to one specialist on the Peking press, "The pages are filled with personal stories about a village, a production team, a factory—not reports of the kind commonly classified as news, but exemplifications of the magical effects of Party slogans and orders."

The Peking government distributes a number of magazines abroad, and the two most important for the Pekingologist are the fortnightly *Red Flag*, the Party's official house organ for political theory, which appears in Peking only in Chinese but is translated by Hsinhua and by the American consular staff in Hong Kong, and the *Peking Review*, a weekly, published in

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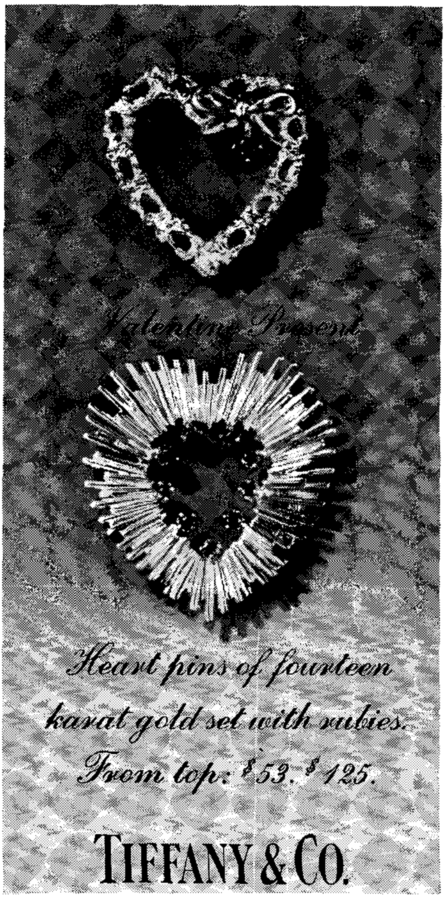

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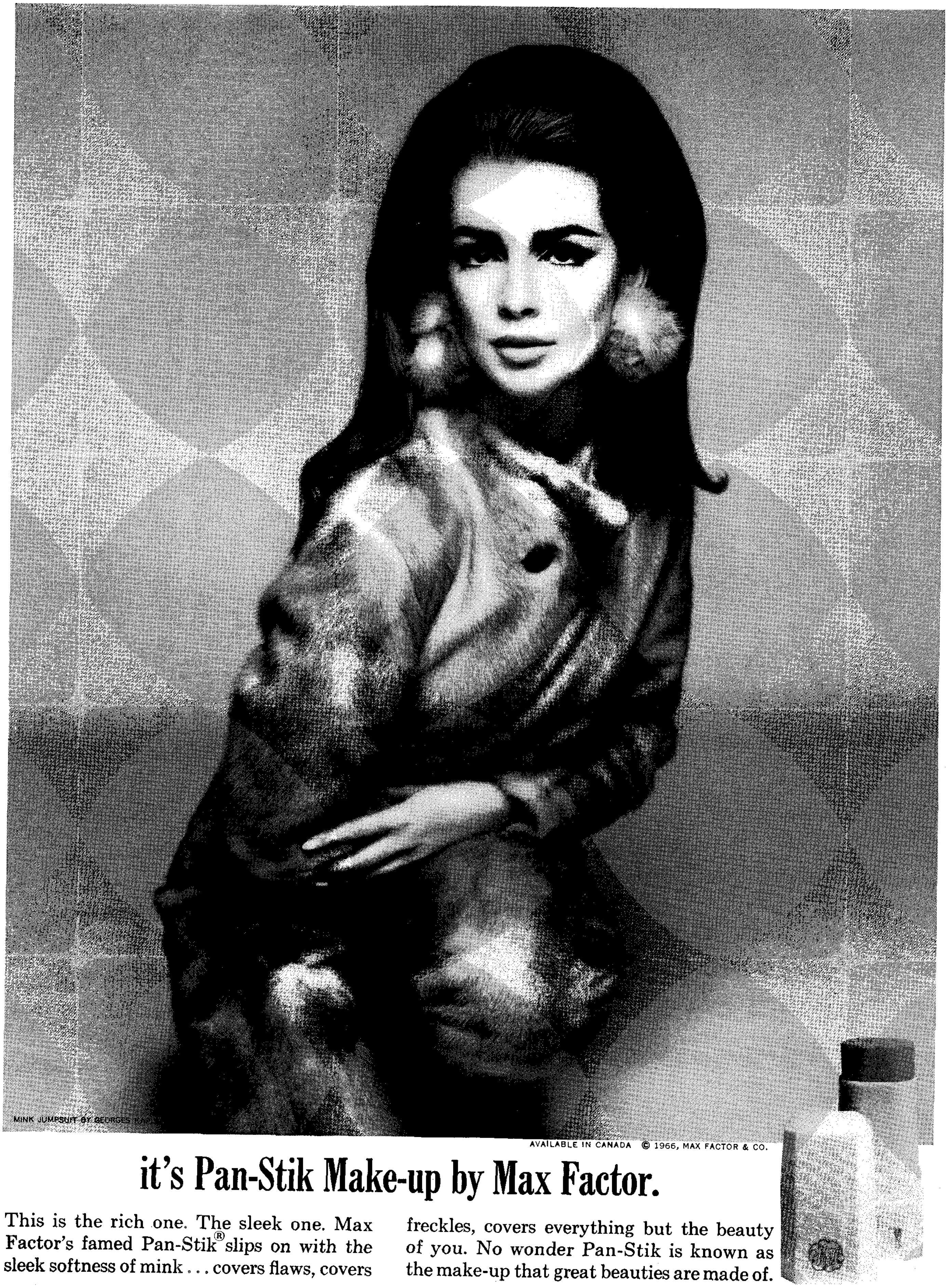

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English, French, and Spanish, that is specially aimed at politically conscious Westerners and contains reprints of important policy statements, a news summary, editorials, and a regular listing of cultural events called "What's On in Peking." The other magazines that are sent abroad are outright propaganda vehicles, but they sometimes include interpretations or amplifications that China watchers find useful. Among these are two popular monthlies—*China Pictorial*, published in twelve languages and covering a wide range of subjects in an attempt to convey the impression that life in China has never been better, and *China Reconstructs*, a similar magazine published in English, French, and Spanish that has two added features, a "Children's Page" and a "Postbag," which runs letters ostensibly sent by admirers of China all over the world, and answers by the editors. Other periodicals available in Hong Kong include propaganda publications for special audiences, such as *Women of China*, *Chinese Literature*, *Chinese Youth*, and magazines about sports, the drama, and films—some thirty of them in all. A few more serious publications are also sent abroad, among them *Philosophical Research* and *Economic Research*, but they seldom offer much of value to the student of Chinese affairs, because for the most part they merely reprint government statements. Of some two hundred scientific and technical journals published in China, not one is on sale in Hong Kong, but copies are occasionally smuggled out. In addition, foreigners willing to put up with long delays can subscribe to them on a barter basis. Western universities, including universities in the United States, can get a journal on coal or steel, on mathematics, on zoology, on astronomy, on forestry, on biology, or on just about any other scientific subject by agreeing to send Peking a corresponding publication. Peking invariably gets the best of such bargains, since an American magazine on steel, for example, contains a lot more facts and figures than a Chinese magazine does. The Pekingologist gets little help from Communist Chinese books, which have been severely censored since 1950. At that time, large publishing houses in Shanghai and elsewhere were ordered to destroy as much as eighty per cent of their lists of ten or fifteen thousand titles, on the ground that they contained "poisonous thoughts," and today all written material in the possession of foreigners leaving China is subjected to a thorough customs examination. So-called yearbooks, which are given over

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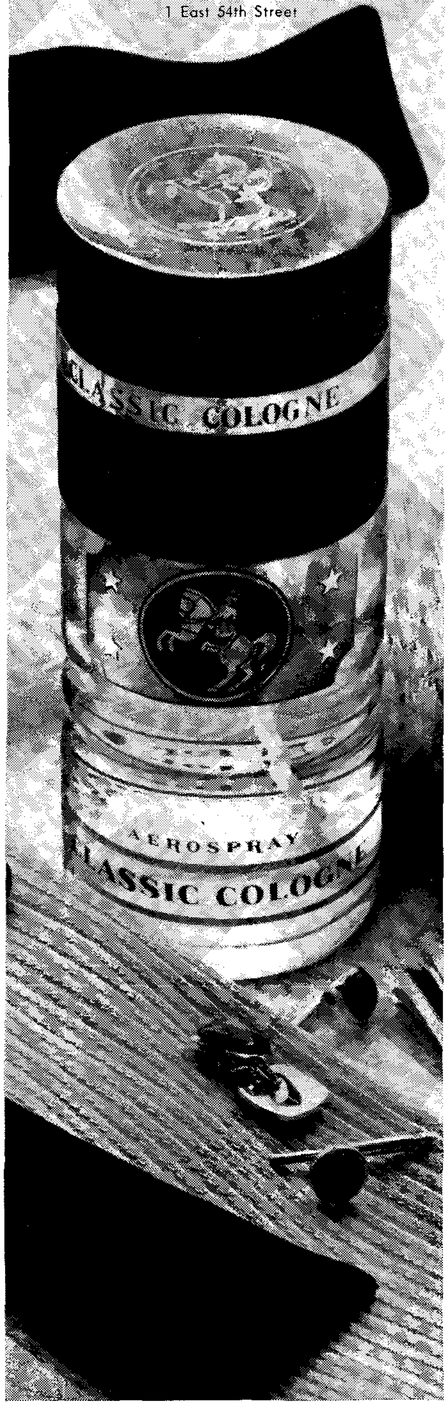

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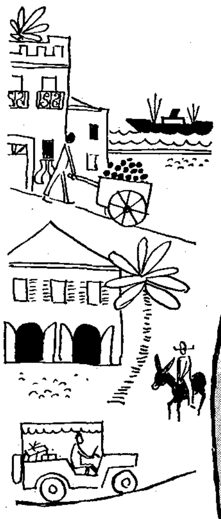

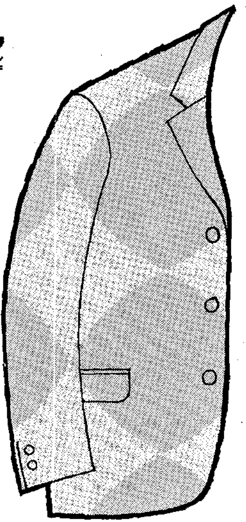

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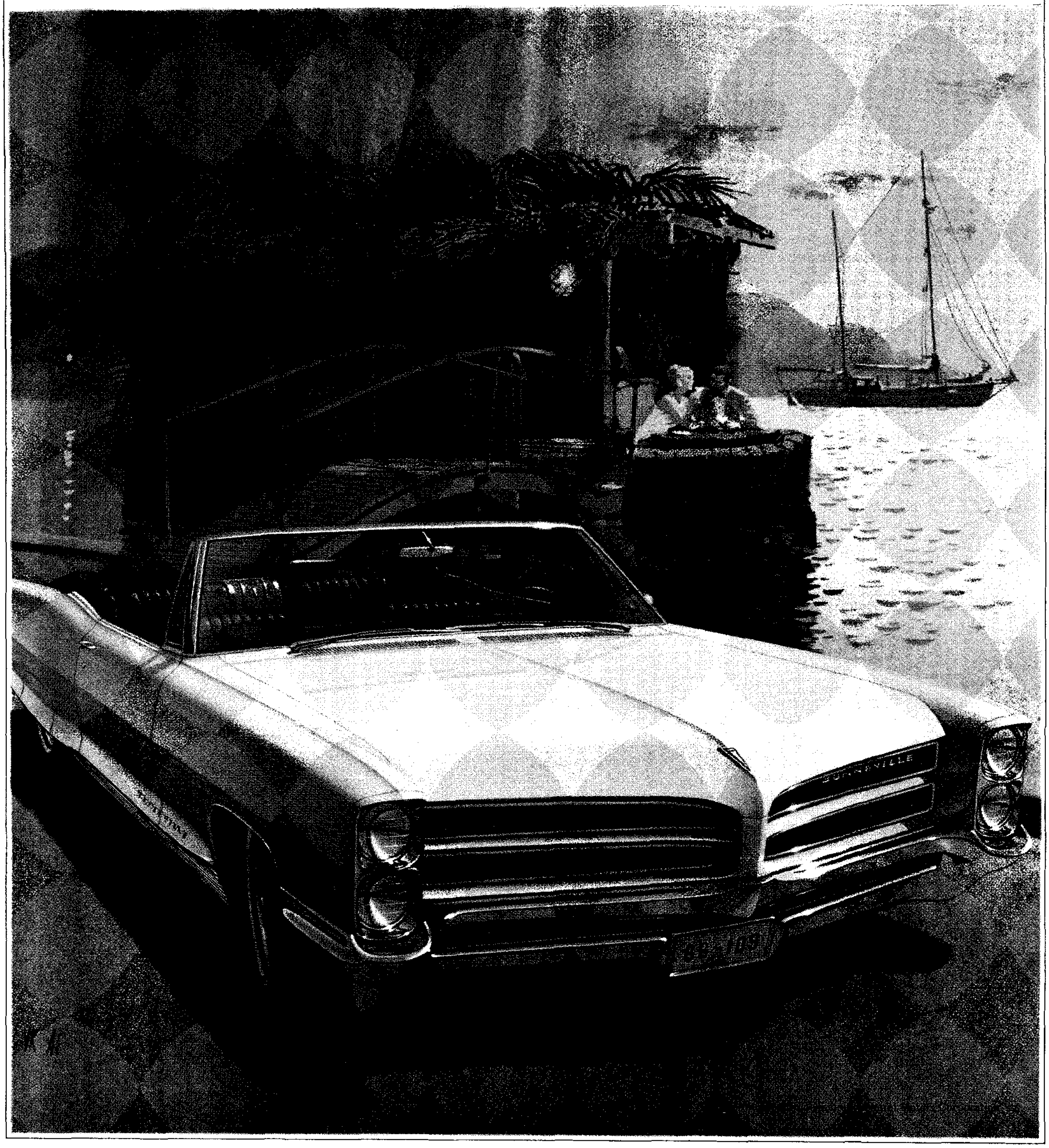

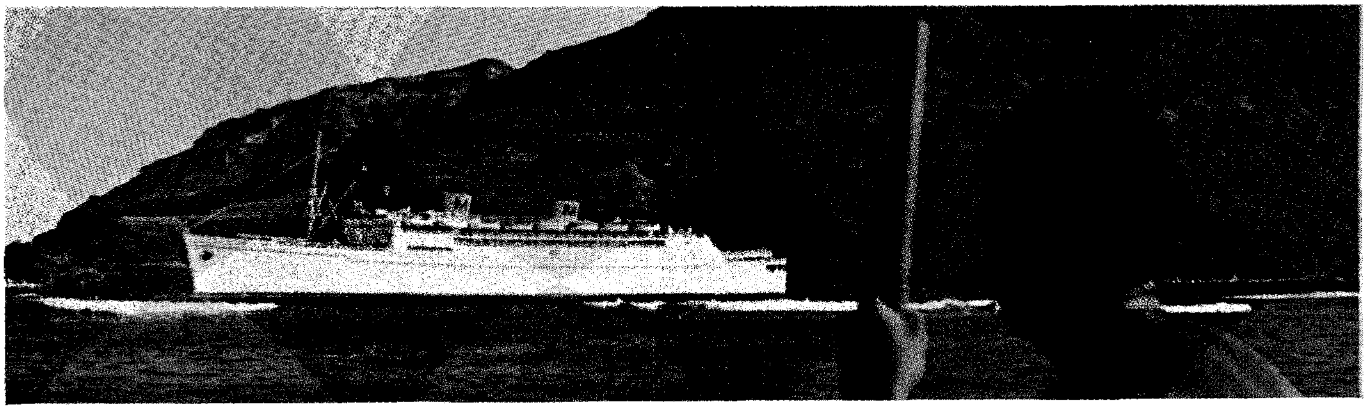

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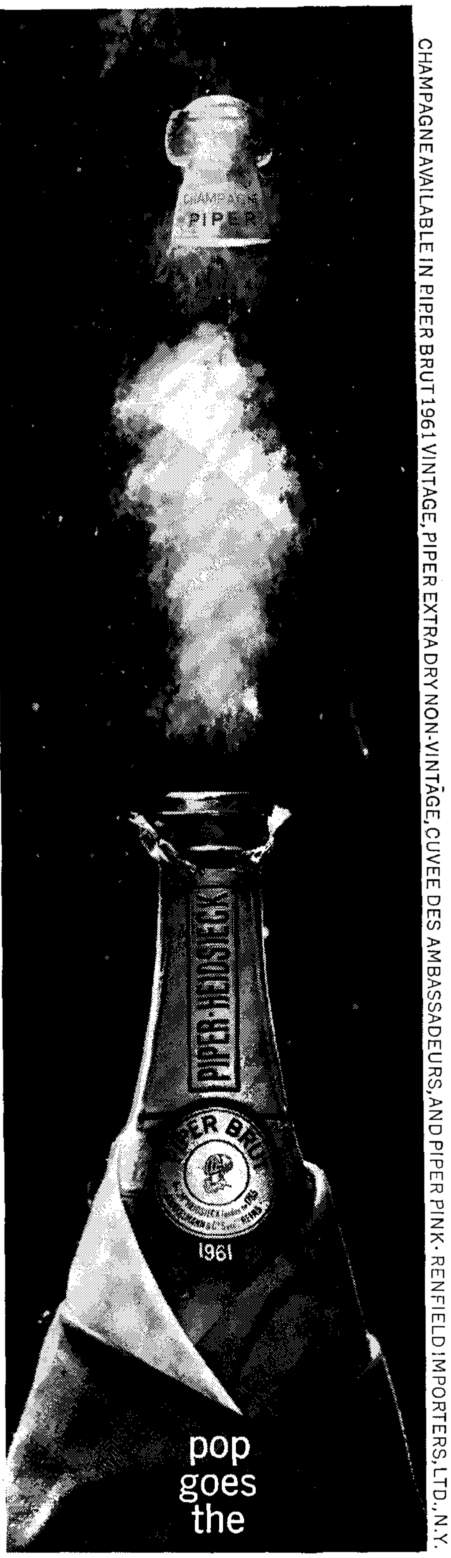
almost entirely to reprints from the *People's Daily* and other papers, are officially unavailable in Hong Kong, but copies can sometimes be picked up in bookstores. Practically everything that is published in China nowadays is either a scientific treatise, a political tract, a propaganda novel, or a reprint of an accepted ancient book. Despite the ideological break with the Soviet Union, Russia is still the source of much, if not most, of China's technological literature.

Until 1959, as many as twenty provincial newspapers regularly reached Hong Kong from the mainland, but then the Communist regime banned their distribution. Even so, some are occasionally smuggled into the colony by refugees or by travellers, and although they reflect the official position of the government and duplicate much of what appears in Peking, they also carry a few stories dealing with local and regional conditions, and are thus an important supplementary source for the Pekingologists. "These papers print speeches delivered by local Party leaders," one expert told me. "If you can read between the lines and note what emphasis is put on the various elements of the Party line handed down from above, you can get some idea of what the situation is like in a particular province—the success or failure of a certain campaign, for example, or the effect of a natural calamity like a flood or a drought. The better provincial papers contain general descriptions of life in the cities and the countryside, and even report local disorders. Occasionally, too, you can pick up a stray production figure, or a comment on a factory's being shut down or machinery's being kept idle because of a need for repairs. But the press never reports any news that is unequivocally bad. There is never anything about fatalities in accidents, or about thefts, robberies, or murders. If you relied on the press alone, you might think that not one good Party member had been murdered since 1949."

Provincial radio stations—each of the twenty-two provinces in China has one—are another important source of information. One of the chief values of local radio reports is that they invariably list all Party, government, and Army officials who attend meetings or ceremonies around the country, and these lists enable Pekingologists to keep track of transfers and other shifts in the various hierarchies. Another potential value of the provincial broadcasts lies in their very monotony—the degree to which they parrot the official



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Peking line, repeating verbatim whatever the central government hands out. As one of the Pekingologists who regularly listens to these broadcasts told me, "If the time should ever come when a province departs from this uniformity, it would mean that something was stirring in China." A number of the provincial stations can be heard in Hong Kong over private radio sets, and all of them are monitored in Okinawa with the aid of powerful receivers operated by the United States Navy, which sends full transcripts to Hong Kong for study and interpretation by official and non-official China watchers. A special staff of the United States Consulate General translates some of the radio transcripts and many of the articles from the provincial Chinese press that are reprinted by the five papers allowed out of the country, that are relayed by Hsinhua, or that reach Hong Kong clandestinely. An organization called the Union Research Center, run by Chinese and subsidized by the West, also translates important Communist documents and, in addition, distributes periodic studies of them, makes available biographical material on Chinese leaders in all spheres of activity, and issues interpretive reports on interviews with refugees.

The great majority of the refugees who flee to Hong Kong are peasants, and almost all of them come from Kwangtung, the province just across the border, or from other southern provinces. Their knowledge is usually limited to what has happened in their own villages and counties—what the food situation is like there, what sort of Party cadres are assigned there, how much regimentation is imposed there, and so on. A few of the more literate farmers are able to go beyond the specific events or conditions that provoked their escape and discuss in some perspective the effect of the various changes wrought by the Communists in the countryside over the years—the original redistribution of land, the creation of the first coöperatives and the so-called village production teams, and the formation and subsequent breakdown of the system of communes. But this evidence, too, is incomplete and often biassed, having been filtered through the bitterness of men and women who have felt compelled to flee China, whether in quiet rebellion against the regime, out of the loneliness and emptiness imposed by dictatorship, or simply because they and their children could not get enough to eat. A good interviewer gains the confidence of these peasant refugees and avoids

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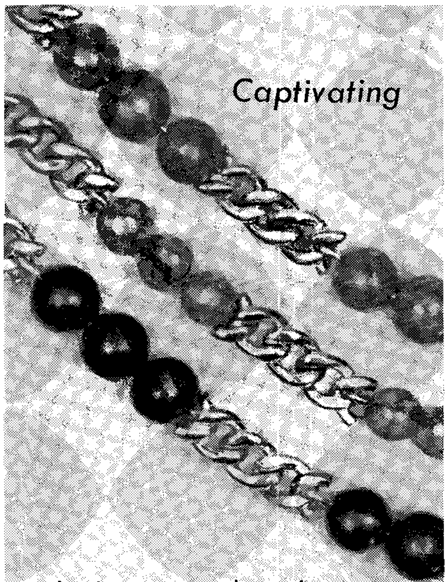

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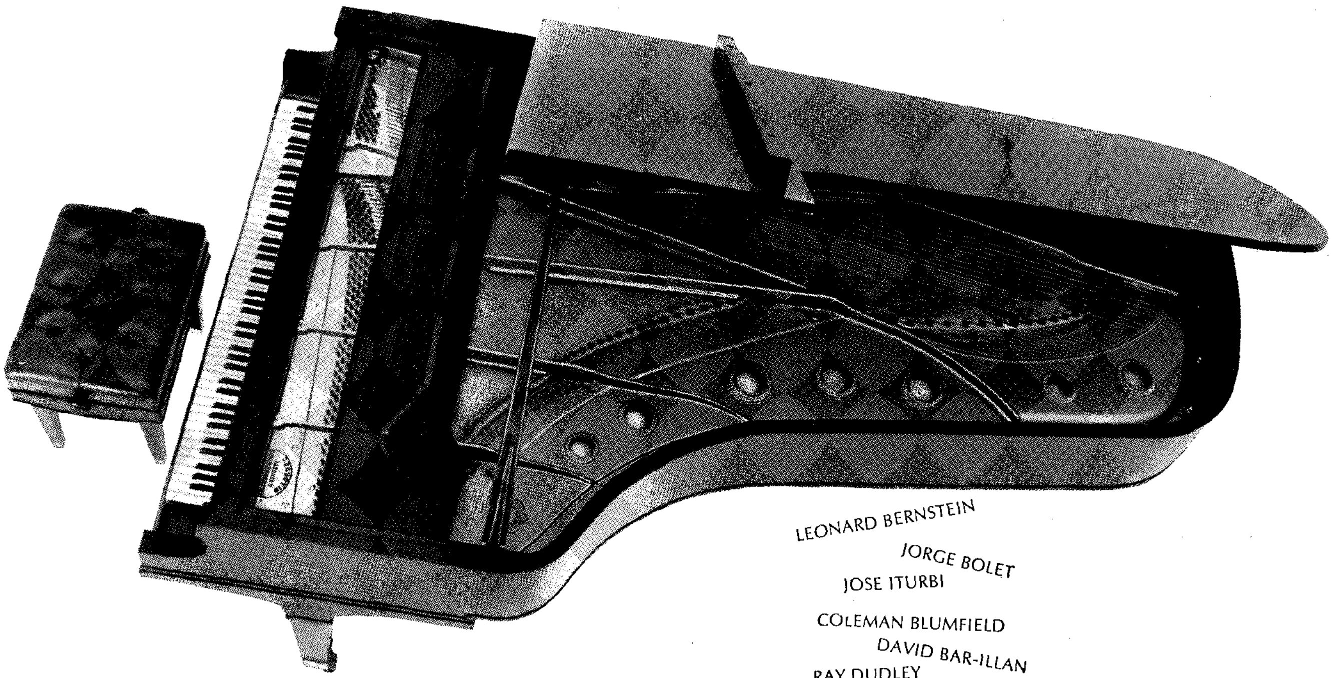

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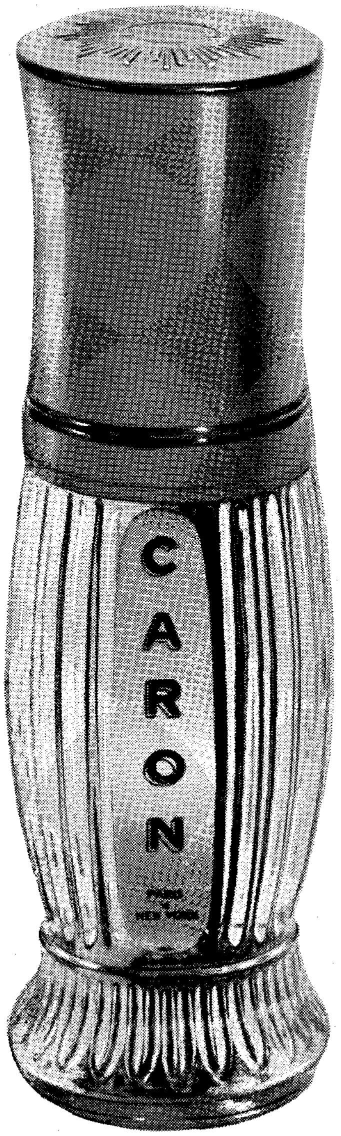

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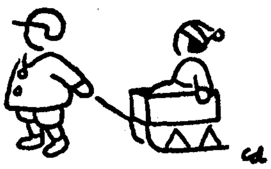
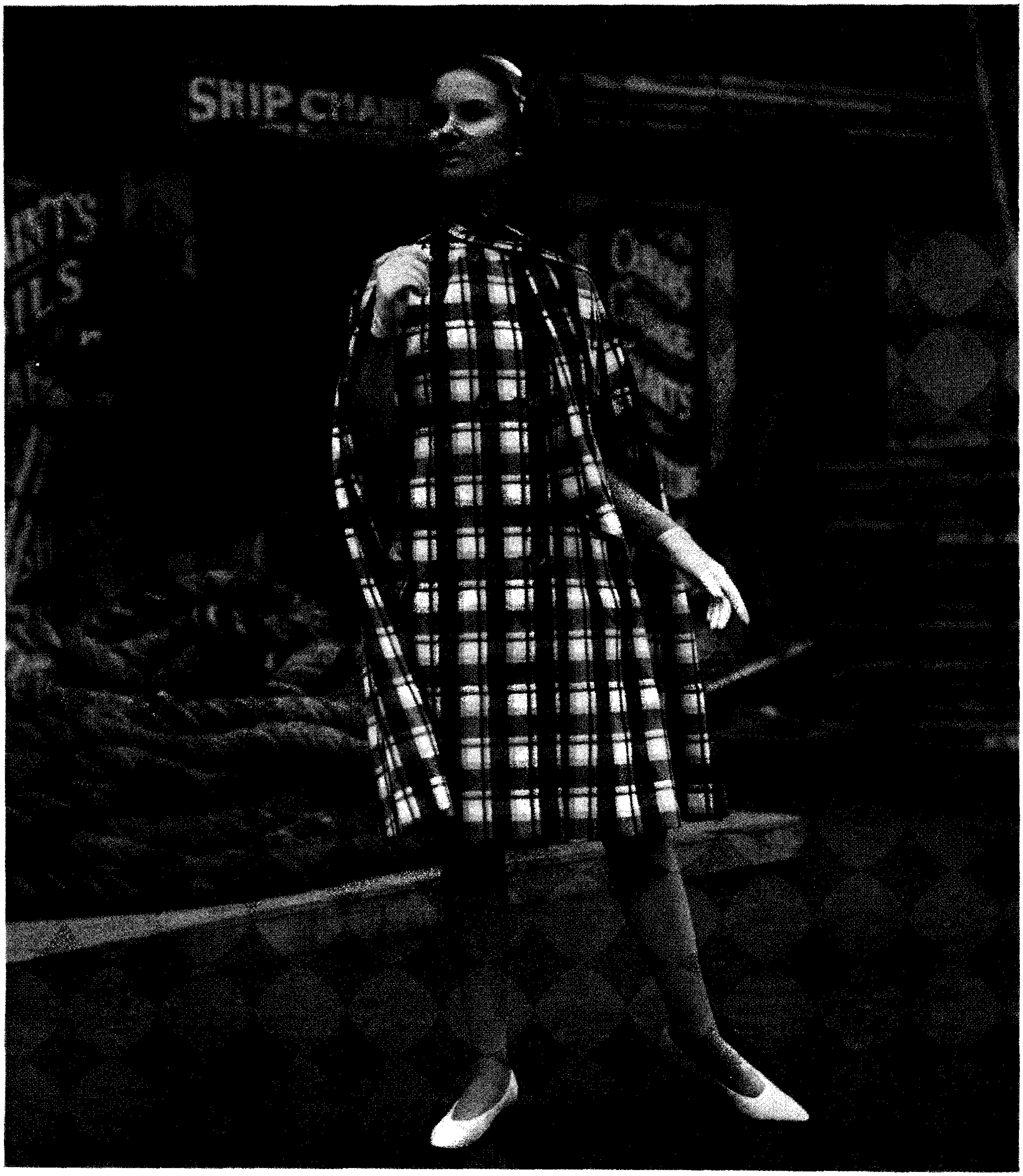
Occasionally, a peasant will arrive from north or central China, or even one from the western provinces, and his testimony is considered especially valuable, because it is likely to offer a contrast to accounts of what is taking place in the south. Refugee factory workers from the cities have their own stories to tell, centering on industrial cutbacks and the forced removal of urban laborers to rural areas. The most useful refugee sources of all are students and intellectuals, who are able to give more or less fully rounded appraisals of what life is like under Communism. Such refugees are the hardest to find, but they keep trickling into the colony, and whenever the Pekingologists come across one, they try to interview him in depth.

The Union Research Center has published a long account of the results of one such interview, with a man who was a student of seventeen when the Communists came to power. He volunteered under pressure to join the Army during the Korean War, and afterward he was allowed to enter Peking University, where he soon became weary of the constant "group activities," which interfered with his studies. When the Communists encouraged freedom of expression for a brief period in 1957, he participated enthusiastically in the campaign to "let a hundred flowers blossom, let a hundred thoughts contend" and was among those students who posted bulletins criticizing the Party on a "democratic wall" at the university. Then, when the Communists suddenly reversed the policy of freedom, he was declared to be a "rightist" and was sent north to work in a factory for two years and then to a commune, where he became ill. He was finally allowed to return to his home, and then after spending a year in Canton waiting for his chance he fled to Hong Kong by junk, paying a fee of eight hundred and fifty dollars. His story, covering twelve years in detail, not only furnished a full biography of a young man who found it impossible, for various reasons, to adjust to Communism but also made clear how others, willingly or unwillingly, did manage to make the adjustment. Material of this kind is invaluable to the China watchers.



DESPITE the many special advantages that Hong Kong offers as a listening post, the Pekingologists there must still work under a great handicap because of a lack of reliable facts and figures from the mainland. When the Communists took over from the Nationalists, they inherited a chaotic statistical organization, and this soon went from bad to worse. There was no system and no Communist personnel experienced in handling a mass of uncoördinated data. During its early period of experimentation, the Communist government adopted the centralized statistical system of Soviet Russia, which often relied on general claims without much specific detail. In 1953, when the Chinese Communists introduced their first Five Year Plan, they still lacked the administrative capacity, the technique, and the machinery to keep adequate statistics, and a series of natural calamities combined with a general uncertainty about how much aid would be obtained from the Russians made the picture even more confusing. Even Chinese officials admitted that the country's statistical system was no better than "fair to weak," though early in 1959, in a book called "The Ten Great Years," they made an attempt—their last—to give the outside world some idea of how much had been produced up through 1957 in various agricultural and industrial categories, what the income of the peasants was, and so on. By the end of 1959, when it had become clear that the program for rapid industrialization and agricultural development known as the Great Leap Forward, begun in 1958, was a failure, the small amount of data made public, whether in China or outside, was being falsified to serve political purposes. This was inevitable anyway, as Professor E. Stuart Kirby, of the Department of Economics and Political Science at the University of Hong Kong and one of the foremost China experts in the colony, has pointed out. "Marxism, in general, subordinates everything to the immediate purposes of politics—in which statistical truth is most certainly one of the first casualties," Kirby has written. "It cannot be too strongly stressed that 'statistical work' in mainland China means primarily the use of statistics to justify *post hoc* the prevailing policy of the moment (and/or the prevailing faction in the current discussions within the Party), far more than the use of statistics in the formation of policies or plans." The Chinese statistical system was subsequently decentralized, but then the government in Peking established an initial set of production quotas



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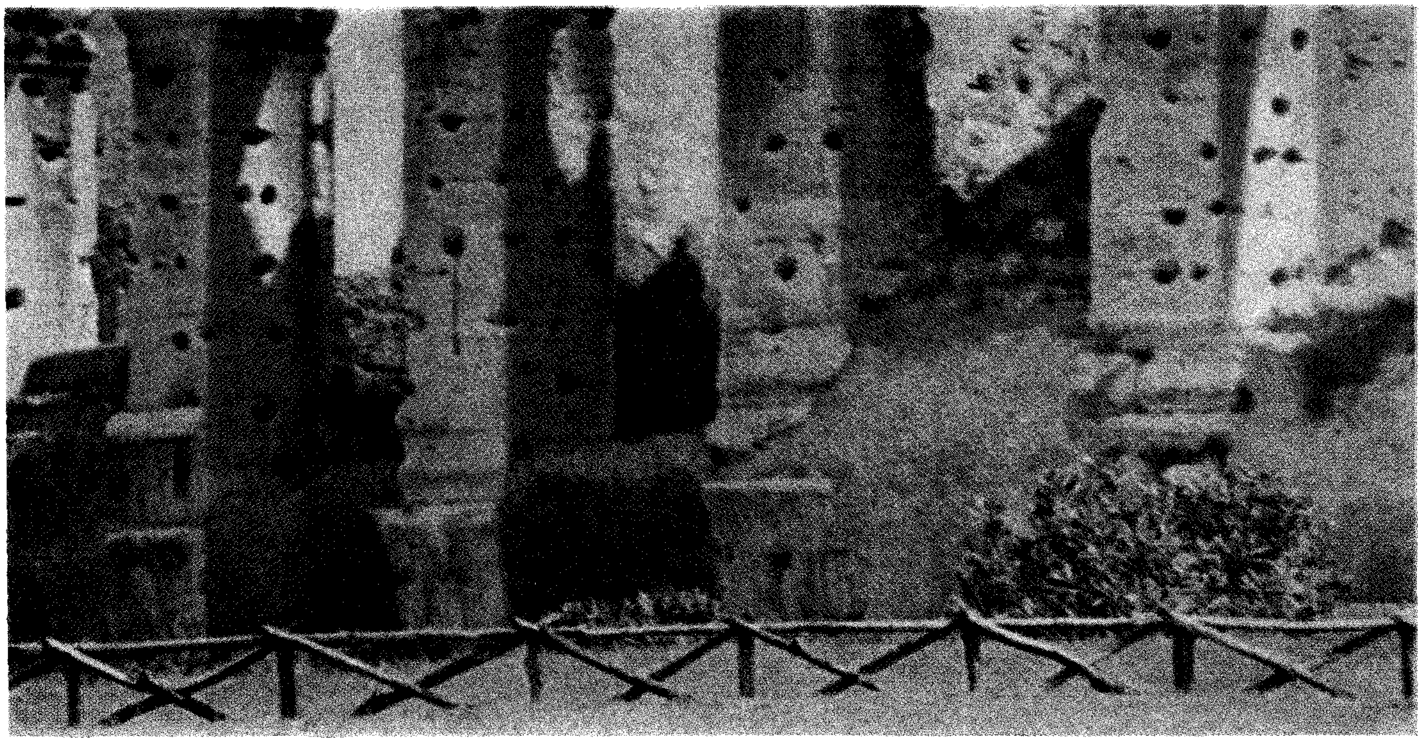

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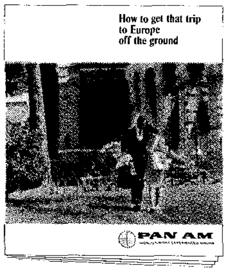

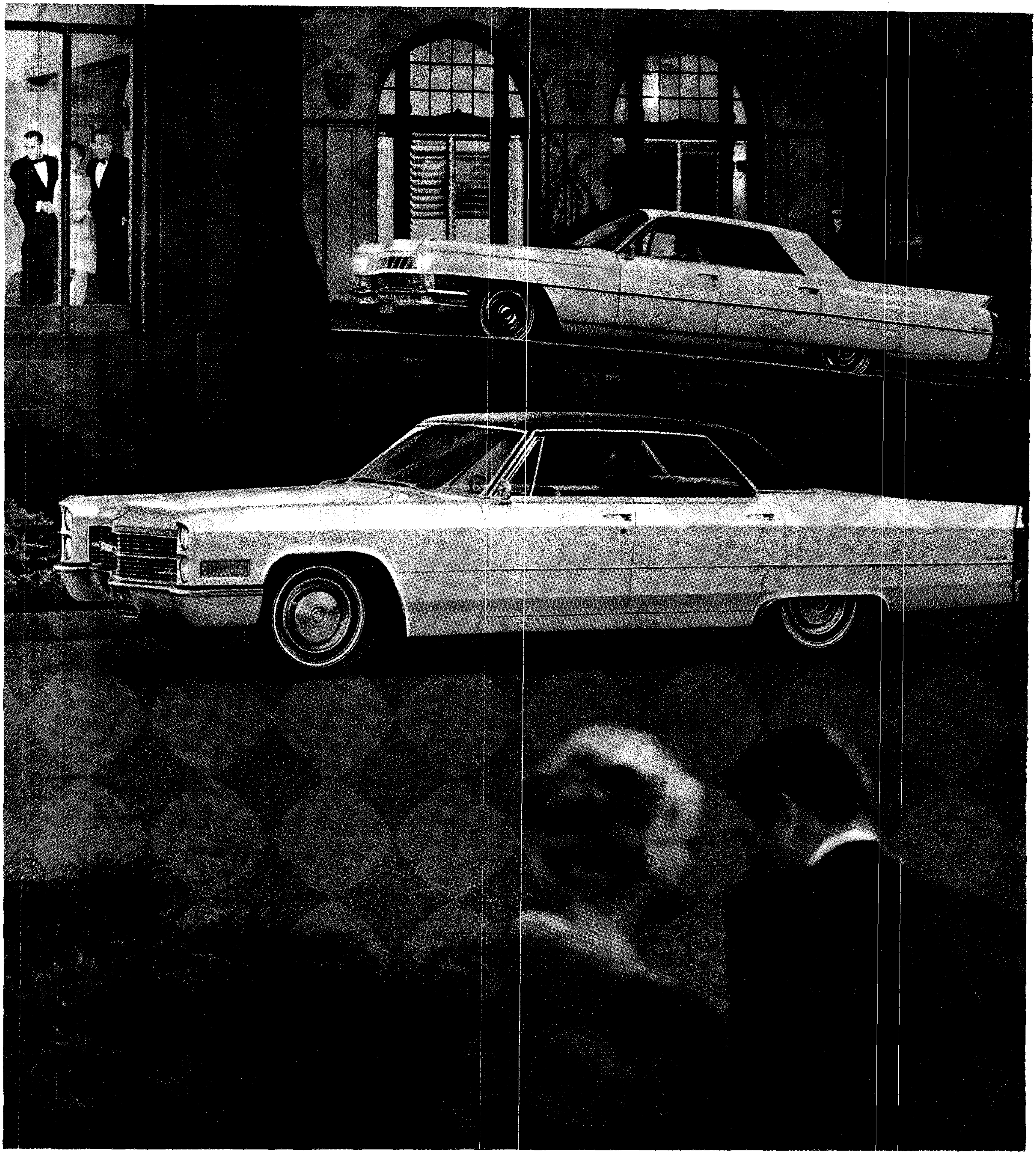

Front: 1966 Sedan de Ville; rear, 1964 Sedan de Ville

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Cadillac Motor Car Division · General Motors Corporation for each province, and these were followed by a set of larger figures, which the provinces were expected to fulfill under pressure. Economic specialists in Hong Kong have described the statistical system that resulted as a fiasco, and by 1960, the Communists having set targets that were impossible to reach, there was a complete clampdown on the publicizing of facts and figures.

The unavoidable dependence on official Chinese pronouncements has made it difficult for Pekingologists to determine patterns and trends in China during the years of Communist rule. A. Doak Barnett, a prominent Pekingologist on the faculty of Columbia University who visits Hong Kong regularly, has said that these years can be characterized only as a period of "continuing struggle, tension, motion, and change." He has pointed out that the Chinese Communists themselves see history as a series of "zigzagging struggles," in each phase of which there is "a dialectical clash of contending social forces" as fresh "contradictions" and new "enemies" are identified. Barnett and most other seasoned Pekingologists divide Communist development since 1949 into four phases. The first three years were given over to what the Chinese describe as "reconstruction and rehabilitation" of the economy, during which, as Barnett puts it, "by stopgap measures, improvisation, and great energy" they "managed to mitigate the effects of some of China's basic economic problems" while also taking their first steps toward political and social control of the entire mainland population. This period was marked by "the elimination of the landlords as a class" and the handing over of "land to the tillers." In the second phase, which began in 1953 and was accelerated after 1955, what Communist theoreticians call "the transition to Socialism" took place; mass emotional campaigns for the revolutionary transformation of the countryside were introduced, including efforts to alter the traditional Chinese family structure and introduce a system of peasant coöperatives. The third phase, which is said to have begun in 1958, was characterized by the Great Leap Forward. With the establishment of communes, family life as it had been known in China broke down drastically; children went to communal nurseries and their mothers to work in the fields, and the entire labor force was organized into semi-military formations operating under the direction of Party cadres. The transformation was accompanied by a tremendous ideological campaign to secure the rapid

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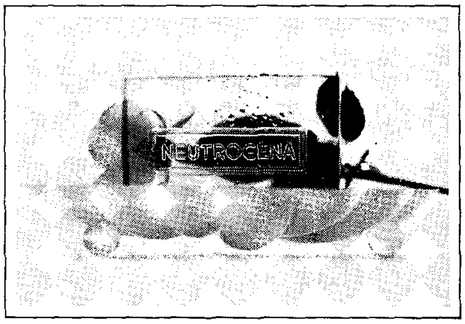

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approval and compliance of the peasants, who were obliged to attend constant meetings and lectures. This period proved to be disastrous for the Communists; difficulties caused by economic mismanagement were aggravated by natural calamities—flood, drought, and famine—and by the ideological confusion resulting from the appointment of thousands of new cadres, most of whom had scant idea of their functions and were out of place and ill at ease in the countryside, where the peasants quickly came to resent them. Although it was apparent that the Communists had tried to move too quickly, they exacerbated the ideological crisis by stepping up an "anti-rightist" campaign against "enemies of the regime." In the fourth period, dating from the end of 1960 or the beginning of 1961, the Communists have sought, with moderate success, to get back on the track of sustained economic development. The new policy, formulated at a Communist Party meeting in the fall of 1962, was described in the slogan "Agriculture is the foundation, industry the guide." Industry, it was proclaimed, "must satisfy the demands of agriculture's technical innovations." Great emphasis has been placed on the production of fertilizers. There has also been a relaxation of the overextended revolution in agriculture and a return to smaller production units of twenty or thirty families; each unit handles its own accounts and functions with relative autonomy as part of a production brigade consisting of several villages. The communes—there are seventy-four thousand of them—have been retained as supervisory administrative bodies, and they may someday become all-powerful again, although no one expects that to happen until there has been a good deal more improvement in agricultural production than has been detected so far.

The failures of the third period, which were intensified by the withdrawal of Russian technical support, must have shaken the self-confidence of the Communist leaders, but they have continued to demand revolutionary fervor from their followers. A number of new campaigns have been launched to make people work harder in every way for the greater glory of the Communist state—even to the point of abjuring all personal interests and pleasures. Love is a waste of time and energy, the Communists say, and marriage before the age of twenty-five or twenty-six is frowned upon; birth control, which the government first favored and then opposed, has once more been approved, both as a means of

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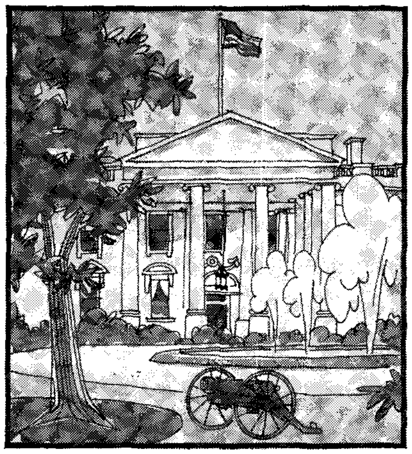

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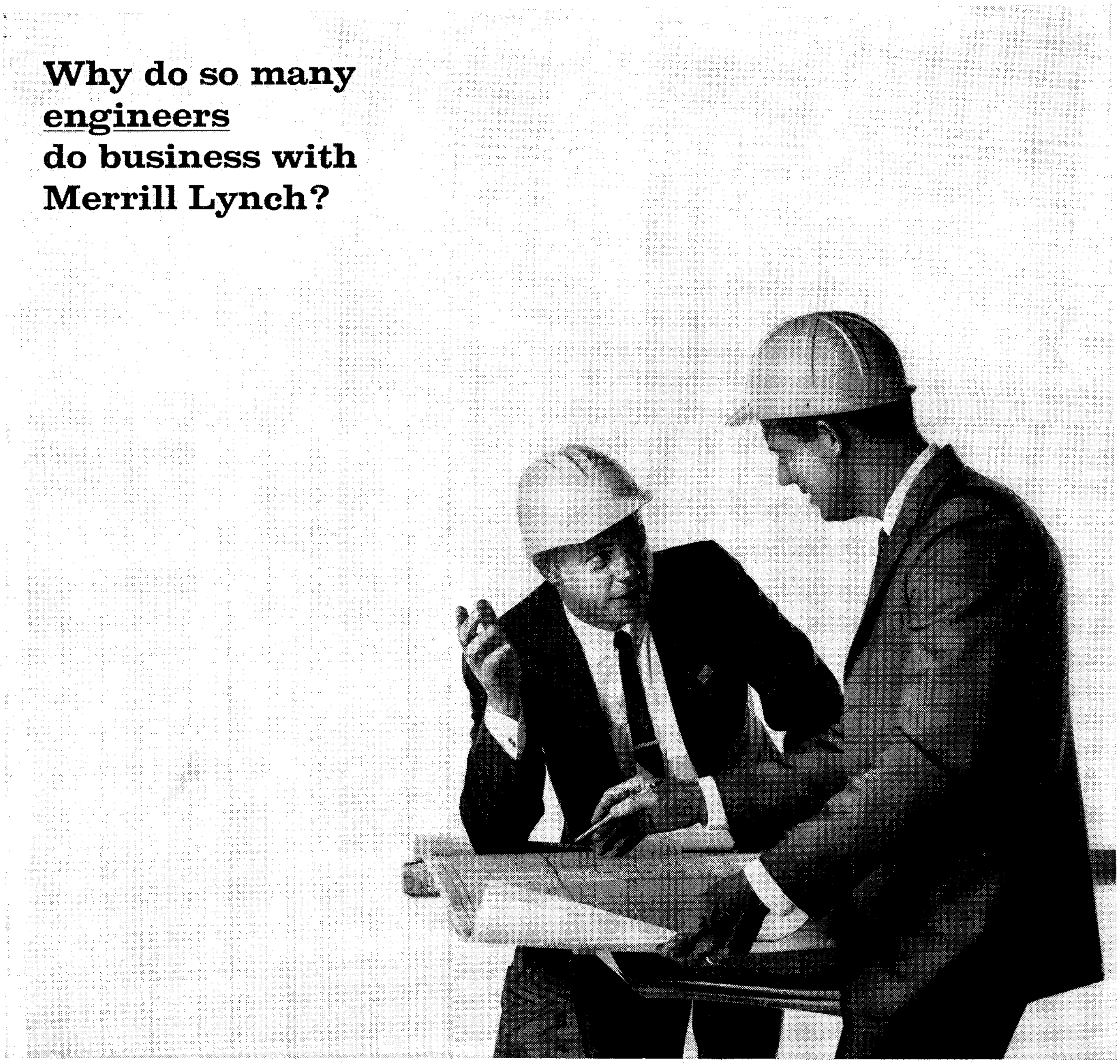

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freeing potential parents for harder work and of cutting down on the number of mouths to feed. (If the country's population, now estimated at seven hundred million, continues to rise at the present rate of about two per cent a year, it will reach a billion by 1980.) A new "Socialist-education" movement has as its purpose the elimination of all remaining "bourgeois" elements, "slackers," and "revisionists," and the old mythological language of class distinctions is once more being employed. "The children of executed landlords are again given the landlord label, and all those, even illiterate peasants, who are selected as targets for persecution are called bourgeois," one China watcher has noted.

Along with this calculated resumption of the class struggle, there has been an overwhelming propaganda drive for the universal application of "the thoughts of Mao Tse-tung," and the old man, now in his seventy-third year, is being virtually deified before his death. Mao worship points up the Communists' peculiar defensive position: There must be no repetition of the 1957 experiment, when criticism of the Party was allowed to get out of hand; the leadership of the old-guard "immortals," and particularly of Mao, must be accepted without hesitation. The "spirit of Yenan," with which Mao rallied support to his cause thirty years ago in the mountainous northeast of China, is being forced upon the new generation, which is untried and, in an odd sort of way, looked down upon and even mistrusted by the older leaders as they worry about what will *happen when they are no longer* around. Thus, a simple news broadcast in China today will be preceded by Maoist liturgy, chanted by a tenor voice: "We praise the country, we praise the Party, we praise Mao Tse-tung, the world will be liberated." And the most inconsequential event is sure to be somehow connected with Mao's "thoughts." A few months ago, for instance, the *People's Daily* drew a moral from the "heroic" adventures of a woman in Mukden who sold vegetables. The front-page story has been summarized as follows by one of the Pekingologists who read the paper in Hong Kong: "Customers asked her which vegetables she would recommend, but she did not know. Then she remembered words in the writings of Chairman Mao's 'People's Democratic Dictatorship' that things one does not know one must learn, so she began learning about vegetables. She also found out that it would be better

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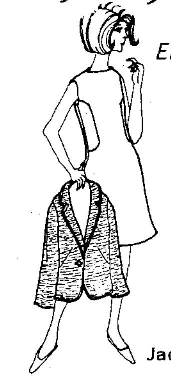

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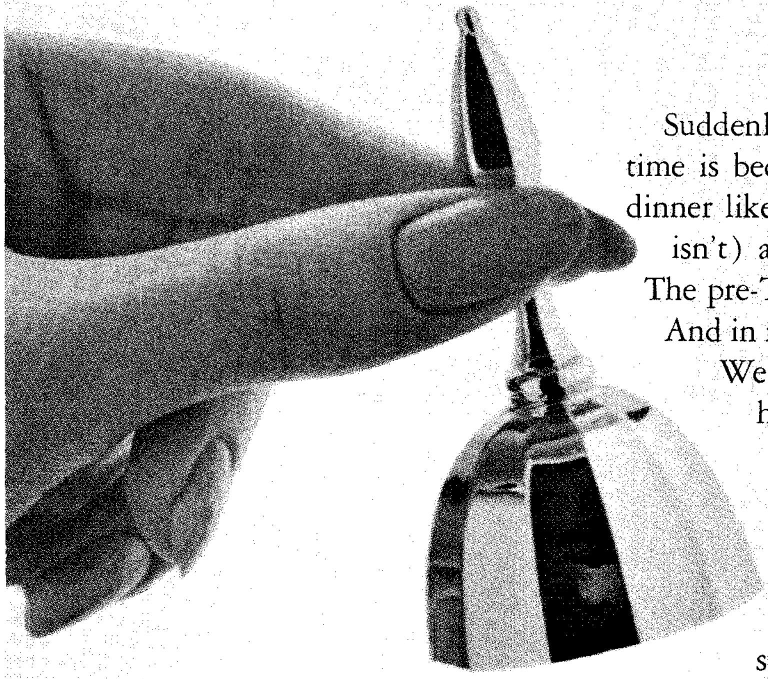

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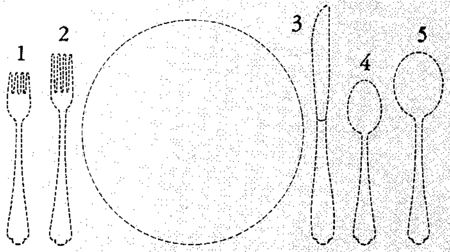

1. Salad fork 2. Dinner fork 3. Dinner knife 4. Dessert spoon 5. Soup spoon.

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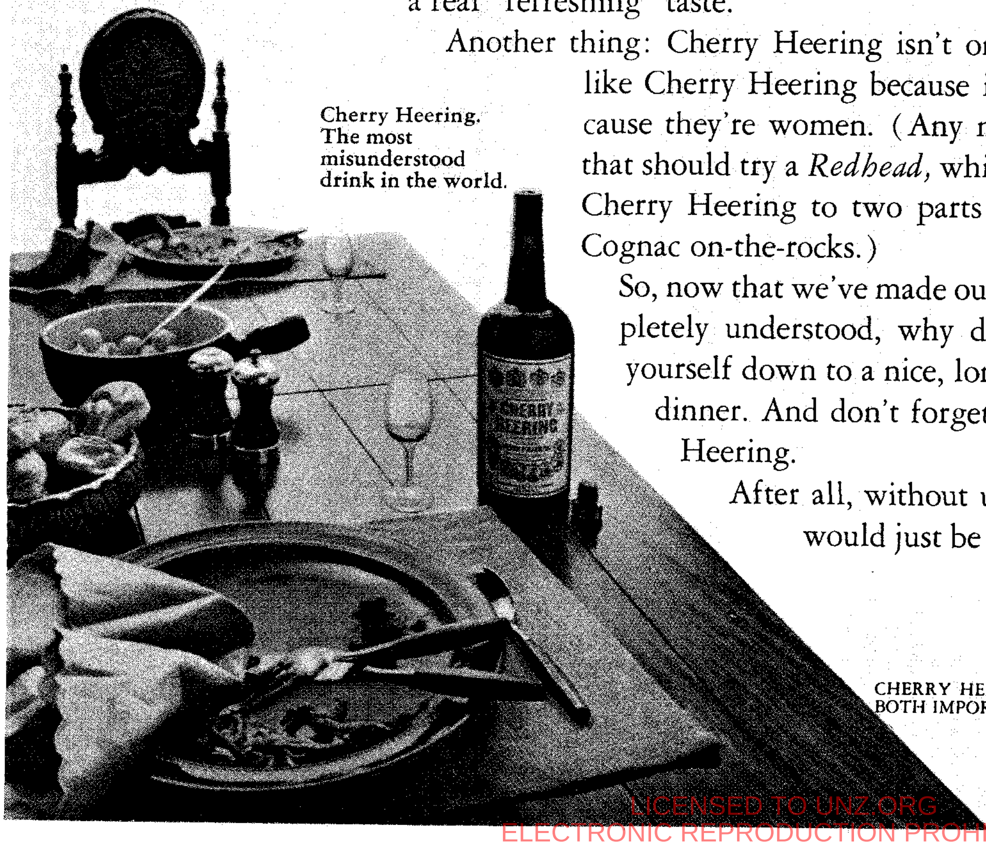

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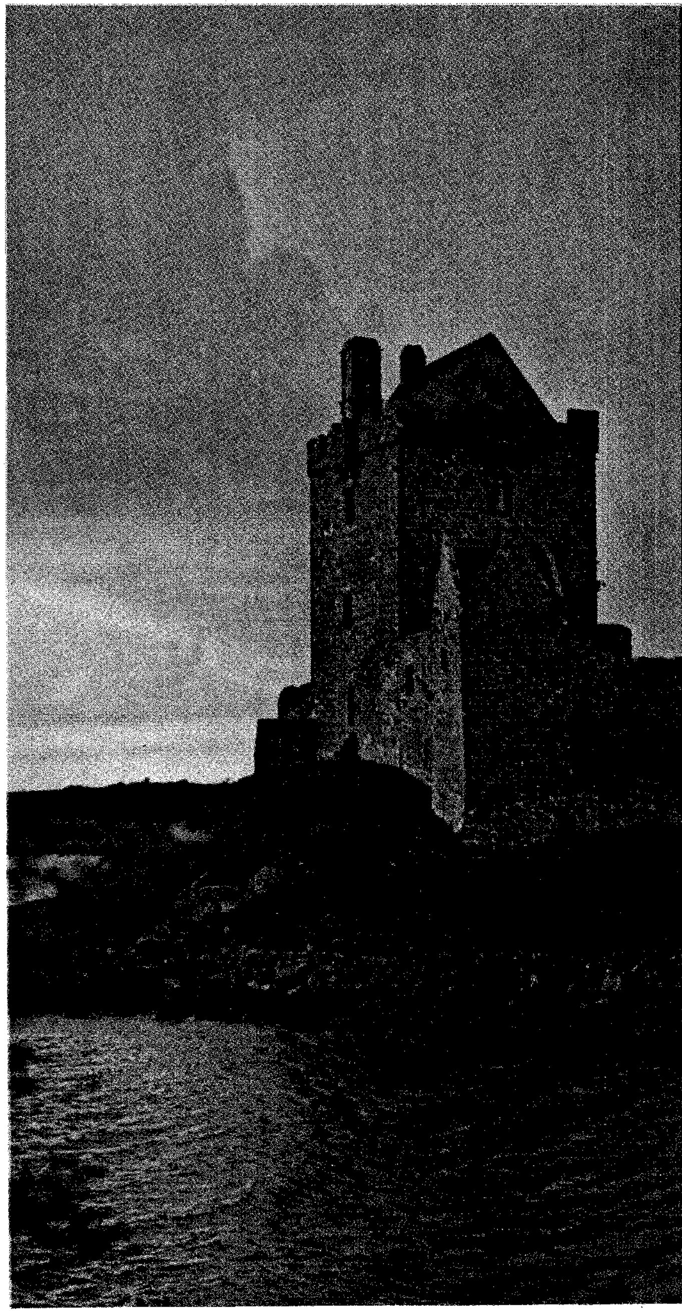

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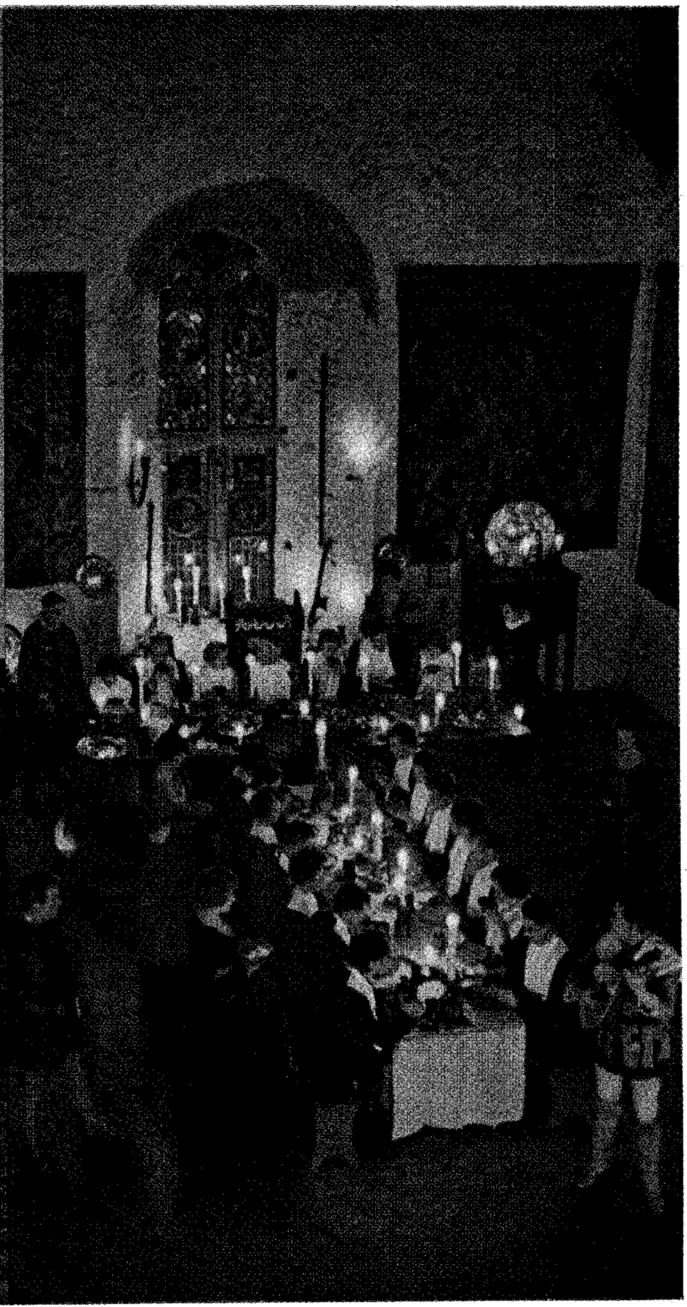

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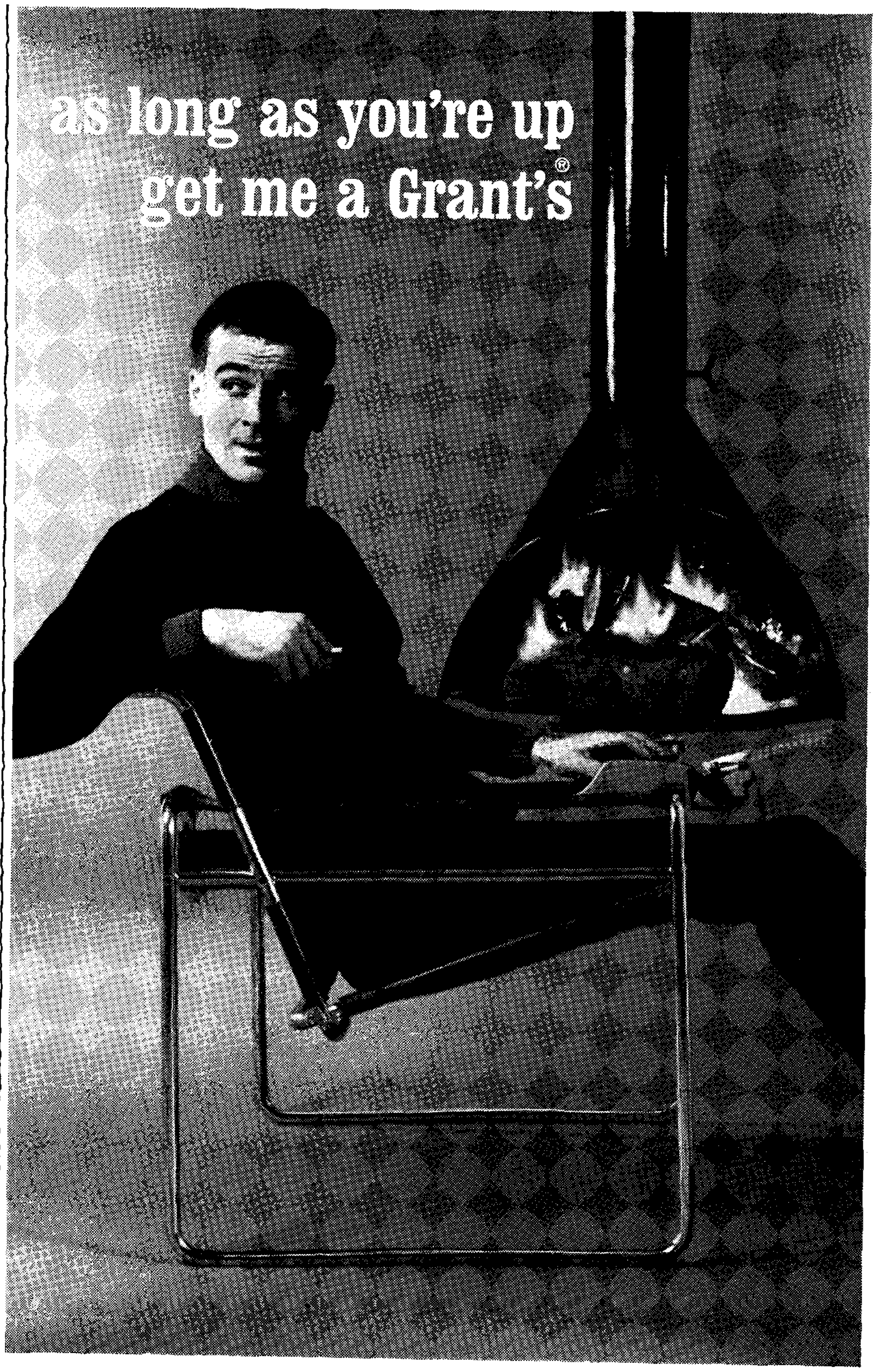
THE GREEN HEART OF IRELAND

if the shop kept some string so she could tie up vegetables for the convenience of purchasers. A wonderful woman! Yes, because for seven years she has not ceased to study the thoughts of Mao."

Anyone who is critical of the state or who shows any pro-Western or pro-Russian tendencies is now called a "revisionist," and it is clear that the leaders' defensiveness has become increasingly frantic in recent months because of their preoccupation with the war in Vietnam. The possibility that the fighting may spread to China and that the Chinese may come under American air attack is evidently taken very seriously on the mainland. Most experts in Hong Kong draw a parallel between the present mood and that of 1962, when Peking responded to threats of an invasion from Taiwan supported by the United States by moving large army elements into the southern provinces. So far, there has been no such large-scale military buildup this time, but the situation in Vietnam obviously alarms the Chinese. The Communists' decision to increase economic and military assistance to North Vietnam and to redirect their own national economy in large measure toward military preparedness was a more or less painful one to take at a time when the country was just beginning to show some signs of improvement after the disastrous years of the Great Leap Forward. But while the Chinese leaders might prefer to concentrate on their own vision of a Great Society, they are bound, just as President Johnson is, by their commitments throughout the world. The Chinese, it must be remembered, are now the chief ideological champions of what they call wars of liberation, and recent setbacks to their prestige in Africa and Asia—notably the defeat of an attempted Communist coup in Indonesia—have only increased their anxieties about a combined Soviet-American campaign against them and their revolutionary doctrine.

In the face of real or imagined threats from abroad, the Chinese are constantly being told these days that all will be well if they stick to the straight Marxist-Leninist course at home, and in the past year new "political departments" and commissars have been assigned to watch over every sector of industry, trade, finance, and agriculture. The Communists have admitted that one important duty of the new supervisors will be to stop the spread of corruption and embezzlement, especially in commercial dealings. In a number of instances, the tightening up of political control over nearly all as-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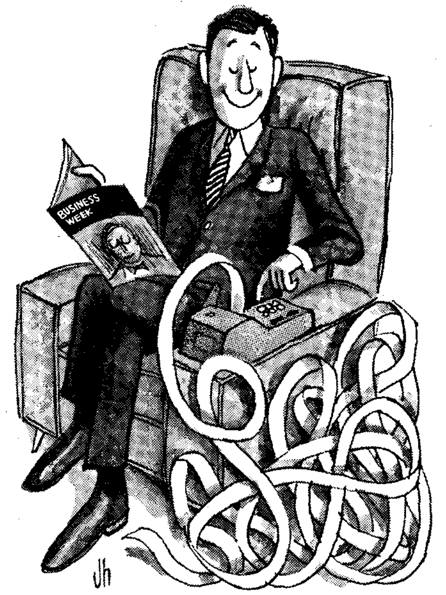

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BUSINESS WEEK

pects of people's lives has been accompanied by realistic acknowledgments of human nature. Compulsory meetings are not robbing workers of their sleep to such an extent as they did a few years ago. Peasants are being permitted to go on cultivating small private plots, and last year nearly all of the poultry and pork consumed in China came from private sources.

China watchers in Hong Kong consider it significant that the new emphasis on "Socialist education" is closely related to the creation of a new set of "heroes" in China, from among whom, it is passionately declared, tomorrow's national leaders must be chosen. For the most part, these are the lowest and poorest of the peasants. These people, the bulk of the five hundred million peasant population, are more than ever being exhorted to do with even less than they have, if necessary, in order to raise the level of agriculture by dint of their own labor—"Spend little, do much" is one of Mao's most reiterated thoughts. For the moment, peasants are no longer being moved in huge numbers from their native villages to work on projects hundreds of miles away. Mass movements of the population from the cities to the rural areas still continue, of course: in the last two or three years, it is estimated, sixty million young men, many of them former students, have been sent to the countryside, partly because there was not enough for them to do at home and partly because the state concluded that they could work more profitably in the countryside, and could be more readily regimented there as well. Soldiers are also being assigned to help the peasants, and to assist in the regimentation.

As the Third Five-Year Plan got under way last month, after being delayed for three years, it was clear that agriculture is still the key to the Chinese economy. The country's main problem is to find ways of increasing the production of grain faster than the growth of population. According to the experts in Hong Kong, China's total grain production in 1964 was probably about 185,000,000 tons. This figure, based on studies of the weather throughout China, on talks with many people arriving in Hong Kong from the mainland, and on whatever provincial and nationwide estimates and claims are available, is about what the Communists produced in 1957, before the Great Leap disasters. The 1965 harvest was hailed as an improvement over that of 1964, but the increases in specific crops were uneven because of droughts and floods in various parts of the coun-

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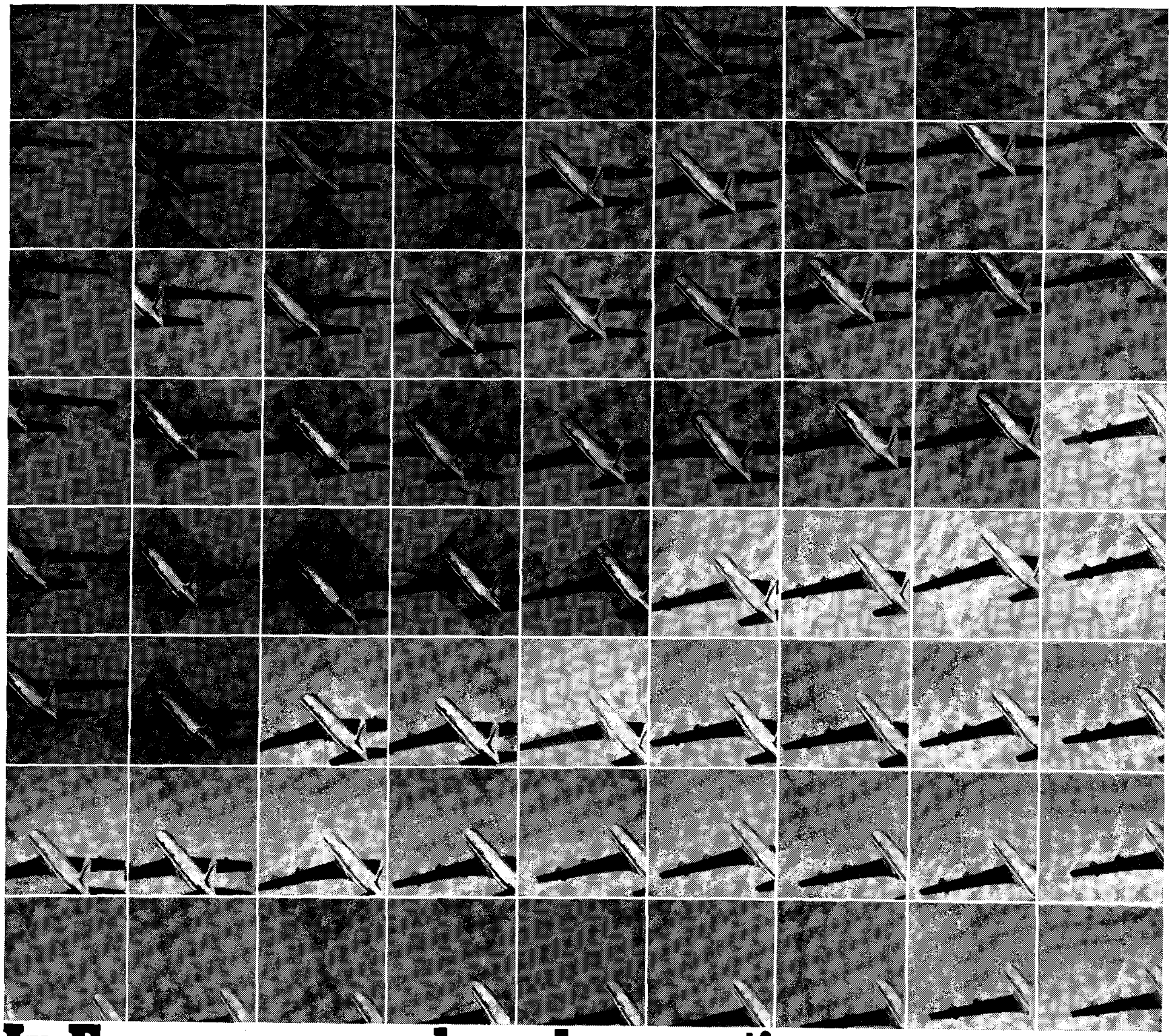

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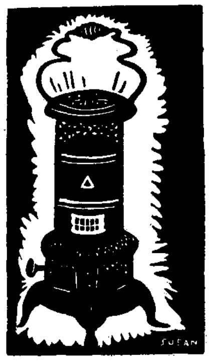
try, and the best guess in Hong Kong is that total production was about two per cent less than that of 1964. With the addition of vegetables and fruits, which have become more plentiful recently, and with some increase of meat, the per-capita intake is now estimated to be about nineteen hundred calories daily—a considerable improvement over the worst years of 1960 and 1961, but still four hundred calories below what the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations considers the minimum daily requirement for the Far East. While there is less starvation in China than there was a few years ago, many people are still severely undernourished, and the government has been sponsoring "planned-eating campaigns" in order to store up grain for future emergencies.

The improvement in China's agricultural production is bound to be slow, the experts say. Although small-scale irrigation projects are increasing, not much has been done about the problems of drainage, water conservation, flood control, and equitable water distribution on a national or regional scale. A program for farm mechanization is only beginning, and in many parts of the country there appears to be a great shortage of even simple agricultural implements. (Three years ago, Dr. Brice K. Meeker, an American specialist in Chinese agriculture, declared that "such simple and basic tools as hoes, spades, sickles, ploughs, waterwheels and carts have worn out faster than they can be replaced from the limited factory output," and China watchers say that this still holds.) Great stress is being placed on chemical fertilizers, but although production has increased steadily in the last few years, facilities for manufacturing chemical fertilizers and, above all, for distributing them throughout the country are still rather primitive. Consequently, the Chinese leaders will undoubtedly have to go on importing sizable quantities of grain for several more years, at least, even though they would much prefer to use their limited amounts of convertible foreign exchange to bring in capital goods. The imported grain has been costing the Chinese about four hundred million dollars a year—or just about all they take in through Hong Kong.



ALTHOUGH industrial production is still being generally subordinated to the needs of agriculture, military considerations have altered the priorities somewhat in recent months, and it is difficult to know just where the balance lies at present. Some excellent analyses of Chinese industry have been made by Dick Wilson, the former editor of the weekly *Far Eastern Economic Review*, which is published in Hong Kong and is highly regarded everywhere for the quality of its coverage of Asian political and economic matters. In the spring of 1964, shortly before he resigned, Wilson, who is a British citizen, received permission to enter China. He visited most of the major cities in the eastern part of the country and in Manchuria, saw fifteen industrial establishments and several communes, and, with his training in economics and his unusual background in Chinese affairs, was able to write some of the best reports on the Chinese economy so far. Nevertheless, Wilson went out of his way to qualify his conclusions and appraisals, which appeared in a series of twenty articles in his paper. For example, in estimating China's industrial prospects, he wrote, "While I was able to acquire a reasonable amount of information about each factory or establishment (though often not the most important fact, namely the current production figure), none of the superintendents or managers or Communist Party representatives in the factories were able to give me information relating to sister enterprises, not even in the same city, so that I was not able to find out much about any single industry as a whole." One of the plants Wilson visited was a coal mine near Fushun, in Manchuria. The official in charge, a mining engineer, refused to give any production figures, offering instead a claimed percentage gain, and he professed not to know how many drilling machines were being used in his own mine. "In a country of minimal information, one is reduced to acts of faith," Wilson wrote. "If one were 'friendly' to China, one might presume that there were so many hundreds of machines that this young ex-miner really could not hazard a guess; if one were 'skeptical,' one might conclude that there might be only a few machines; if one were 'unfriendly,' one might deduce that this [the machine Wilson was shown] was the *only* machine and one presented to impress visitors. Such are the difficulties of honest economic reporting in contemporary China. I can only set things out as I saw and heard

Lydia Diaz is working her way through college – as a visitors' guide at the University of Puerto Rico.

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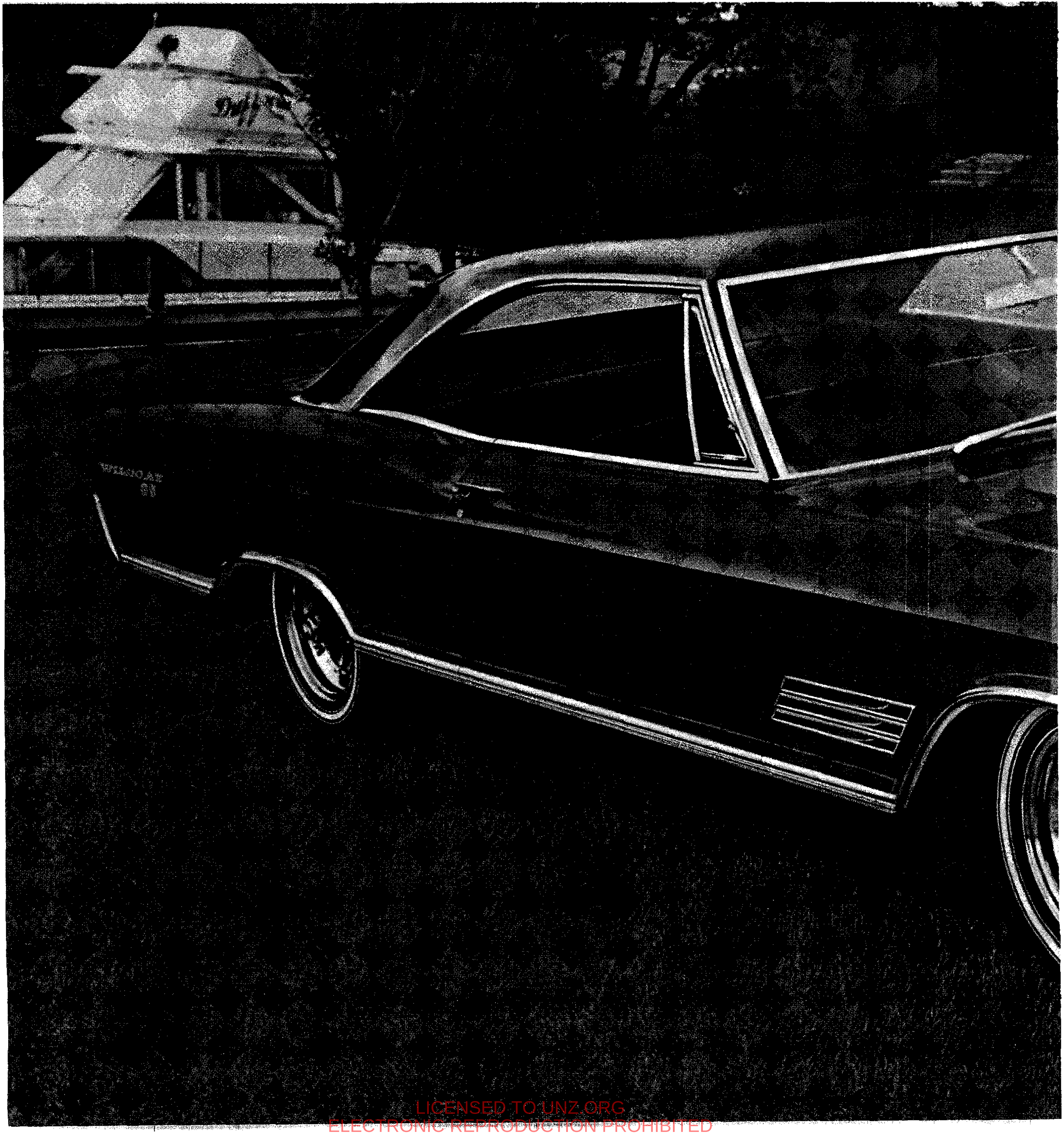

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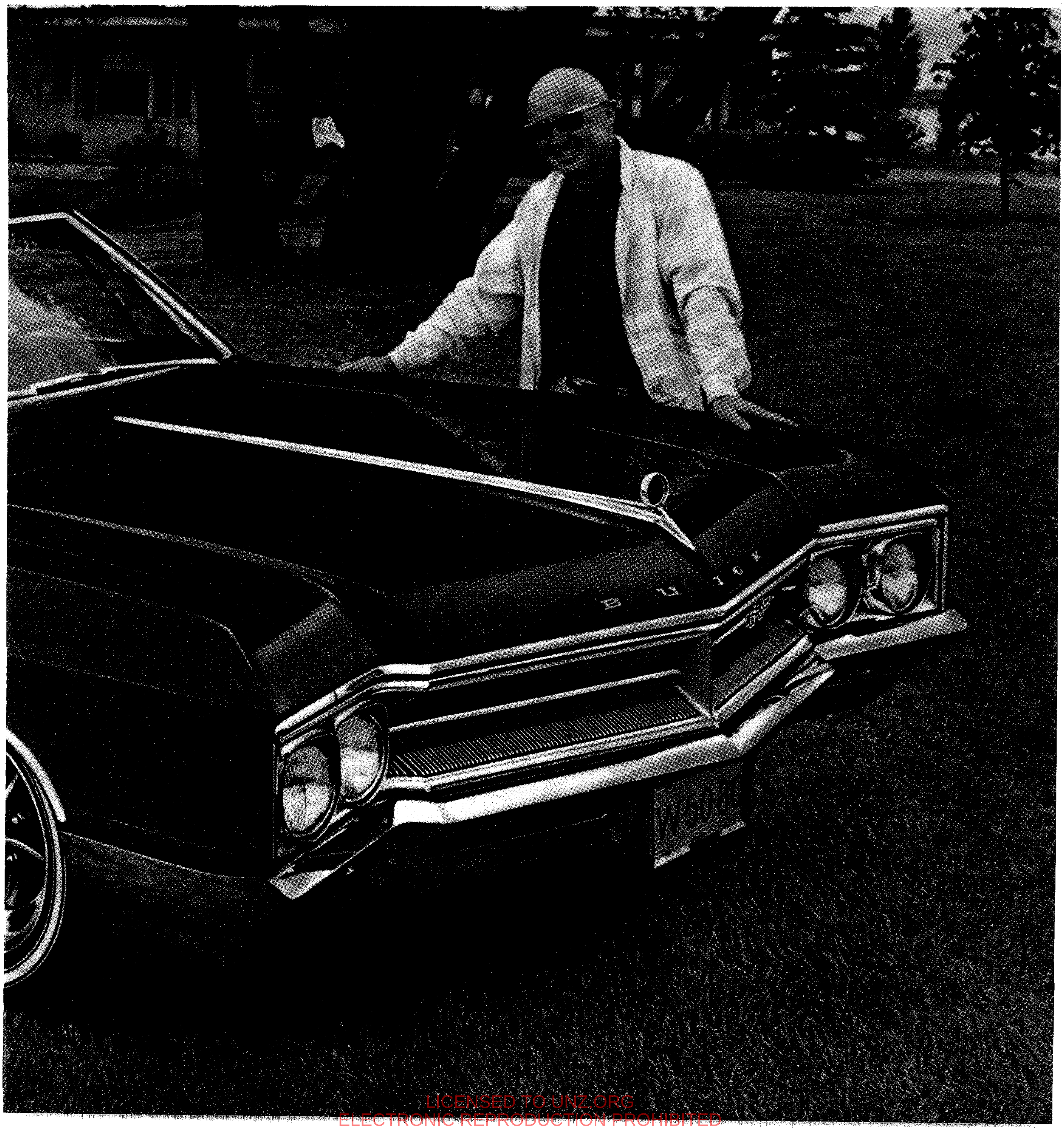

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them and leave readers to draw their own conclusions."

Wilson was struck, as other visitors have been, by the relatively relaxed atmosphere in Shanghai, the most important industrial and commercial city of Communist China. A cosmopolitan port, where six hundred foreign freighters still call each year, and their crews are allowed ashore to visit the famous old Long Bar (now called the Social Club for Chinese and Foreign Seamen) and other local attractions, Shanghai, more than any other city in China, has remained open to foreign influences. People there greeted Wilson in English, and he occasionally heard some criticism of government policies amid a great deal of boasting about the city's industrial accomplishments—Shanghai today has some three thousand factories producing all sorts of goods, including textiles and textile machinery, many varieties of steel and steel products, machine tools, plastics, industrial chemicals, scientific instruments, and transistor radios. Europeans doing business in the city are somewhat less stringently confined than those in Peking, and officials are always eager to show visitors around nine satellite towns, built since 1958, that have raised the population of the metropolis to ten million, of which, the Communists proudly point out, a quarter consists of students. There is not the same sense of isolation in Shanghai that one finds in the capital, and, indeed, the *Far Eastern Economic Review* and the Hong Kong English-language newspapers are able to maintain anonymous Shanghai correspondents, who from time to time send out chatty newsletters describing what people are eating and wearing, what is going on in the way of cultural activities, what physical changes are being made, and what the mood of the city is.

At best, however, there is very little reliable economic information coming out of Shanghai or anywhere else in Communist China, and in assessing industrial development on the mainland, the China watchers in Hong Kong depend even more heavily on pieced-together local reports than they do in appraising agriculture, the reports being supplemented only by the claims that Peking makes and the information that businessmen and foreign technicians bring out. (The latter often includes such helpful details as whether grass is growing in front of a certain factory or whether a planned railroad spur has actually been built.) One American student of Chinese economic affairs described to me how he had arrived at

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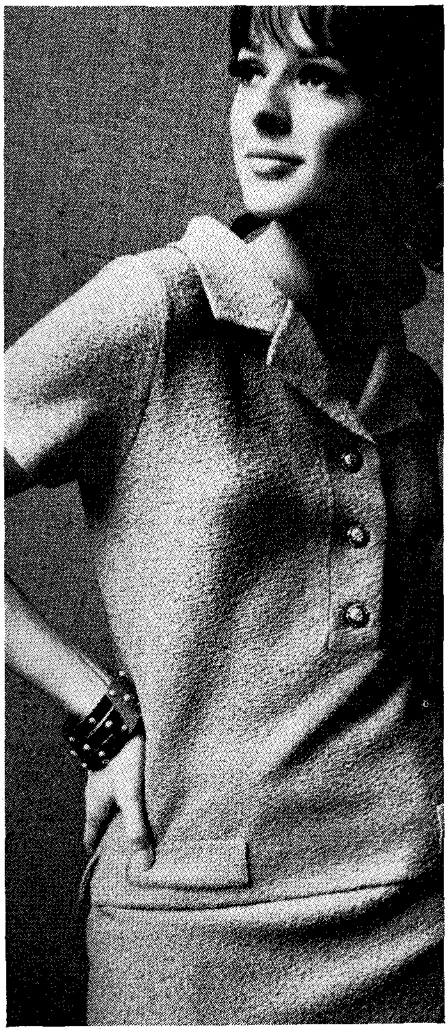

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some estimates of textile production in Shanghai. "We know, to begin with, what the capacity of Shanghai's textile mills was before 1949," he said. "The Communists have announced percentage increases since then. We can check their export figures with the import statistics of other nations. Then we get accounts from visitors who have seen *new* plants or *new* wings of plants being built. We know what machinery the Chinese have been buying abroad. We can even figure out how many shifts a plant works in Shanghai by checking the amount of noise at night. So, bit by bit, we round out a fairly complete picture." The same man also gave me an example from the coal industry to show how economic estimates are made. The Japanese have been buying some Manchurian coal, he said, and if the Chinese fail to fill an order, that fact is sure to be disclosed in Japan, where the shortage of storage space makes it necessary for orders to be filled on time, and the failure can even be traced to a production lag in a specific mine. "After a while, beyond all the propaganda, the vague claims of Peking, and the sheer imponderables, you begin to sense the dimensions of success or failure, and you get a certain idea of the rhythm and direction of industrial activity," he concluded.

Essentially, in recovering from the collapse of 1961 and 1962, the Chinese have been engaged in readjusting their programs for light and heavy industry and in formulating less ambitious but more practical plans that put the stress on quality and utility rather than on mere quantity of products. Thus, while China's steel production for 1964 was estimated in Hong Kong to be approximately eight million tons, or no more than what the Communists claimed for 1958, the quality was apparently much better than it had been in the past. The Communists claimed that they produced about eighteen million tons of steel in 1960, but most of that year's production, whatever it amounted to, was low-quality pig iron or practically useless scrap steel cooked up in the small back-yard furnaces of the Great Leap Forward; the eight million tons produced in 1964 was mostly in the form of rolled steel or steel alloys. The Chinese claim to have made a fifteen-per-cent gain in forty specific categories of light industry in the last year, but experts say that the general production level is still far below what it was in 1957. Distribution is becoming more equitable, and a considerable number of consumer items, especially textiles, have

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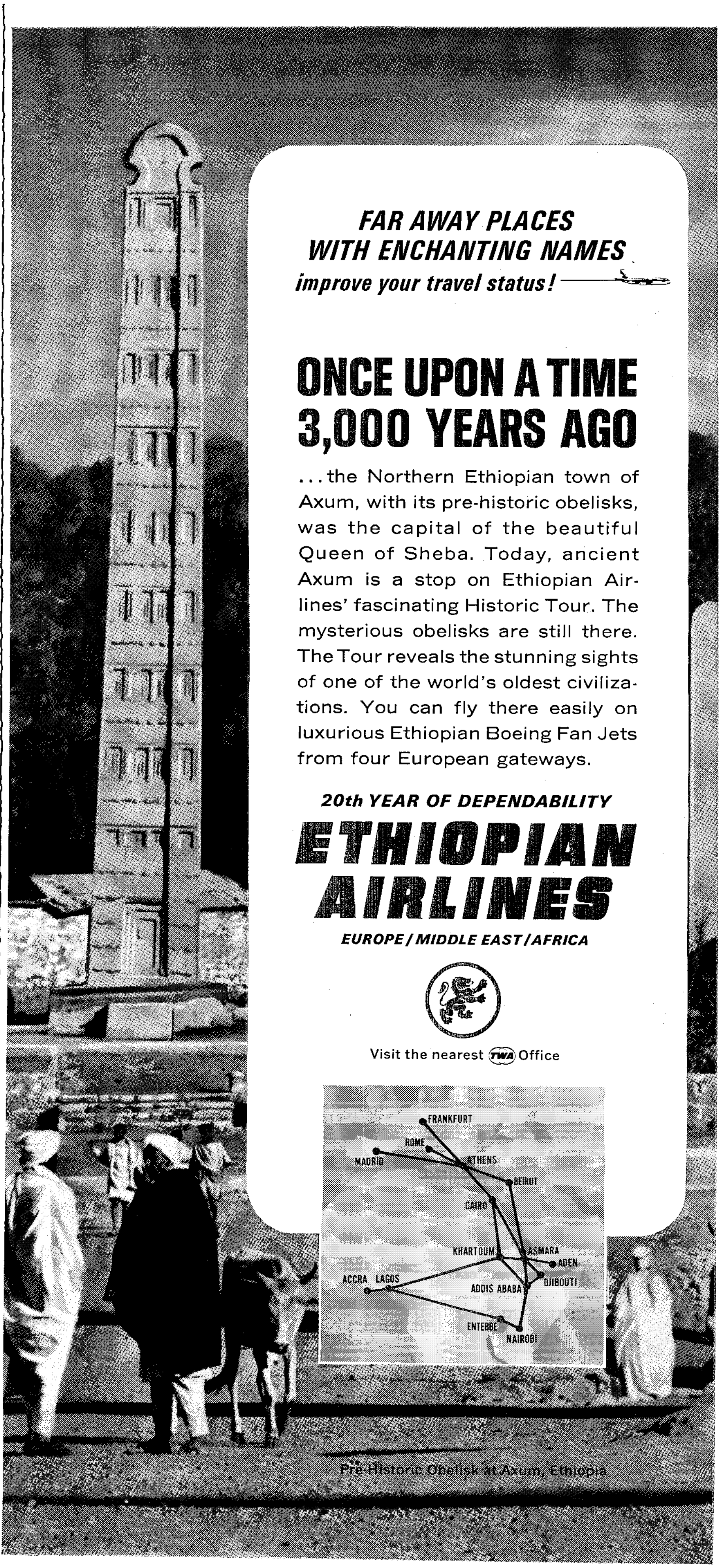
increased in quantity as well as in quality, but despite ambitious plans to improve plant capacity, capital construction is still low, and funds for purchases abroad and for investment at home are very short. Machines that broke down after the departure of most of the Russian technicians in 1960 have not been repaired, either because the Chinese don't know how to fix them or because they lack the necessary parts. There are nowhere near enough competent technicians available in the country, and as for scientists, the best of them are being used as administrators or are engaged in purely theoretical work. Another hindrance to industrial advance is, as it has always been, the country's transportation system; the construction of major railway lines has been practically at a standstill for four or five years, though service on existing lines has improved, and defense measures have led to an increase in the production of heavy railroad equipment. More roads have been built—small dirt roads, by villagers, and a few highways—but China has a long way to go before its transportation system can bring the products of even a modest industrial advance to the majority of the people.

Out of pressing necessity, China is buying more things abroad each year, and in order to acquire foreign exchange, it is also trying to sell more. American firms are excluded from trade with Communist China under the terms of an embargo imposed by President Truman during the Korean War, but the number of nations with which China does trade has increased in the last decade to more than a hundred. The Canton trade fair held in November, 1964, was attended by four hundred businessmen from Western Europe. Derek Davies, who succeeded Dick Wilson as editor of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, went to that fair, and he afterward wrote of it:

> The businessmen attending the Fair, many of whom have been going to Canton since the Fairs began in 1957, generally agreed that the last twelve months have seen a substantial improvement [in the living conditions of the people]. Canton certainly had lost a great deal of its former, rather oppressive atmosphere; there were plenty of vegetables, sausages, and meat in the shops, and although many people are still wearing thread-worn, patched cotton clothes and some children went barefoot in the chilly autumn weather, the general atmosphere was relaxed and cheerful. The crowds in the People's Amusement Park chatted gaily as they wandered round the impressive autumn exhibition of chrysanthemums under colored lights. In the countryside around Canton the workers were



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cheerfully bringing in what promises to be a bumper rice harvest. Altogether, there was a new air of relaxed confidence.

Davies noted that there was an increased display of Chinese goods, particularly textile products, and remarked that he was surprised by the variety of new machinery the Chinese were offering for sale; most of it was "heavy and unsophisticated," and therefore unattractive to European customers, but it attracted the interest of buyers from the underdeveloped countries in Africa. Among the Chinese goods that were bought by Europeans and Asians as well as by Africans were furs and other animal by-products, canned goods and other foods, ferrous and nonferrous metals, and toys. All in all, about two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of goods were sold at the fair. Relations between the Chinese and Western businessmen were cordial, Davies reported, and the Chinese government went out of its way to make things comfortable and convenient for the visitors, many of whom went on to Peking to close deals for machinery or to exhibit their own products.

The increased contact between Chinese and foreign businessmen has been regarded by some observers as an indication that China might be prepared to relax some of its hostility toward the West. Many experienced Pekingologists demur, arguing that the war in Vietnam and the continuing battle against the Soviets for control of the international Communist movement have both served to strengthen the Chinese insistence that all "capitalist-imperialist" regimes must be overthrown—by force, if necessary. And the fear of military encirclement, it is held, has made the Chinese more determined than ever to become involved in the destinies of Asia and Africa, despite recent setbacks there. In any event, this new period of transition through which the country is passing is certainly the most difficult one to assess since the Communists came to power.

PERHAPS the most respected of the Pekingologists in Hong Kong is a Jesuit priest known as Father LaDany. A tall, bespectacled, and humorous man in his mid-fifties, Father LaDany is a native of Central Europe who lived on the Chinese mainland for ten years before it fell to the Communists. He reads Chinese and speaks several dialects. He came to Hong Kong in 1949 and began studying the effects of Communism in China simply as a hobby; four years later he started issuing a weekly newsletter, *China News Analysis,*

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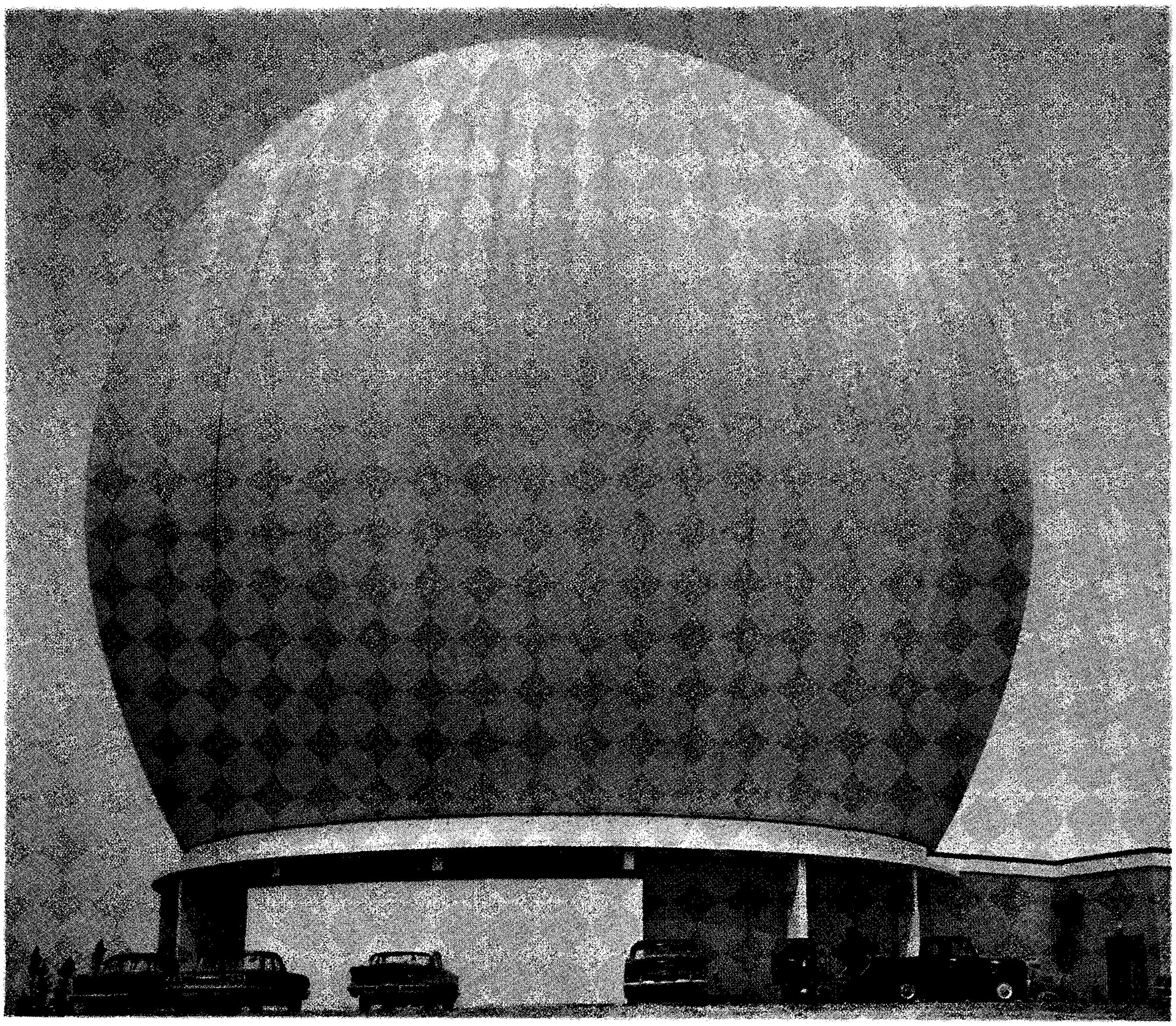

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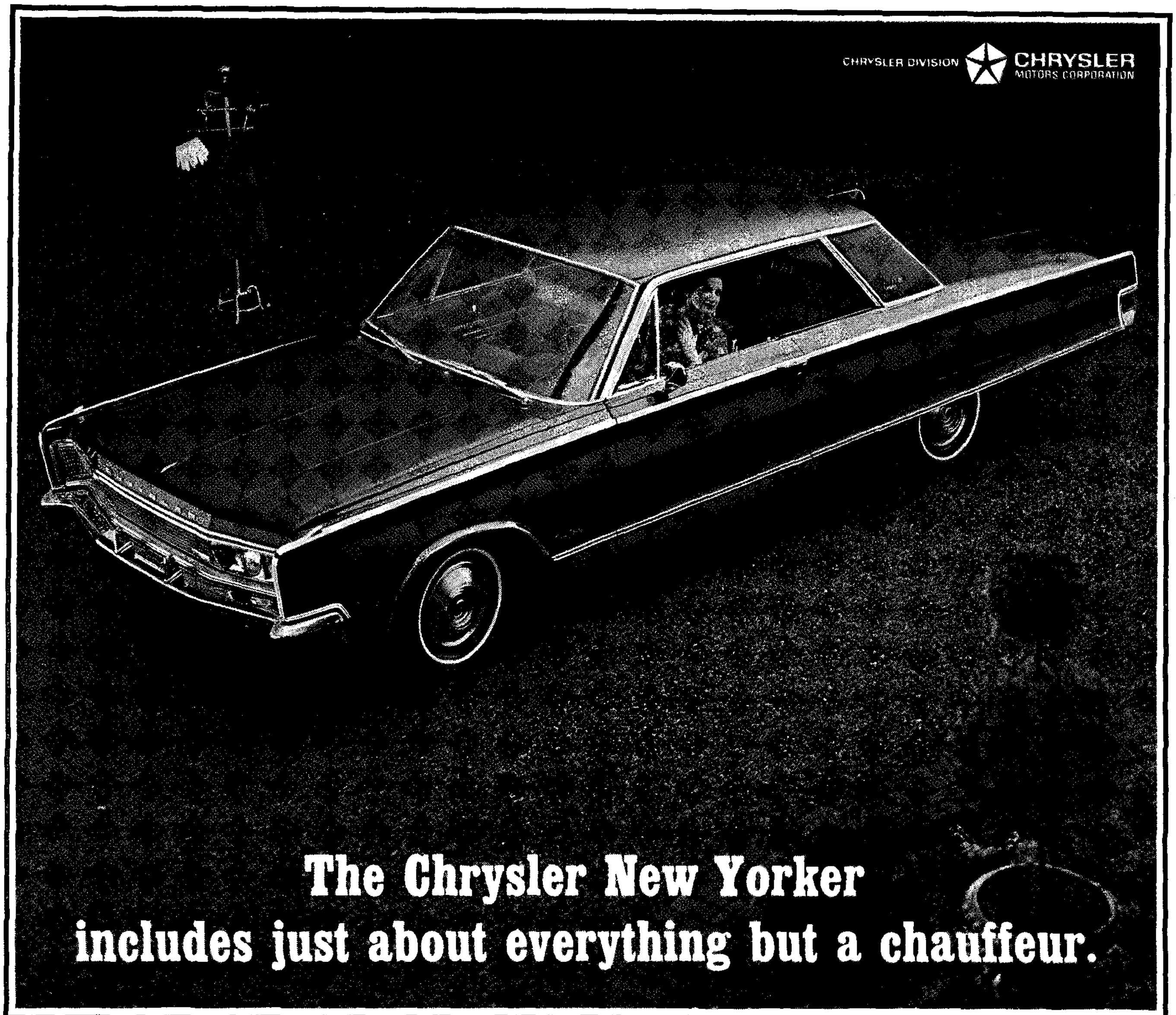
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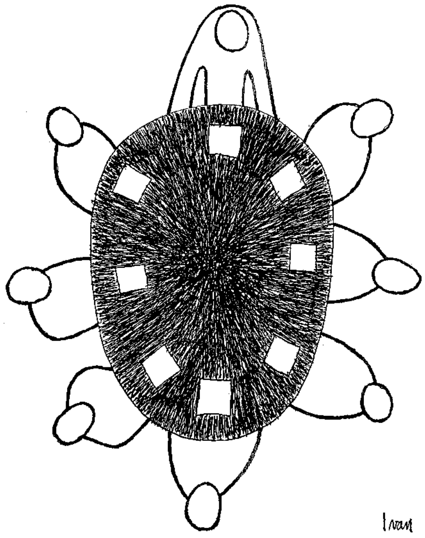
which is circulated today in forty-eight countries and, to his great satisfaction, is even mailed into China. Having lived and worked closely with the Chinese, Father LaDany likes to stress social and human factors in his analyses of Chinese Communism, noting its impact on the lives of the people, and particularly the peasants. He has become expert at understanding the special jargon of the Communists, and he has often demonstrated an ability to look beyond what they are saying to what they really mean, and thus predict the various shifts and alterations of their policies.

Father LaDany is an assiduous reader of China's provincial newspapers, and he listens to broadcasts of provincial radio stations over his own receiver and makes tape recordings of them. In April, 1963, as a preface to a report in his newsletter on "Life in Kwangtung Province," he wrote, "The national press, the newspapers published in Peking, look at events from a majestic height. Provincial news appears in the national press and indeed in better style than in the provincial papers, but it is sifted, disinfected, sublimated, raised to the ethereal atmosphere of the Marxist canons with their optimism, enthusiasm, and detachment far removed from mundane, matter-of-fact reality. Reading the provincial papers, for instance the papers from Canton . . . one is dragged down to earth, and the things learnt from the stilted language of the national press become ordinary human stories, clothed in flesh and blood, redolent of toil and sweat." In summarizing what he had come upon in several issues of a Canton newspaper, Father LaDany proceeded to discuss a local election, a recent discovery that grain seeds were rotting because of a shortage of jars, a prevailing lack of fodder for livestock, the increasing absenteeism of peasants in the fields and the reaction



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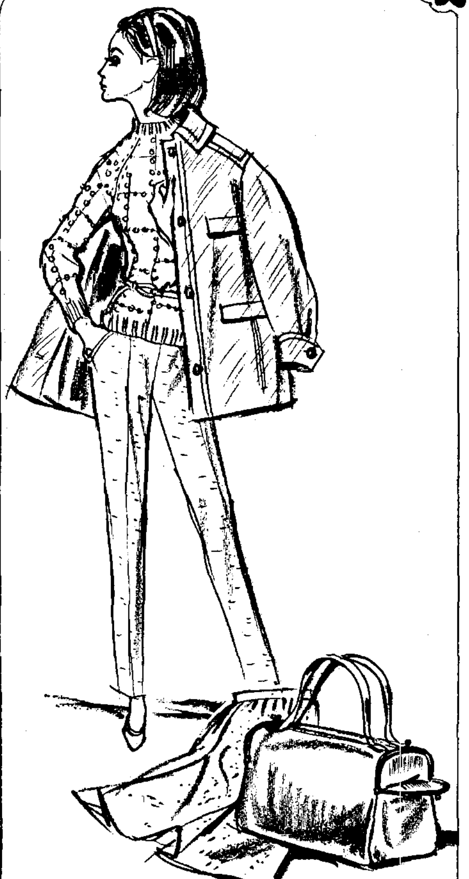

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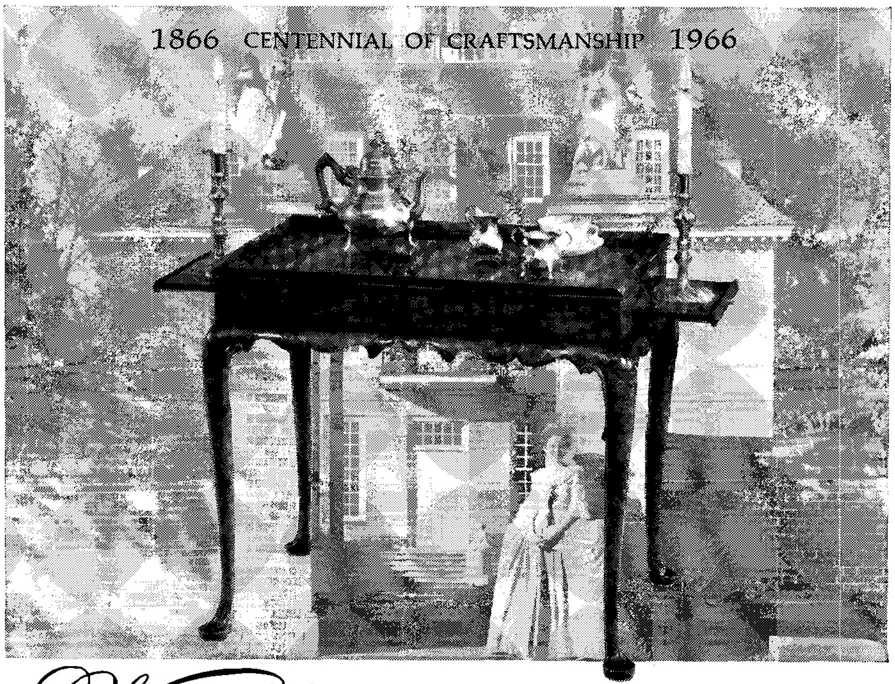

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of local cadres to this problem, and a number of other matters that directly, or more often indirectly, threw light on what was taking place in Kwangtung Province and what difficulties the Communists were experiencing there.

In September, 1963, Father LaDany referred to "the inertia of cadres and peasants" and cited several instances of it from provincial sources. Such news, he said, had been "pouring out incessantly," and he went on:

> Singly the reports are insignificant, but taken massively they reflect total indifference of the individual peasant to the land and to the work in the fields. The news reports refer to one commune or . . . one brigade, which is one little village. But they are all meant to edify others. If one or two villages only were indifferent to work, would it be broadcasted? But this is ugly news disclosing lack of coöperation. That is why it rarely appears in the national press—the only press which is sold abroad. . . . Broadcasting stations in a number of provinces have deplored the inactivity of the villagers, neglect of work for the growing of autumn crops. At the end of August, turning the knob of the radio set from province to province, the monotony of this refrain struck the listener—the same story, the inertia of the peasants, being announced from one end of the country to the other.

And in March, 1964, taking note of a new "purge" in the villages, designed to make the peasants toe the line and produce more, he wrote:

> Within the masses of peasants there are class antagonisms. There are people who want their "little freedom," engage in commerce, and do not take part in collective production, and there are some, particularly among the upper middle peasants, whose heart is in making money, disregarding the interest of the State and of the collectives; they want to quit the road of Socialism. Such things must be eradicated by education, criticism, and even struggle. This is the struggle in the villages. . . . People are differentiated according to their attitude towards the Party. Those who made money while obeying the Party are all right while those who made money in spite of the Party, by their own industry and initiative, are all wrong. . . . By this time there must be huge files in the provincial capitals about violent acts committed against Party cadres in the villages, and about acts of flagrant disobedience by Party cadres themselves.

In the same issue, Father LaDany referred to various methods employed by the government to persuade the peasants to work harder—threats and punishments, propaganda, and so on—details of which he had also culled from the provincial papers and radio broadcasts. Taken together, he wrote, the reports depicted "a weird, eerie world

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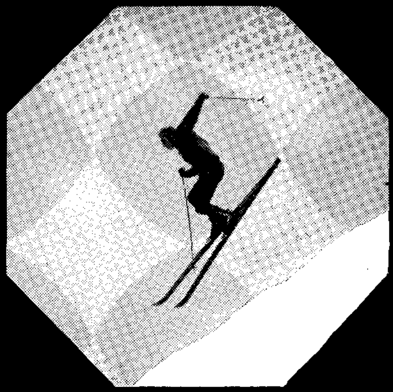

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which seems to have lost all sense of balance and reality." Occasionally, however, he ran across bits of evidence indicating "that people, though frightened, have not lost their normal capacity for judgment, that they know that . . . literature and art have other purposes than political propaganda, and that the popular political booklets are not the apex of art." The peasants, he added, "are the last to lose their common sense," and what they really think—about the millions of youngsters sent to live with them from the cities, for example, who simply compound the problem of finding enough to eat—never appears in print.

For all their efforts to remake the society of their nation, the Communists in China, like those in Russia before them, are aware that they have not been able to deal as effectively as they wished with its vast population. There are constant allusions to this failure in official Chinese polemics and exhortations, and they demonstrate that, of all the imponderables in China today, the greatest is the attitude of the Chinese people. How much regimentation and poverty will they continue to suffer? The apathy of the peasants that Father LaDany, among others, has noted seems to show that they are weary of being shifted about and told what to do from morning to night, and are resisting in just about the only way they can. This, of course, presents an immense problem for the Chinese leaders—both for the old ones, like Mao, who are anxious to carry their revolution as far as they can before they die, and for the new ones, on the threshold of power, who, despite the repeated admonitions of their elders, seem somewhat lacking in zeal. Will the leaders push the people harder, or will they eventually loosen the reins, as they have had to do before? In view of their incessant ideological preachments, can they *afford* to relax again and thereby admit—not only to the Western democracies but to the rest of the Communist nations—that the Chinese policy of isolation and the harsh methods that went with it have been unsuccessful?

In the realm of politics and economics, the China watchers of Hong Kong have certainly found no evidence of any softening in Peking's basic policy. Indeed, it seems to be hardening right now. But in another area, that of culture, there are some subtle signs that the government has given way, at least a little, under pressure. In China today, even more than was ever true of Soviet Russia, the arts are supposed to serve the cause of Communism completely,

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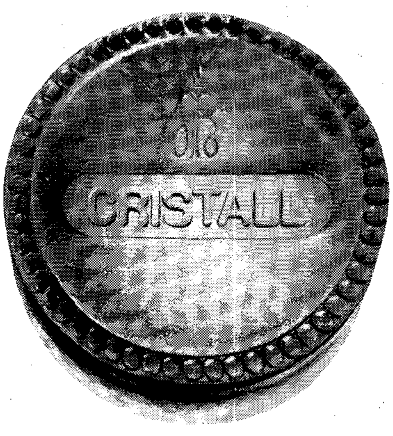

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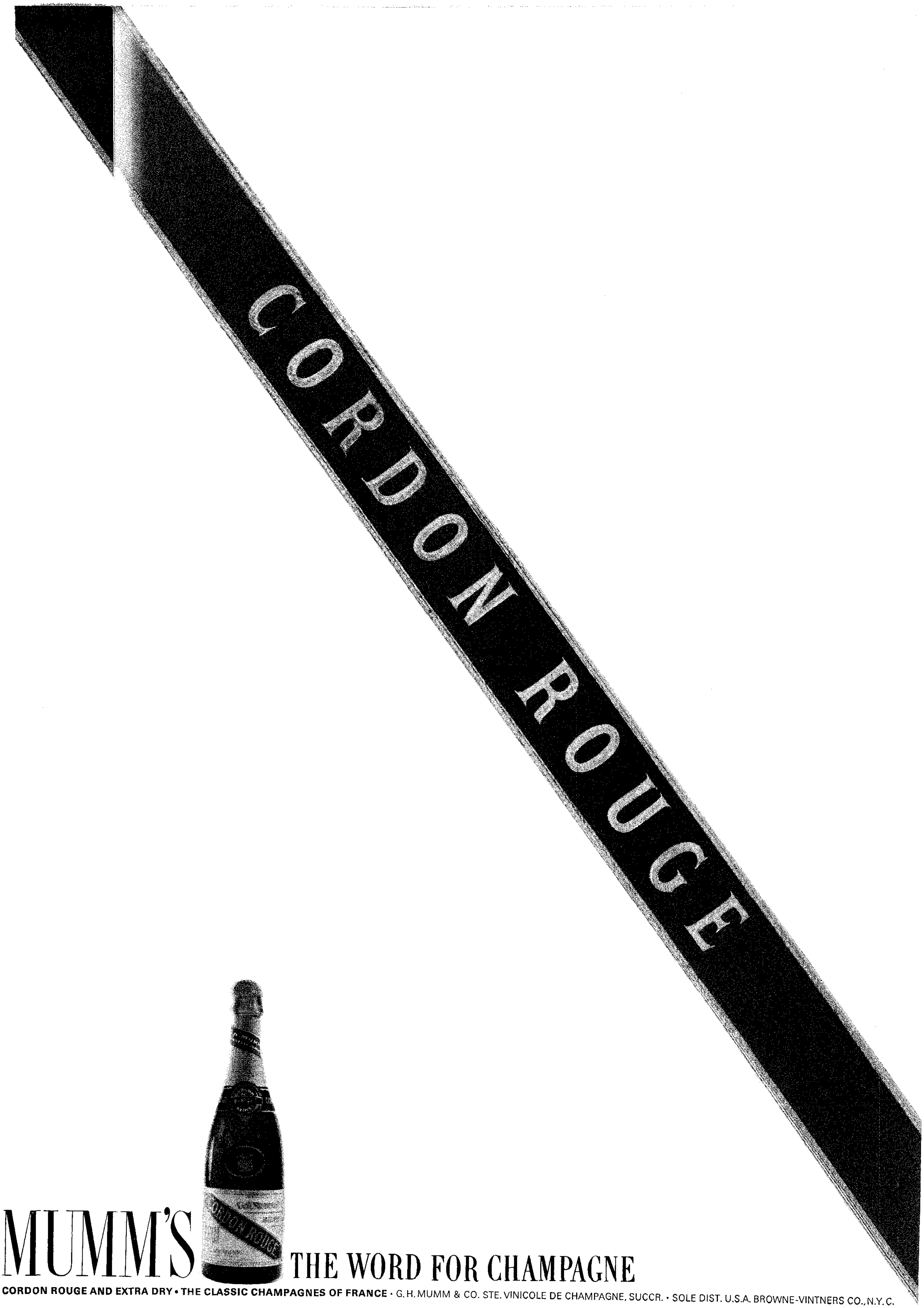

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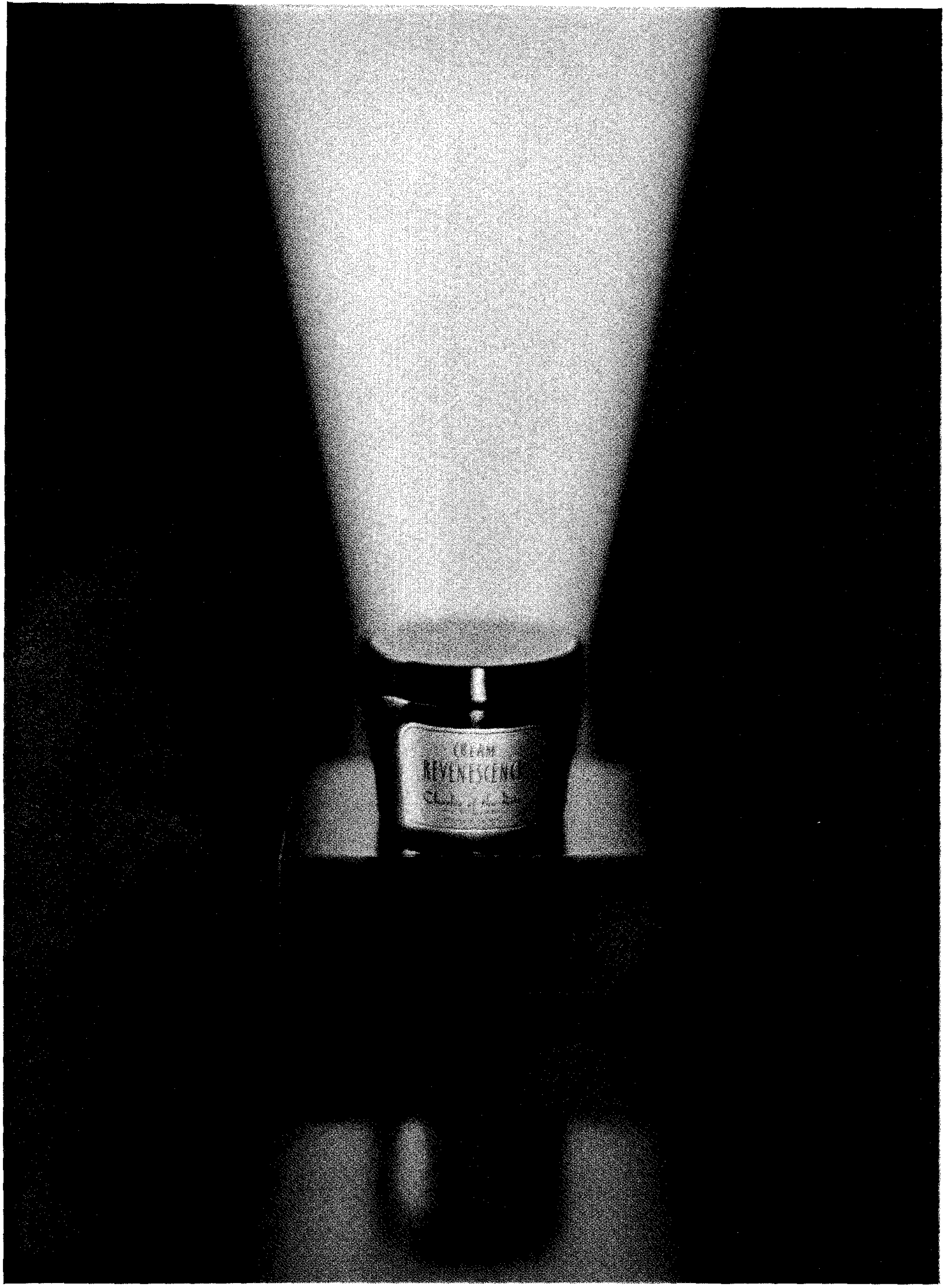
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all cultural enterprises being simply weapons in the class struggle. Things have turned out differently. Although in many respects Peking has succeeded in exacting from artists the kind of art it desires, it has by no means succeeded in stifling all independent artistic expression, and, as Father LaDany has observed, "In every period when the control, for various reasons, is less severe, genuine art reappears." This was particularly evident, of course, during the short time in 1957 when artistic freedom was encouraged, along with criticism of the Party, but the same thing happened during a milder period of relaxation in 1961. When the lid went on again, at the end of 1962, and official Party doctrine called for the revival of the class struggle on all fronts, interest in the old forms endured. The Communists now seem to realize that they cannot altogether eliminate it, and that to try to do so might be dangerous. This dilemma, some Pekingologists think, could turn out to be far more significant than many of the economic plans or political doctrines the Communists may espouse.

Father LaDany has pointed out that "since the study of foreign philosophy and literature is subject to restrictions, there is a much keener interest in the study of Chinese classics than there was during the years *before* the present regime," and he has called attention to "the recurrent popularity, among the best educated people, of Confucius and his teachings, so sharply in contrast with present reality." A revival of interest in Confucius became especially noticeable in 1961, and the Communists have been struggling to come to terms with it ever since. Philosophers have been engaged in a dispute over whether Confucius' great respect for the common people was a precursor of Marxist thinking about the class struggle, and some have gone so far as to suggest that he thought in terms of individuals rather than of classes in conflict. Because of the deep hold that Confucianism has on the people, the government has not dared to take a firm line in opposition to this thinking. Furthermore, Confucius is not the only classic author still being published in China, and photostatic copies of works that had been inaccessible before the two recent periods of relaxation are now widely distributed. Father LaDany has compared the cultural life of the country to "a tightly covered pot in which boiling water is pressing from below."

In China's popular theatre, according to the Pekingologist publication

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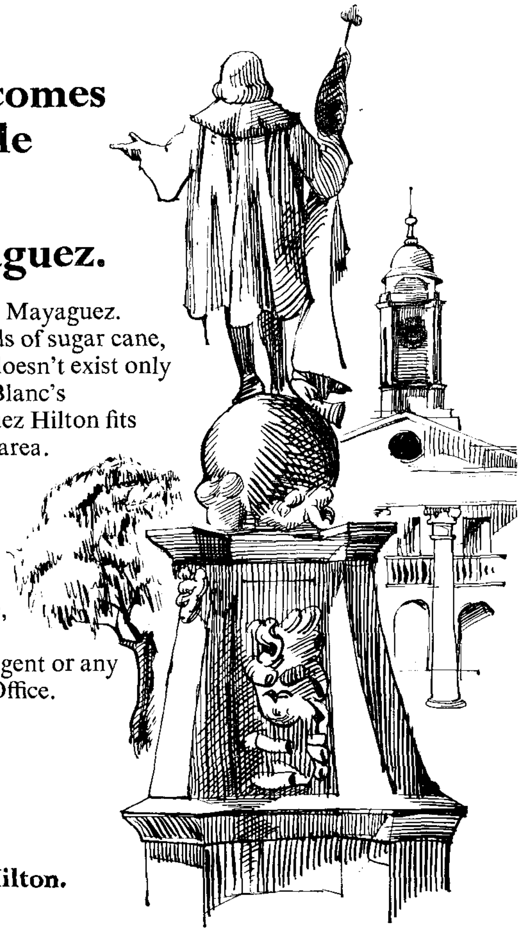

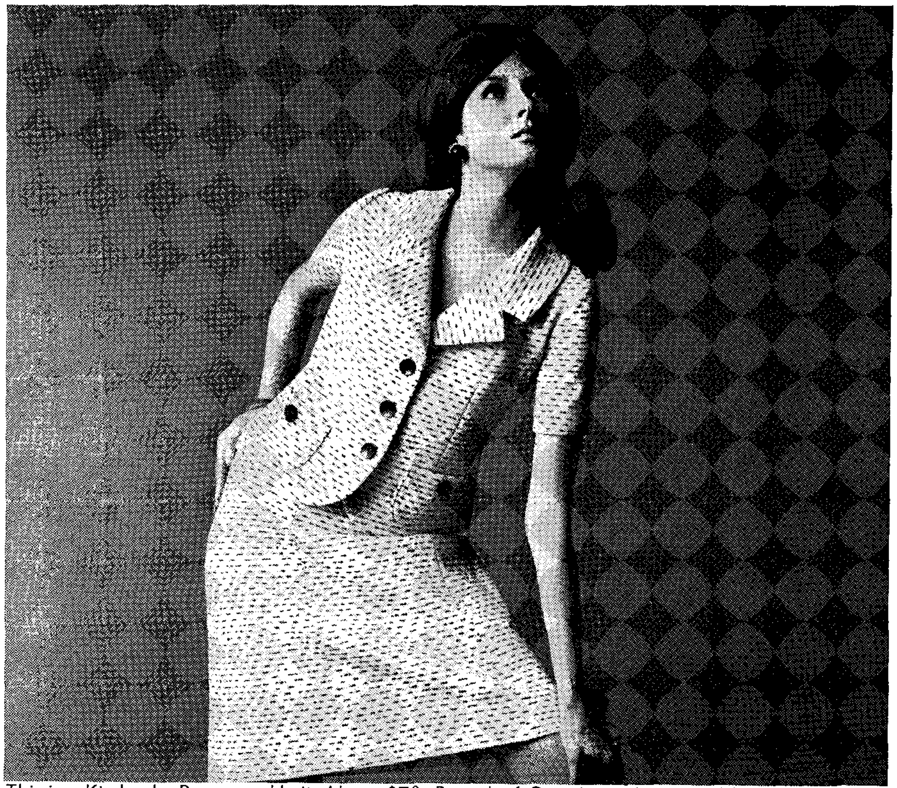

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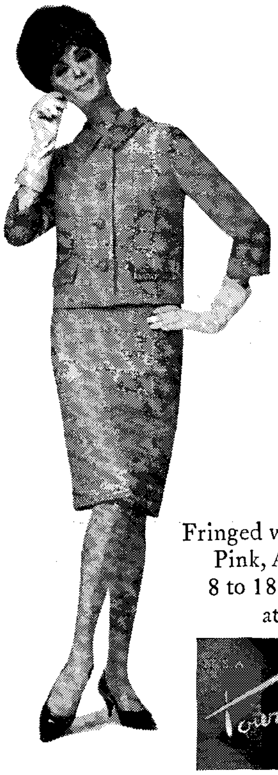

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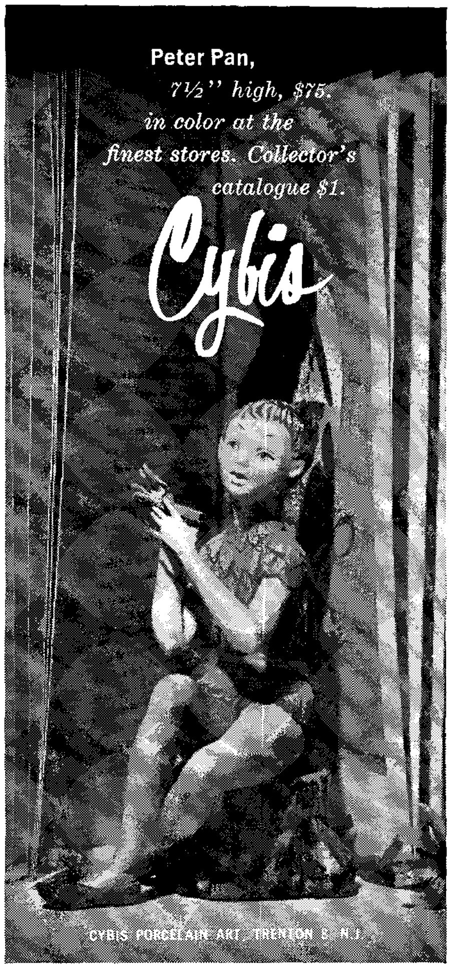
Current Scene, "the Confucian values of goodness and benevolence," together with the influence of Buddhism and the humanism of ordinary country humor, are as strong as ever. The Party constantly urges the writing and production of plays about the class struggle and labor heroes, but here, as in other Communist nations, experience has shown that newspaper editorials do not readily lend themselves to dramatic adaptation, and historical pageants and plays and operas about the old China of emperors' courts and courtesans are still the people's favorites. New plays on the order of "Advance Like a Rushing Stream," which portrays a steel mill as a means of purifying both metal and people, fall pretty flat with most audiences. The Peking Opera, famous for its classic style and dress and manner, has been staging festivals on "contemporary themes" free of "feudal morality," but its production of "A Bucket of Manure," during which a husband and wife argue about whether the contents of the bucket, which is placed prominently in the center of the stage, should be spread on the local collective farm or on their own private plot—the outcome is obvious—did not do well at the box office, and the Party has decreed that henceforth only a third of the company's productions in major cities need deal with modern themes. Efforts to make political use of *chü-yi*, the popular ballad, with numbers like "Mother and Daughter Sing Together of Sanitation" have not so far provided any serious competition for old-fashioned storytellers chanting ancient tales in dialect. Although the nationalistic music of "revolutionary" composers has supplanted the works of all but a few "bourgeois" composers—one exception, until recently at least, was Beethoven, who has been credited by Party musicologists with "class awareness" and the ability to express "the conflict between ideal and reality"—the influence of Western music continues to worry the Communists. Recordings by the Beatles have been smuggled into Peking, and when some youths displayed Beatle haircuts there not long ago, the Party circulated a manifesto against them among the city's barbers.

In movie-making, the Communists have been especially active, and since 1949, according to official tabulation, they have produced five hundred feature-length films, nearly two hundred full-length documentaries, three thousand short documentaries, three thousand newsreels, and fourteen hundred scientific films. The dance also lends itself to propaganda, and "The Red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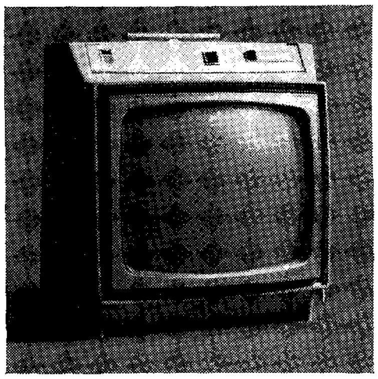

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TV GUIDE

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Detachment of Women," a ballet about guerrilla warfare on the island of Hainan, played for many weeks last year in Peking, for it employed enough traditional technique in the development of its modern theme to be generally popular, though there was some criticism about its length. The government has encouraged the production of propaganda ballets by groups of peasants and workers all over the country; the Peking Synthetic Fibre Plant, for example, has presented a dance portraying "recent technical innovations." Many new drama and dance groups, however, have been dissolved because they lacked audiences, and in general the new productions have met considerable resistance. As *Current Scene* has put it, "The taste of the average workingman in China is no different from that of his counterpart anywhere else in the world," and in seeking diversion from the drabness of life in China today the worker and peasant prefer "traditional entertainment with color and pageantry" to "dreary political plays which attempt to reproduce the reality of grim everyday existence all over again." The attitude of the audiences is shared by a good many writers and performers, to judge by their lukewarm attempts, or even outright refusals, to provide works of the sort the government wants. This resistance extends to the field of painting, in which, despite countless exhortations on the virtues of a new proletarian art, classical Chinese themes are still studied and still used. As for novels and short stories, the propaganda output is large but generally banal, and is looked upon as, in Father LaDany's words, "an endemic disease caused by a germ which has spread only so far as the writ of Peking runs and no farther."

One remarkable example of the Communists' difficulties in suppressing intellectual dissent in China appeared about a year ago in *Chinese Youth*, the official organ of the Communist Youth Corps. On the back cover of the last issue put out in 1964, the magazine reproduced an oil painting, entitled "You Incite, I Follow," of some typically heroic-looking youngsters carrying bundles of wheat on their shoulders. In the foreground, below the feet of the marchers, there is what looks like a sea of windblown wheat. However, as Father LaDany reported,

> Looking at the picture carefully, turning it this way and that, one discovers that the happy youngsters are marching on skulls, corpses and dead bodies, among them a figure resembling Mao, a huge bearded, non-Chinese face that might

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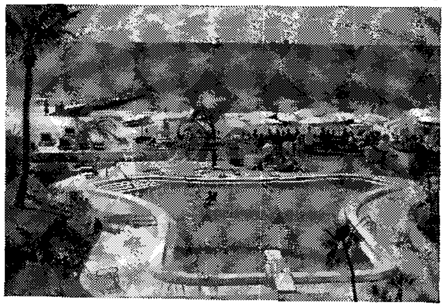

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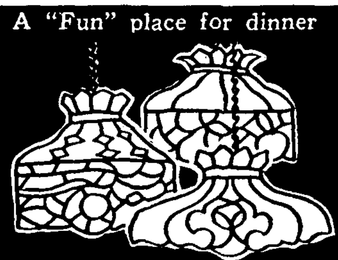

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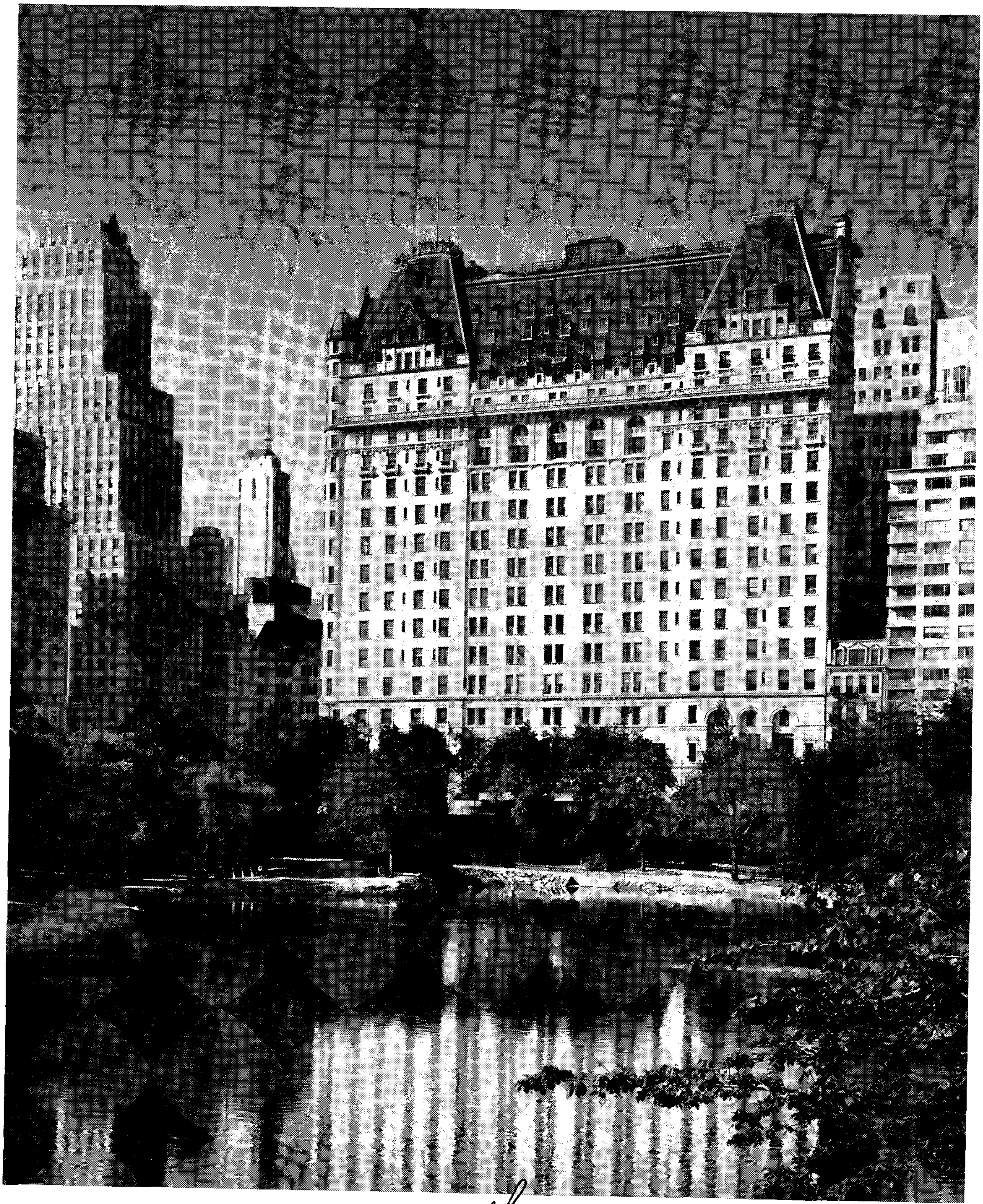

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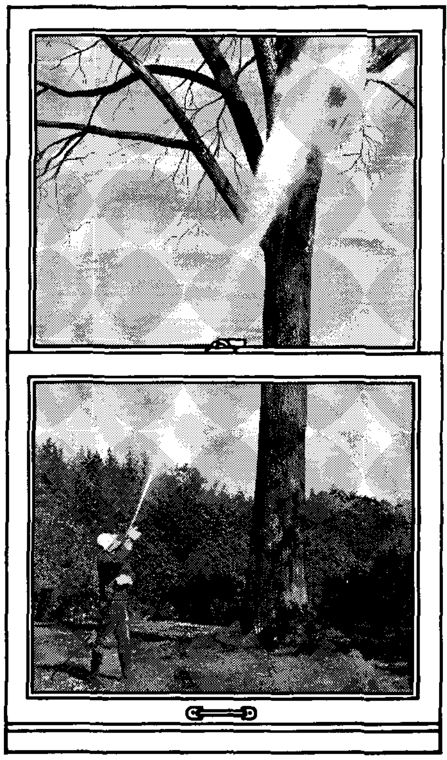
well be Marx. In the distance there are two hamlets, one with three red flags, one of which is on the ground. The wind over the dead bodies blows from the right, but it blows the clothes of the happy youngsters from the left; the East and West winds? There appear in rudimentary form, well concealed, Chinese characters in their abbreviated shape used by the Communist press. Hong Kong journalists read them: "Kill the Communists, long live Chiang Kai-shek."

Father LaDany went on to point out that "this method of expressing one's views is not new in Chinese history, for painters and poets did much the same under tyrant rule in ancient times." But he still found the picture almost incredible, and he wrote, "If we had not a copy of this Peking issue of *Chinese Youth*, we should have taken all this for Hong Kong gossip. It is not." The picture, to Father LaDany, was an important piece of evidence "that there is another China, particularly among young people, whose real feelings are concealed behind happy, smiling faces, as they are in this picture," and he concluded his report with the observation that "there may be many surprises in store for us."

IN considering what the future of China holds in store, most Pekingologists in Hong Kong tend to express despair rather than hope. After many months spent talking with disillusioned refugees, searching for omens in the press and over the radio, and studying the mainland in all its harsh aspects, they find it difficult to avoid the conclusion that everything in China is bad, difficult to remember that China has endured much through many centuries. Not long ago, however, Father LaDany brought out an issue of his *China News Analysis* under the euphoric title "China the Wonderful—A List of Assets." At the beginning, he wrote:

> It is wonderful to walk around the hills of Hong Kong or roam in the picturesque Mediterranean streets of Macao and look from either place at the hills beyond, for one does not see there any curtain, iron or bamboo. . . . Away from the Peking daily press, one sees beyond the hills a wonderful land . . . where from the time of Confucius philosophers have been discussing good government, where lawyers had worked out a legal system comparable to that of the Romans, where Buddhist philosophy found a fertile soil in the speculative mystical Taoist mind . . . where the rhythm of life was different from that of any other country, where a foreigner could feel at home once he had mastered the language, sonorous, musical, strong and delicate . . . where the storyteller in the market place recited to the rhythmic accompaniment of the castanets endless stories from the Three Kingdoms, where each one knew



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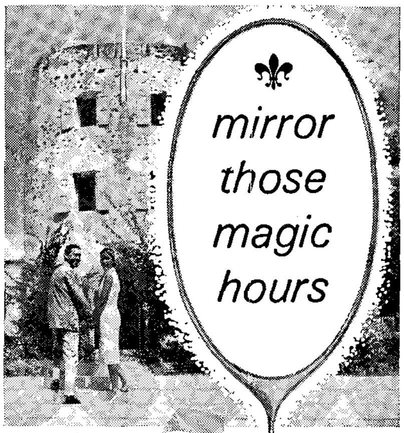

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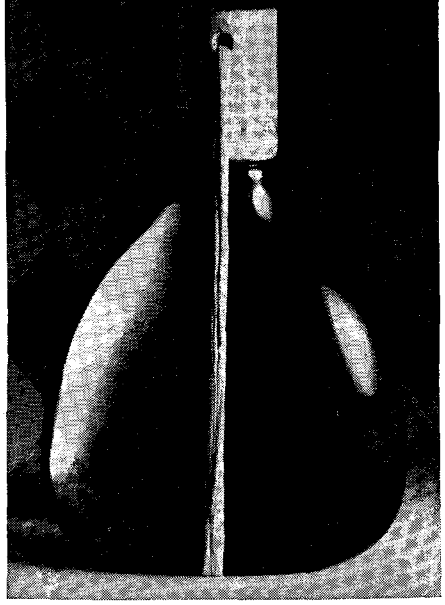

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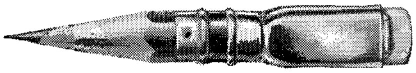
the village from which his ancestors had come and many simple folk could trace the family tree back for centuries. . . . Looking at her in this mood, one is not inclined to see in the China of today the dark blotches, the terror, the millions of youths toiling painfully in the border lands, the handful of wicked men in command, the superhuman, or subhuman, labor of the masses. Once a year one wants to look at China, wonderful even today, and at that China only. . . . There are true and not merely fictitious values in China as she is now. Communism, like every terrifying power in history, from the Pharaohs to Hitler, has its values, order, creativeness, dynamism, tenacity, and idealism, however distorted. It also creates values by reaction, as a challenge to thought and to a search for other solutions. China the Wonderful is there in the "reactionaries," men of culture who strive to salvage the Chinese heritage even at the risk of their lives. It is also there deep in the reality of daily life.

Father LaDany went on to list some of the accomplishments of the Communist regime: for the first time in China's long history, the nation has been unified, from the Himalayas to the Amur River, and even the vast forced migrations have served this purpose, in that they have helped the people in one region become aware of those in others. Mandarin is now spoken all over the country for the first time since the Ming dynasty. Administratively, there is stability, especially in the higher brackets of the civil service, where men now stay in the same job for many years. Economically, the retreat from the extravagant experiment of the communes represented "the wisdom of reducing tension between the rulers and the peasants when it threatened to reach a breaking point," and permission for the peasants to cultivate their own small plots was a "courageous" step to take. The efforts to maintain and develop industry, to give it new meaning in behalf of agriculture, and, at the same time, to encourage "fearless eagerness for new experiments" are commendable. Clean new cities have been built in far-off places, and the development of old ones, particularly of Shanghai, has been extraordinary. If the private life of the people has been constricted, it is at least simple and orderly, and there are "certain social virtues"—a sense of "spontaneous solidarity" and a feeling of security—that are often absent in the West. Education has improved, especially technical training, and many young people who would never have had an opportunity to learn anything before are now going to school. Despite the total dependence of the educational system on the state, "it is quite possible that mental activity ma-



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turing now will come to light later and will shape a new China, perhaps a new Asia."

Father LaDany could not resist an afterthought, in the form of a footnote: "A friend of ours reading this manuscript remarked that it reminded him of the writings of certain distinguished people who, when writing about Communist countries, keep an eye on their next entry visa. Another friend, less benevolent, said that when this political era in China is over, the writer of this issue will be lynched by the people who will see in it a mockery of the misery they had to endure. One must, however, look at both sides of the picture, and this one side, undoubtedly seen in the abstract, is the fruit of an endeavor to discover some good in everything."

The following week, Father LaDany was back at his task of factual analysis. That issue of *China News Analysis* was bluntly entitled "Economic Situation: Penury," and in it he discussed in detail the exaggerated claims of economic progress in China, continuing shortages that people were suffering, the lack of money to build irrigation projects and to extend public-health and educational facilities, and the growing "cult of penury and misery," in which everyone was exhorted to be frugal and to work energetically for the nation's future. His analysis, as usual, was a convincing one—all the more convincing, I thought, because he had taken time the week before to look across at the mainland not just as an expert on China but as one who loves it. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

Ants are the oldest city dwellers. While man's urban civilization is scarcely 7,000 or so years old, the insects have been living in miniature cities for more than 80 million years.—*Shelby* (*N. C.*) *Daily Star*.

Sure, but ants don't have unions.

•

WEST LOS ANGELES—Work has started on a new two-story building for General Telephone Co. at Sawtelle Blvd. and Iowa Ave. . . .

The facility, to be finished by April, 1966, will employ people.—*Hollywood Citizen-News*.

How refreshing!

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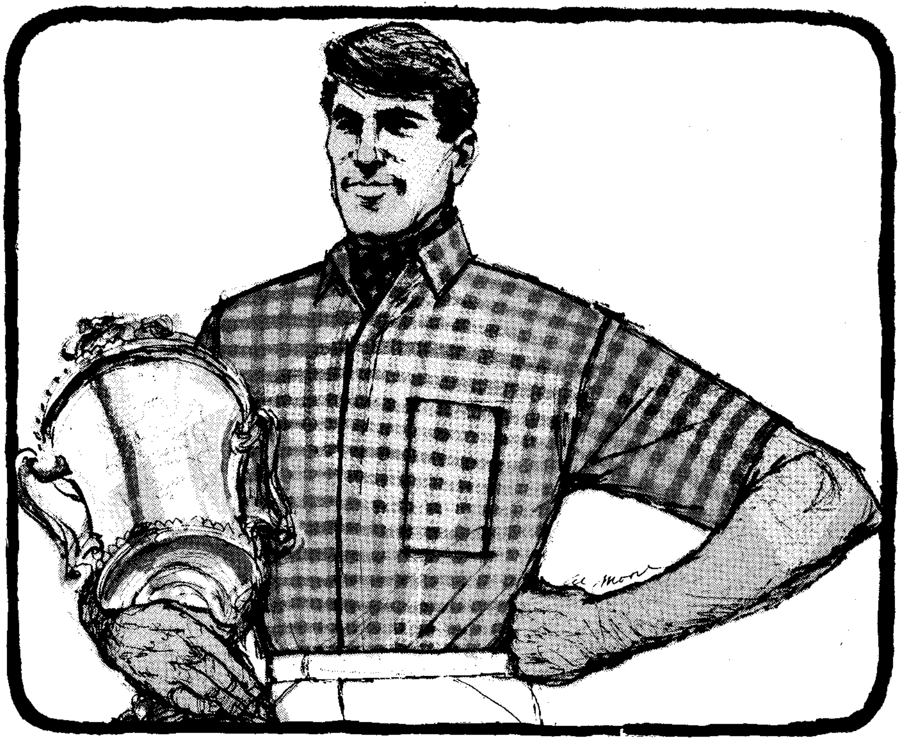
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From The Spectator*]

Operation Y is in colour. The second episode has already won the second prize at Cracow Film Festival where it was shown on its own. It is certainly the best of the three episodes but the others are not in any way inferior.



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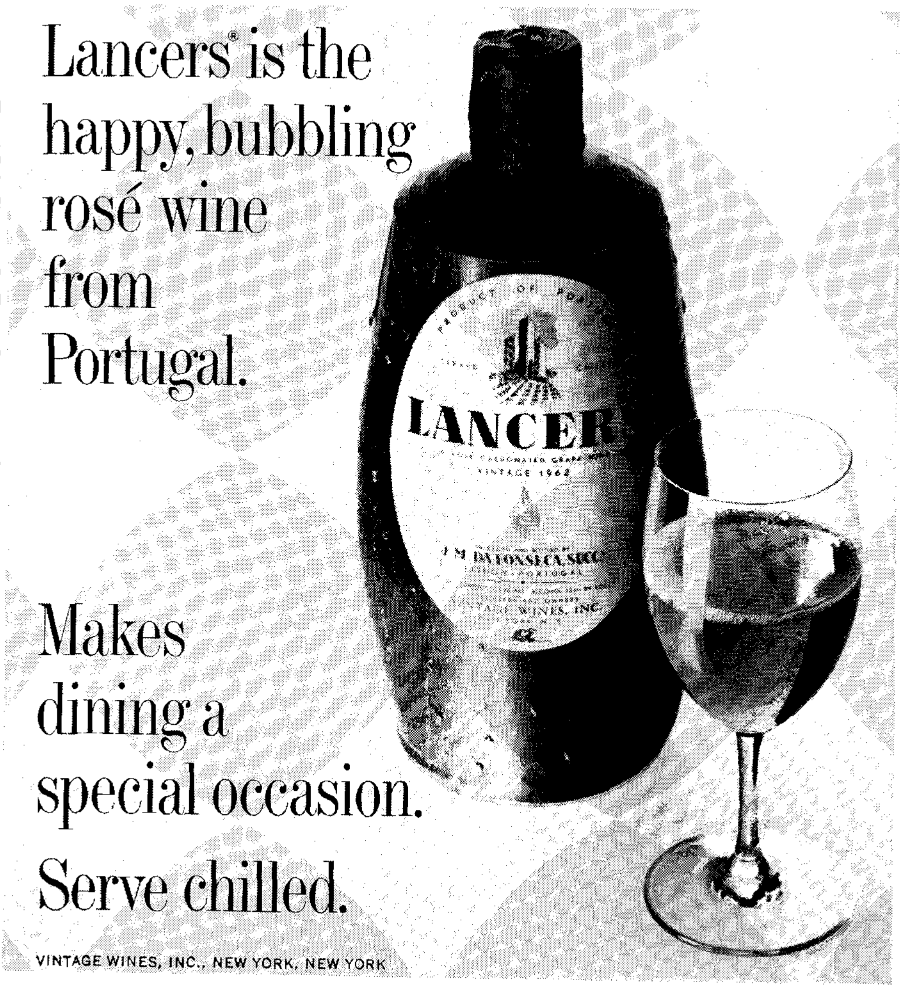

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THE THEATRE

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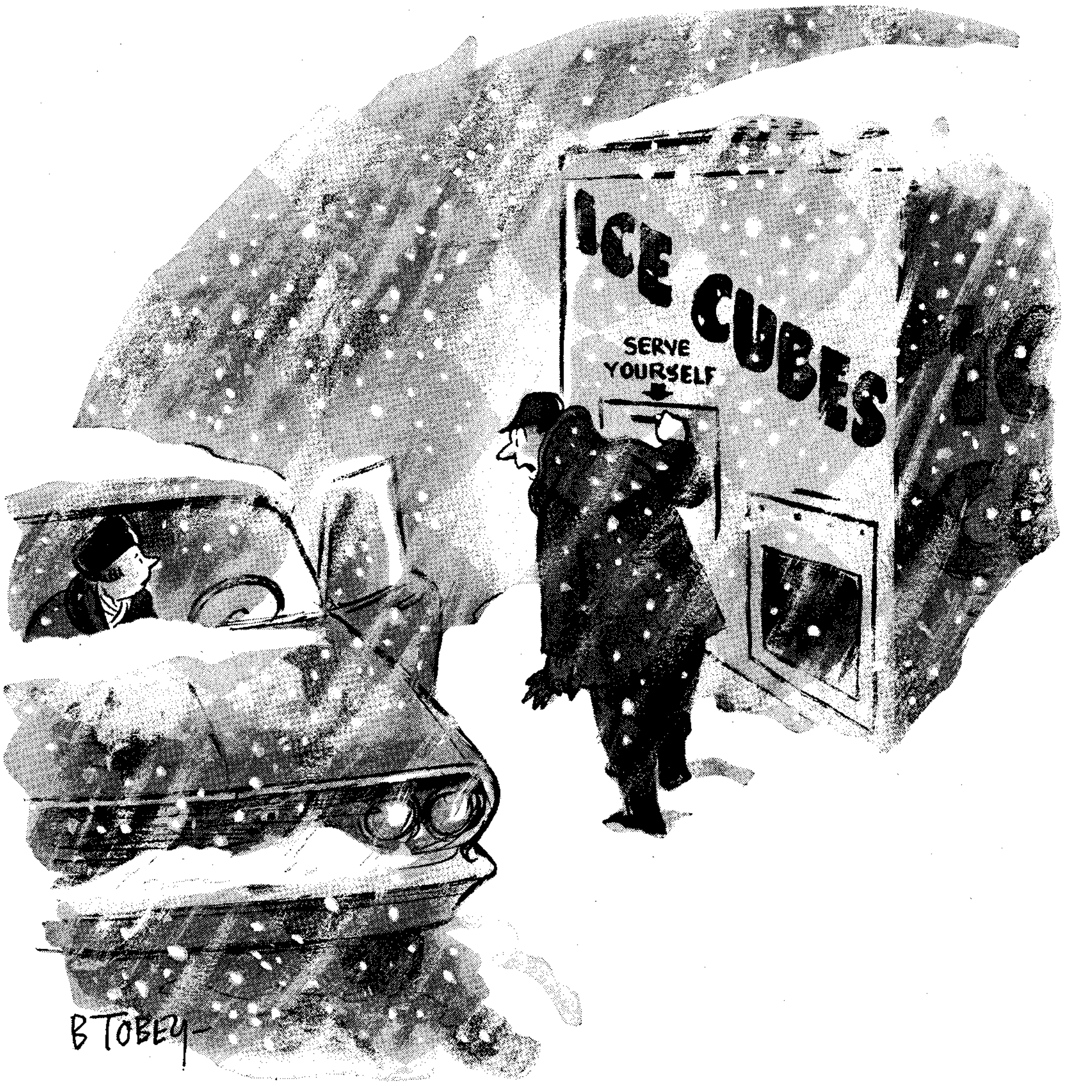
AS its third production of the season, the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is presenting "The Condemned of Altona," by Jean-Paul Sartre. While the company is a bit more successful in this endeavor than it was when it tackled "Danton's Death" and "The Country Wife," it still tends to take an elocutionary rather than a dramatic approach to its material, and in its determination to convey to us the importance of being earnest, it often assumes a remote and cheerless pose. In the case of "The Condemned of Altona," a grim study of mankind's guilt over the crimes it has committed against itself, there are, admittedly, few opportunities to add a touch of human warmth to what is essentially a chill, didactic exercise. But even these few have not been seized upon, and when the performers get involved with Sartre's philosophical notions, they frequently declaim the dialogue as if they had learned it phonetically and were uncertain of its meaning. Still, it's possible that any theatrical group, no matter how polished, would have a difficult time making the play an absorbing dramatic experience, since it is wordy, sententious, and repetitive, and full of cloudy symbolism that every now and then comes dangerously close to being ludicrous. Sartre wrote the play in 1958, when events in Algeria were shattering France. Although inspired by the dreadful happenings there, it situates its action in Germany, for only by changing the venue of the tragedy could the author be sure that its production in Paris would not be forbidden by the government. In Paris, the drama commanded wide attention when it was put on in 1959, but now, at the Vivian Beaumont, in a non-political atmosphere, the work has a cadence that I found hard to follow. The central figure is an heir to a Hamburg shipbuilding dynasty who has for thirteen years hidden himself away from the world in a room in his father's mansion. Endlessly he dictates to a tape-recording machine, explaining to a prospective audience of the thirtieth century how it was with him and his contemporaries. Ridden by guilt because he gloried in barbarism when the Nazis were riding high, he is certain that the Germany outside his cell is an occupied country, prostrate, poverty-stricken, and dying. Periodically, he addresses himself to a congress of crabs that keep him under constant surveillance from observation posts in his ceiling, and occasionally he indulges in incest with his sister, who fosters his delusions about the state of the outside world. During his immurement, he has allowed only this sister to visit him, for he has no interest in his brother or his sister-in-law and has rejected his father on the ground that the head of the house once turned over to the Nazis a Polish rabbi whom his heir had befriended. In the development of "The Condemned of Altona," the hero's eremitic existence is interrupted when his father, who is dying of cancer of the throat, reveals that fact to the rest of the family and makes them all swear that they will see to his sequestered son's well-being. Finally, a confrontation takes place between father and son, and at its end they agree that the only expiation for guilt is death. They thereupon meet their doom by deliberately driving a car off a bridge, and the incestuous sister prepares to take up permanent residence in her late brother's room, while the surviving brother and his wife nervously face the future.

As the leading figure of "The Condemned of Altona," Tom Rosqui never succeeds in realizing the ironic possibilities of his role, and as his father George Coulouris seems somewhat too mild to be an over-



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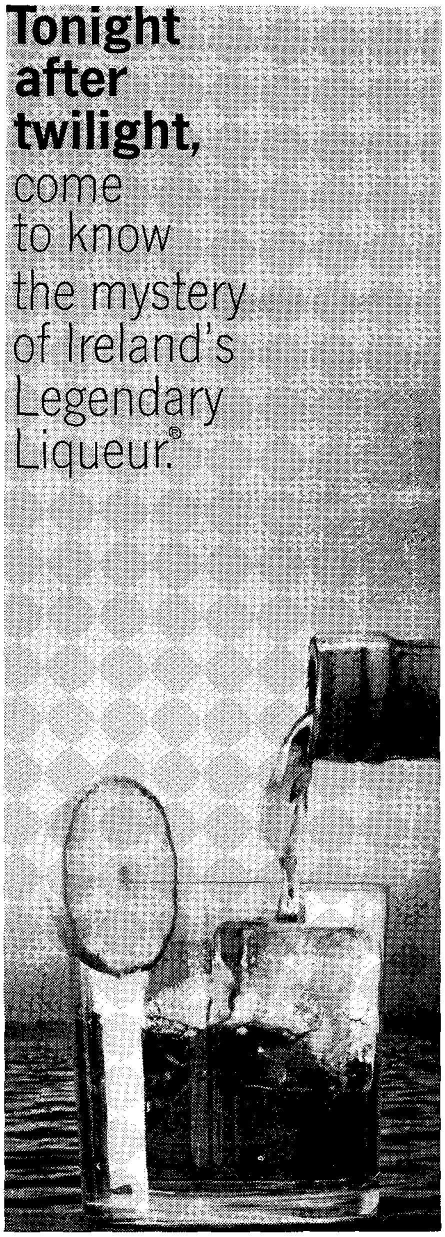
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whelming patriarch. The ladies in the cast—Priscilla Pointer plays the sister and Carolyn Coates the sister-in-law—are adequate but seldom stimulating. The drama was staged by Herbert Blau, and has serviceable sets by Robin Wagner.

IN "Wait Until Dark," at the Ethel Barrymore, Lee Remick, as a blind girl, has a terrible time of it trying to figure out why a trio of strangers keeps hanging around her apartment in Greenwich Village. She doesn't know it, but what the strangers are after is a doll filled with fifty thousand dollars' worth of heroin, which her husband, a photographer, kindly agreed to deliver to a lady in New York. Although I scare as easily as the next man, or even more easily, this thriller by Frederick Knott didn't stir up my adrenalin, and before it was all over, I was getting damned sick of the heroine's refusal to call the cops—a move that would have spared her and me a lot of annoyance. Miss Remick is assisted by Mitchell Ryan, Val Bisoglio, James Congdon, and Julie Herrod. Arthur Penn handled the direction.

"THE GREAT INDOORS," which departed from the Eugene O'Neill last week after seven performances, was certainly full of surprises. For instance, there was a German anti-Semite who had become a big wheel in a town in the southern United States. It developed that he was Jewish. Then, there was a Negro youth, full of pride in his race, and a German youth who liked to tell one and all that he was a Jew. Both boys, it turned out, were sons of the mock anti-Semite. And so it went. I'm afraid that Irene Kamp, the author of "The Great Indoors," couldn't make up her mind whether to go all out for wild humor or to give the doings a protective cover of realism. She hesitated and she was lost.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

HOUSTON, Tex., Jan. 12 (UPI)—Cleveland (Big Cat) Williams, the heavyweight, who was shot in a souffle with a Texas highway patrolman in 1964, is fully recovered and wants to fight again.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Front Man

WHEN the history of music in our time is finally written, the career of Leonard Bernstein will undoubtedly be recognized as a phenomenon of some pertinence. Mr. Bernstein, as everybody knows, has shown remarkable talents in more than one direction. I suspect, however, that his main accomplishment will turn out to have been the breaking of a barrier. Before his time, no American had ever had an international reputation as a conductor of symphony orchestras; since his début, there have been many American conductors on the scene. And Mr. Bernstein did his pioneering not by way of any nationalistic campaigning but simply by doing some things better than any of his European rivals. These things were all concerned with the deciphering and realization of complex—especially rhythmically complex—modern scores. He was quite at home in the most horrendously difficult of them, and it was exciting to hear the clarity with which he performed them. Since then, he has become known in a broader field, as a conductor of classical and romantic works. There have been comparisons now and then that have not been favorable to him in this more conventional territory, but nobody denies that he shows great talent here, too, or that, right before the public's eyes, he has grown into a particularly gifted interpreter of such romantics as Gustav Mahler and Jean Sibelius, not to speak of others. He is a charming public personality, and he has a special gift for dealing with children at the Philharmonic's Young People's Concerts. The one thing that has disturbed some of his admirers is his well-known theatricality on the podium.

This theatricality, though it is undoubtedly unconscious, has from time to time been irritating to me. I have watched Mr. Bernstein jump into the air, bend his knees, crouch, stamp his feet audibly, shake his fists, put on agonized expressions while turning his head toward the audience, shake his torso like a hula dancer, and so on. These manifestations bothered me for a long time. Mr. Bernstein seemed to be not only conducting the music but publicly enjoying it at the same time—something that conductors are not supposed to do. I ultimately came to the point of shutting my eyes and listening to the music without watching Mr. Bernstein at all. This proved, on the whole, to be more satisfactory, and I discovered that it led to more admiration and less carping in my reviews. But the other night I had a revelation. I was walking in the lobby during the intermission of a Philharmonic concert and happened to hear a small, exuberant woman say to a companion, "Don't you *love* Lennie? He shows you just where the agony and the ecstasy are." All of a sudden, it came to me. Mr. Bernstein is a great propagandist for music, and he is said to have brought a whole new audience to the concerts of the Philharmonic. What could be more appropriate for this audience than some guideposts to what it is supposed to feel? I shall refrain hereafter from making comments on his graphic gyrations. Their function is obvious: If you don't enjoy the music, you can enjoy the spectacle of Mr. Bernstein enjoying the music. To see Mr. Bernstein "feeling" a Tchaikovsky symphony, for example, is to participate vicariously in an experience that may someday become genuine.

At last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert, in Philharmonic Hall, Mr. Bernstein exhibited this kind of flamboyance only in the Fifth Symphony of Prokofieff, and, as I closed my eyes, I found his interpretation of this quite noble symphonic work to be technically just and emotionally eloquent. The earlier part of the program had consisted of two Bach concertos in which Mr. Bernstein was chained to a harpsichord. The first of these was a Concerto (not often performed) for Violin, Oboe, and Orchestra in C Minor—a work reconstructed for a conventional baroque ensemble from a surviving Bach manuscript that itself is thought to be a reconstruction of an orchestral original. This turned out to be a composition of great beauty, and it was faithfully performed with the violinist Isaac Stern and the orchestra's superb first oboist, Harold Gomberg, in the solo parts. The second was the more familiar Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in E Major. It was well done, on the whole, but Mr. Stern in a few places reverted to the nineteenth-century habit of *détaché* bowing—something that produces a showy vir-

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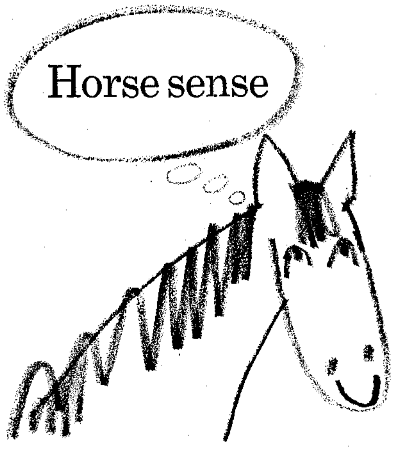
tuoso effect and distorts the baroque style.

"DON GIOVANNI," on Tuesday night of last week at the Metropolitan, was, despite some excellent singing, an odd spectacle. The original Herbert Graf staging seems to have come apart at the seams, producing a group of individual characterizations bearing little relation to one another. The general effect is to accent the comic elements in the opera, since most opera singers are by nature suppressed comedians, and when the Don went to Hell in the last scene, he did so with a whimper and not a bang. On the other hand, many of the individual characterizations were good, and might have fitted beautifully into some *other* production of "Don Giovanni." There was the Leporello of Geraint Evans, which was probably the finest I have ever seen. Done up with a fearful mustache and looking every inch a Spanish cutthroat, he nevertheless showed great refinement in vocal matters and scrupulously avoided the temptation toward clownishness that often overcomes singers in this role. Cesare Siepi was the usual dashing figure in the title role, though he was not in particularly good voice that night. I had not thought that Lucine Amara had the right sort of voice for Donna Elvira, but she surprised me, singing the role quite well except for a few low notes, for which she lacked the requisite power. Teresa Stich-Randall was an exceedingly good, if not a great, Donna Anna, and Rosalind Elias, a mezzo-soprano, sang the part of Zerlina very well indeed, showing that Zerlina's arias are appropriate for almost any kind of female voice. Theodor Uppman is, of course, the prince of Masettos; Nicola Ghiuselev was impressive as the Commendatore; and that old veteran Jan Peerce sang a Don Ottavio of such authority and style that it might have served as an object lesson to the younger generation of tenors. Unfortunately, I thought the conducting of Joseph Rosenstock heavy-handed, though at certain difficult points—the ensemble between the solo cello and Miss Elias in "Batti batti," for example—it was at least supremely accurate.

ON Wednesday night, I attended an out-of-the-ordinary concert in Town Hall, presented by the Wolfgang von Karajan Organ Ensemble. Having never in my life heard more than one organ being played at a time, I found the work of Mr. Karajan (an older brother of the conductor Her-



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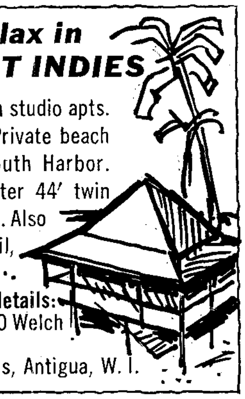


bert) and his two associates—Hedy Karajan (his wife) and a young man named Wolfgang Wunsch—absorbing, to say the least. Their collective instrument is a group of three baroque organs arranged in a roughly cubical mass, with handsome wooden pipes pointing at the ceiling. The three performers sit at their consoles in the three sides of this contraption that do not face the audience, emerging from the woodwork only to take their bows. One of the instruments—played by Mr. Karajan—is a bass (what organists call a contrapositive) affair that would ordinarily be played by pedals but in this case is equipped with a manual keyboard that permits the swiftest and most delicate articulation. An interesting miscellaneous program of baroque organ music was played, including the six-part Ricercare from Bach's "Musikalisches Opfer" and Mozart's Fantasie in F Minor (K. 608). In each case, what would ordinarily be played by a single organist was shared by the three players—an arrangement that makes it easier on each player and leads to much greater precision than one usually hears at organ recitals. The action, moreover (that is, the machinery that conveys the movement of the fingers from the keyboard to the pipes), is mechanical, no use being made of electric impulses or other technological gadgets, and this results in greater intimacy between player and instrument. During the whole program, the effect was not only of exceptional clarity but of considerable gaiety, except in such majestic passages as required more weight—and even here the sound was never booming or bloated. I found it all quite delightful. It seemed to embody a sort of distillation of the baroque manner.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

WEATHER

> But swinging doesn't bend them down
> to stay.
> Ice storms do that.
> —*"Birches," Robert Frost.*

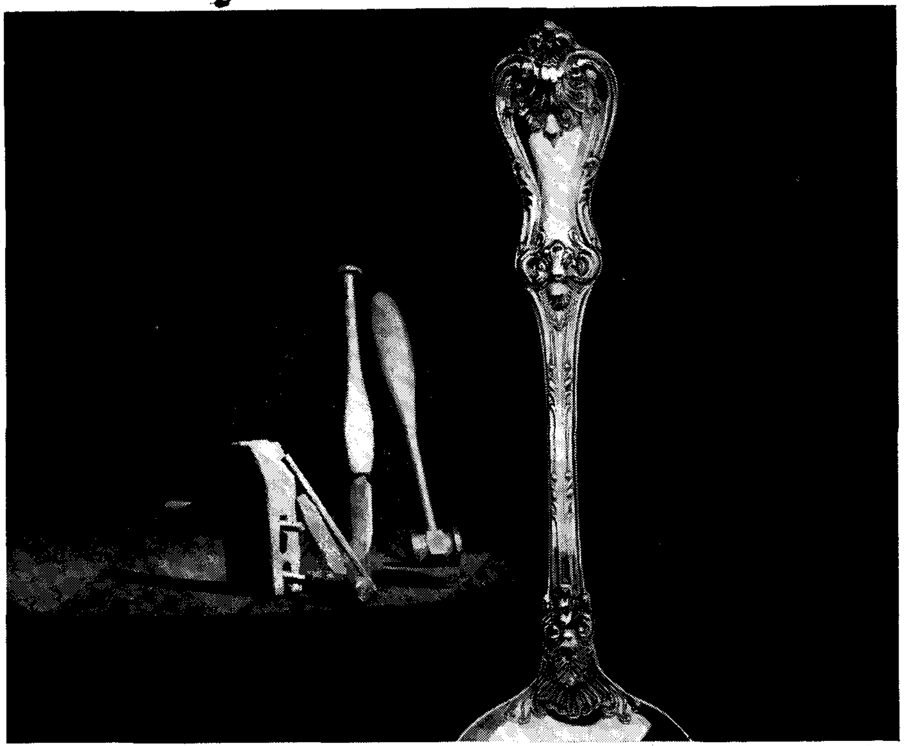
The elm is turned to crystal
The tamarack is glass
An iridescent boneyard
Has taken the place of grass

Someone has piled old shakos
Where there was pine and spruce
The sentimental willows
Weep with no green excuse

But the birch trees stricken double
Cry to the sun click clack
Ours are the only natures
That you cannot give back.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

Once you had to inherit it



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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS

ONE Sunday evening this past autumn, after I had spent the greater part of a fine, clear day anchored in an easy chair in front of the television set watching four football games, I began to wonder when it was that I first became the thrall of sports broadcasting. As nearly as I could figure out, it happened some forty years ago—during the winter of 1926-27, when I was about ten. That was the year the Canadian-American Hockey League was founded, and, like many boys growing up on the rim of Boston, I was soon listening regularly to the radio broadcasts of the home games of the Boston team, the Tigers, although at that time I had never seen a professional hockey game—or, for that matter, any hockey game at all played on a real rink. One night that winter, I had a particularly hot hand at the tuning knobs of the superheterodyne and managed not only to pull in a Quebec station, which was something of a coup in itself, but to get it while a game between the Tigers and the Quebec Beavers was being broadcast. The broadcast was in French, of course, but if you knew the names of the players you could get the drift of the action, and from then on, delighted by the international character of this adventure, I became a regular tuner-in to the Beavers' home games. This experience had two main repercussions. One is my firm conviction that the early exposure to the *joual* of the Québecois sportscasters is the one and only reason I have never been mistaken for a Parisian by Parisians when I speak French. The other was a strictly hockey thing. It came about a year or so later, when my interest graduated from the Canadian-American Hockey League to the National Hockey League—the *major* league—for I then found my allegiance divided between the Boston Bruins and the Montreal Canadiens. At that time, Montreal supported two teams in the N.H.L., but the other team, the Maroons, had practically no players of French extraction, and consequently nothing like the appeal of the Canadiens, whose roster was loaded with names that were wonderful to roll around on the tongue—Aurel Joliat, Howie Morenz, Wildor Larochelle, Sylvio Mantha, Albert Leduc, Pit Lepine, Billy Boucher, Johnny Gagnon, and Armand Mondou, to mention just a few. (Morenz, I later learned, was of Swiss descent, but that was all right, too.) The first time that I had a chance to see the Canadiens in the flesh, I was fortunate in having a very good seat, down close to the rink, and whenever any of the Montreal players flashed past I leaned far forward and listened tensely, hoping to hear them speaking French. They were breathing so hard, though, that the garbled words they shouted to each other sounded like neither French nor English. This was a letdown, but it was the only disappointing part of the evening. The Canadiens looked magnificent in their bright vermillion jerseys, they played with terrific spirit, and they skated so beautifully that I understood immediately why they had been nicknamed the Flying Frenchmen. In a word, they more than came up to my considerable expectations, epitomizing in person, as they had at a distance, all that is romantic in sports. I was not surprised in the least when I later discovered that my feelings about the Canadiens were anything but unique and that most people in the United States who followed hockey were similarly taken with them.

I've mentioned these things because they may help to explain the firm position I took many years later—six or seven years after the close of the Second World War—when the hockey world became embroiled in one of the fiercest and most prolonged controversies in N.H.L. history. At that time, two authentic superstars—Maurice Joseph Henri (the Rocket) Richard, of the Canadiens, and Gordon Howe, of the Detroit Red Wings—had come to dominate the league. Not only did they stand head and shoulders above their contemporaries but they had begun to loom as possibly the two outstanding players of all time, and the question that everyone in and around hockey constantly debated (despite the futility, or pointlessness, of such debates) was, of course, who was the greater, Howe or Richard. Because of my Canadien orientation, I was a solid Richard man from the outset. I willingly admitted that Howe was more nearly the complete hockey player—actually, I had no alternative, because Richard was invisible on defense—but, like all the Rocket's adherents, I was convinced that on the attack Richard was in a class by himself. He had a positive genius for putting the puck in the net. The most astonishing thing about him was his ability to do it at critical moments in important games, even when the entire visiting team had ganged up to stop him and were draped all over him. I remained a loyal Richard man until the classic rivalry came to a close. That took place just before the start of the 1960-61 season, when Richard, who was then thirty-nine, announced his retirement. At that time, he held just about every N.H.L. scoring record, but the one he prized most of all was the number of goals he had racked up during his eighteen seasons in the league—five hundred and forty-four, not counting eighty-two goals in Stanley Cup playoffs. The magnitude of this accomplishment can best be appreciated, I think, when it is pointed out that Richard had bettered the old record by a staggering two hundred and twenty goals, and, furthermore, that only one player stood a chance of bettering the new one—Howe, naturally. When Richard retired, Howe was starting his fifteenth season in the N.H.L., yet he was only thirty-two years old. (He had broken into the big league at the precocious age of eighteen.) Since he had by then amassed four hundred and forty-six goals, it was generally agreed that if his legs held out and he managed to escape serious injury he would surely go on to surpass Richard's monumental total. In 1960-61, a poor season for Howe, he was held to twenty-three goals in sixty-four games, but he came back strong to score thirty-three goals the next season and thirty-eight the season after that, moving to

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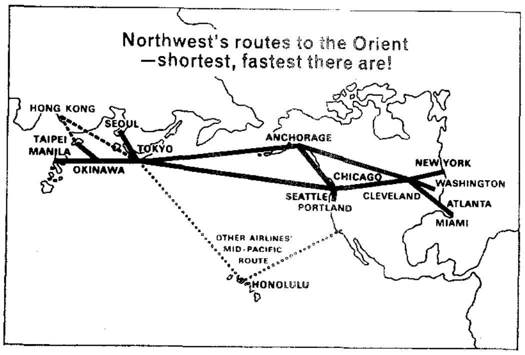
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within four goals of the record. His long chase came to an end on October 27, 1963, when he scored his five-hundred-and-forty-fourth goal, on his home rink, the Detroit Olympia, in a game against the Canadiens. He scored his record-breaking five-hundred-and-forty-fifth two weeks later, the next time the Canadiens came to Detroit. Since then, he has kept on rolling along, with very little apparent diminution in his skills. This year, at the advanced age of thirty-seven, he is still all over the ice, working hard on defense and leading the attack. In November, he passed still another milestone by registering his six-hundredth goal. Again it came against the Canadiens, but this time in Montreal, and it set off one of the most vibrant ovations ever heard in the Forum. Hats, overshoes, galoshes, and programs were hurled onto the ice, and the roaring and stamping went on for a full four minutes. Even during Richard's active career, the patrons of the Forum, while generous in their boos for Howe, had always applauded his brilliant passages, for Montrealers, if they are the most passionate of all hockey fans, are both the most knowledgeable and the most effusive as well; every fine play, whether by a Canadien or a visitor, evokes an outburst of cheers and clapping. After Richard retired, though, it appeared that Montrealers felt a bit more enfranchised emotionally to let Howe know how deeply they appreciated his skills, and as he approached their old idol's record, instead of resenting it they became, with the obvious exception of his home-town fans, his most enthusiastic and articulate admirers. (After Howe set his new mark, the daily *Montréal-Matin* issued a special thirty-two page supplement entitled "Gordie Howe. 1946-1963. 545," which included a detailed tabulation of his goals, special articles about Howe, and many photographs. The introduction set the tone: "*Bien que chez nous les fervents du hockey préfèrent avant tous l'équipe des Canadiens, bien que Maurice Richard demeure dans l'esprit de tous un athlète à la carrière incomparable, il n'en reste pas moins que Gordie Howe jouit de l'estime et de l'admiration de chacun. À la demande de plusieurs, nous avons publié cette brochure qui constitue un souvenir d'un exploit sans précédent.*") Today, while still holding to their conviction that Richard at his very best was in a class by himself, Montrealers—and all old Richardians like myself—know for a certainty that Gordon Howe is the greatest all-round hockey player who has ever lived. In

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truth, we all knew that several years ago. Why everybody has been so slow to state it clearly and without qualification I don't quite understand, but I suppose it has something to do with the fact that Howe's status is so obvious. After all, he has six times been the league scoring champion and six times its Most Valuable Player, and no one is near his career mark for assists (seven hundred and ninety-five), let alone goals (six hundred and fourteen). Furthermore, with Howe going on and on, people have been withholding their tributes, waiting for the proper occasion. For myself, it is occasion enough that he is now midway through his twentieth season in the N.H.L. Two defensemen have played twenty years in the league—Aubrey (Dit) Clapper, of the Bruins (1927-47), and Bill Gadsby, currently a teammate of Howe's—but Howe is the only forward who has managed to keep going that long. When you consider that hockey is the most bruising of all games and that the average N.H.L. forward lasts about six years, Howe's longevity stands as one of the more awesome feats in modern sports history.

WHAT made the Richard-Howe rivalry exceptionally exciting was the extreme contrast their personalities and their styles afforded. It is hard to think of two master athletes less alike. Richard, who was born in the parish of Bordeaux on the outskirts of Montreal in 1921, and who came up with the Canadiens at the start of the 1942-43 season, was a rugged, deep-chested, temperamental, and indescribably colorful man. He was handsome, in a Gallic way, with a shock of black hair and with deep-set dark eyes that projected not only his intensity when he was in action but the awful silent brooding that he fell into whenever he was in a prolonged scoring slump. Richard lived to score goals. Because everything he touched turned to drama, a high percentage of his goals had a special eruptive quality, like Babe Ruth's home runs. During Richard's career, Montrealers kept intricate records of his goals, but they knew them so well that they could describe them in detail without consulting their notebooks. They still can today. By common consent, his most spectacular goals were two that Montrealers refer to simply as "the Seibert goal" and "the Boston goal." The first came in a game against Detroit in the 1945-46 season. Where most hockey players "die"—slow down and falter—when they cross the blue line into the opposing team's defensive

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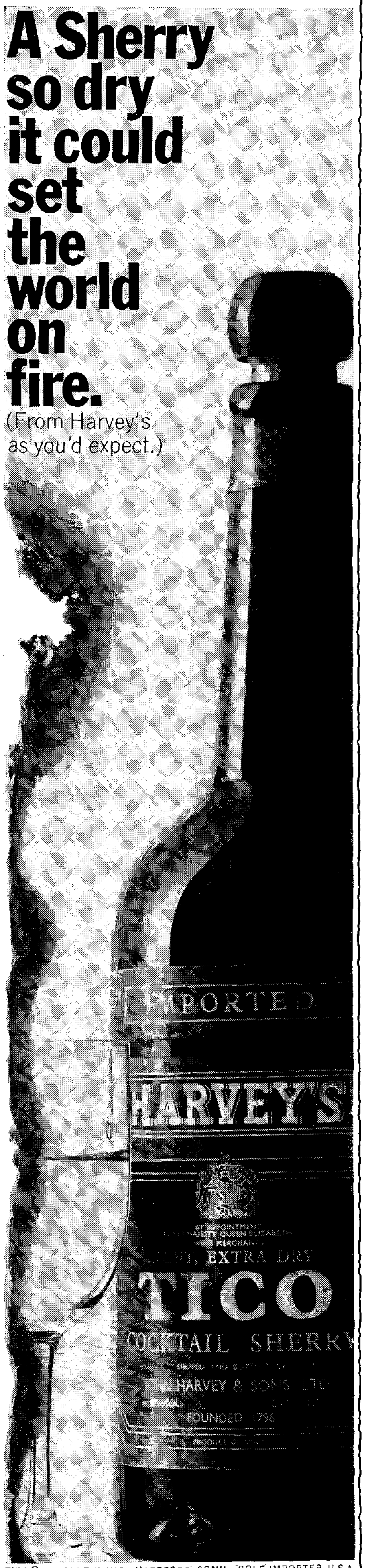
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zone, Richard's reaction was just the reverse: he came alive at the blue line. On this particular play, he was met as he skated into Detroit territory by Earl Seibert, a big, powerful defenseman. Anticipating Seibert's body check, Richard resorted to a move he occasionally used at such moments, bending his head and neck very low the instant before the two men crashed into each other. When he straightened up, the two-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound Seibert was sprawled across his shoulders, immobilizing his left arm, but Richard collected the puck with his free arm and, carrying Seibert with him, drove toward the goal, faked the goalie out of position, and pushed the puck into the open corner of the net. "The Boston goal" was even more dramatic. It came late in the third period of a Stanley Cup playoff game against the Bruins in 1952, breaking a 1–1 tie and winning a crucial game that the Canadiens seemed likely to lose, since they—and Richard in particular—had been playing ragged hockey. Early in the third period, moreover, Richard had received a deep gash over his left eye, but after a hurried patch job by the trainer he returned to the bench and then insisted on taking his regular turn with his line. After a Boston rush had been repulsed, Richard picked up the puck near the Montreal goal and started up the ice. He swerved around Dumart, the wing checking him, and took off along the right-hand boards. At the Boston blue line, the two Bruin defensemen, Quackenbush and Armstrong, moved over to stop him. He slipped past Armstrong with a sudden burst of speed, using his right arm to control the puck, and fending the defenseman off with his extended left arm, which was like a crowbar. Quackenbush, however, skated him into the corner and apparently had him pinned against the boards when, with a galvanic effort, Richard somehow broke loose, retrieved the puck, charged laterally toward the goal, and, pulling the goalie out with a quick feint, drove the puck home. Richard's talent was so furious and so theatrically asserted that even a person attending his first hockey game could appreciate it—though, I gather, one really had to be on the ice to sense how close his feverish drive carried him to the edge of madness. Glenn Hall, the Chicago Black Hawks veteran goalie, has supplied perhaps the best capsule description of Richard. "When he comes flying in toward you with the puck on his stick," Hall said, "his eyes are all lit up, flashing and gleaming like a pinball machine."

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Howe, as I say, is quite a different story. Somewhat larger and rangier in build than Richard, he is long-necked and slope-shouldered, stands six feet, and now weighs a little over two hundred pounds. He has a lean face, a low-slung jaw, light-brown hair, and brown eyes almost as mild as those of a young deer. This facial expression is somewhat deceptive—on the ice, Howe is a very rough customer—but then so are a good many other things about him. For example, he gives the impression of being a not particularly fast skater as he weaves over the ice in long, lazy, almost languid strides, and it is quite a surprise to see him draw swiftly away from a pursuing opponent who seems to be skating like the wind. Everything that Howe does has this effortless air, which is the chief reason the goals he scores seldom have the éclat that Richard's had. (Howe himself has a difficult time remembering his individual goals, and while I was talking with him one day this winter, he confessed that only two goals from earlier seasons are still vivid in his mind—both of them scored on penalty shots, one in 1953 and the other in 1961. He is baffled, in an amused way, by this forgetfulness, particularly since he has no trouble remembering his golf rounds shot by shot.) Three of Howe's milestone goals—No. 544, No. 545, and No. 600—illustrate this point nicely; they looked so simple that one wondered where the defending players had vanished to. On No. 544, the one that tied Richard's mark, the scoring play was started by Gadsby, who fed the puck to Bruce MacGregor on the left wing; as MacGregor swept over the blue line, he passed the puck to Howe, who had broken into the open down the center lane, and Howe, collecting the pass and shooting in the same motion, beat the goalie with a low twenty-foot wrist shot into the left corner of the net. Goal No. 545 came when both teams were shorthanded, each having a player in the penalty box. On a breakaway, Howe carried the puck out of the Wings' defensive zone into the neutral zone, passed ahead to Billy McNeill, and received a good return pass; then, using Gadsby, who had skated up on the left, as a decoy, he slid around the lone Canadien defenseman and scored on a bullet shot from about twenty-five feet out. On No. 600, Howe, stationed to the left of the Canadiens' goal, about eight feet out, got the puck on a pass from the left corner by Gary Bergman and flicked it between the goalie's pads.

It strikes me that a closer exam-

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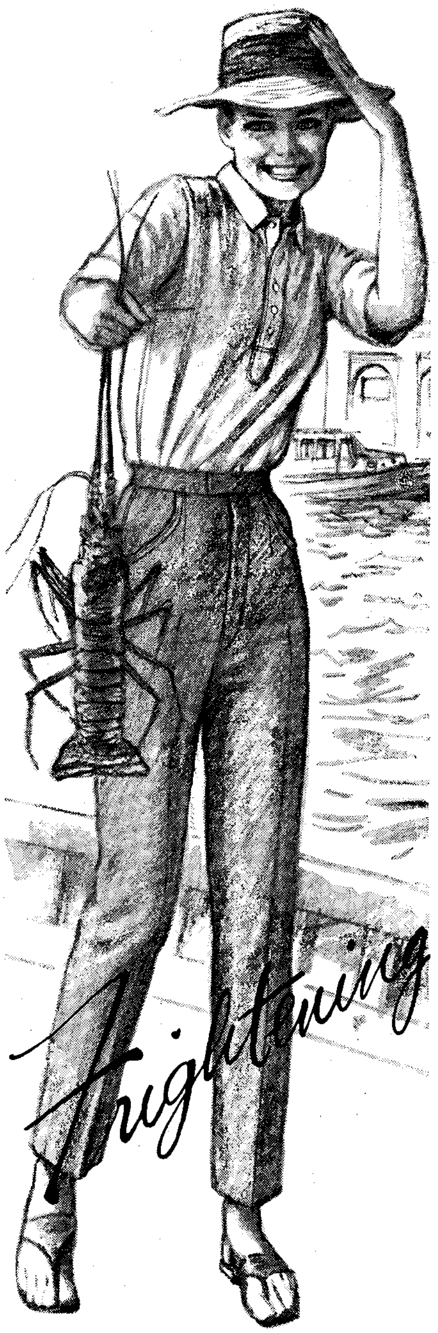

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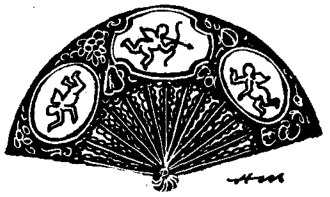
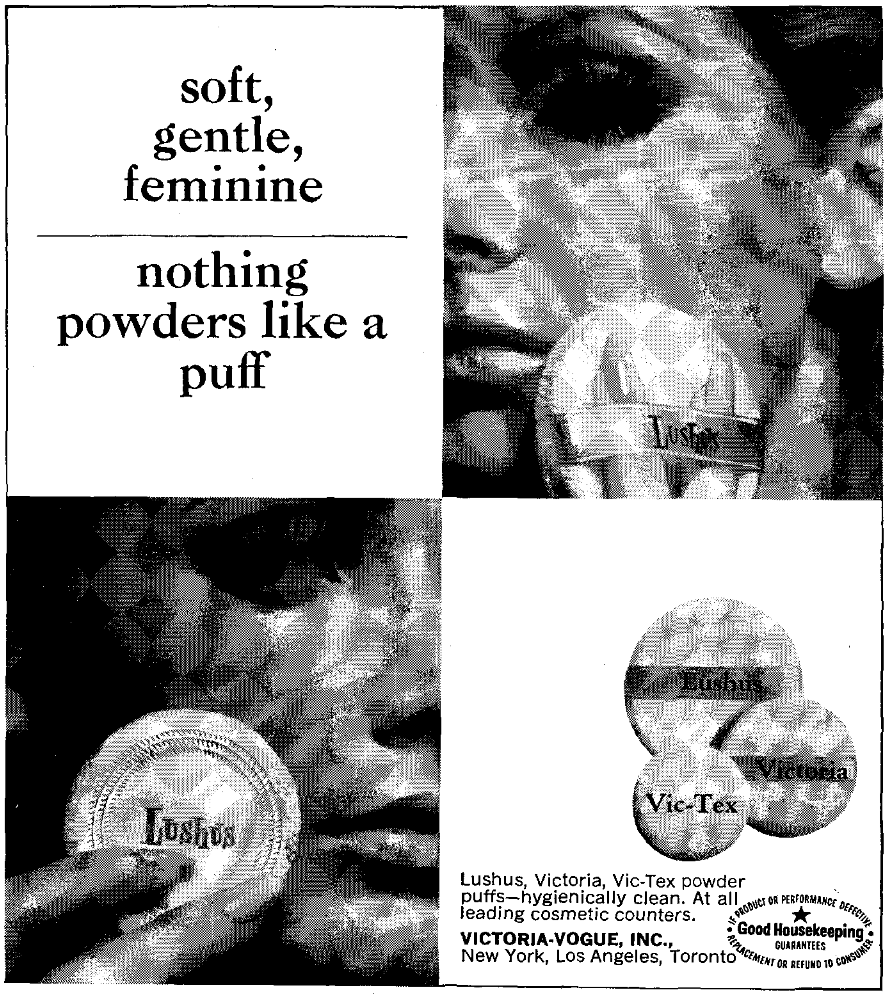


ination of these three goals would bring out certain elements of Howe's artistry that set him apart from other players. The key to the first goal described, No. 544, is the fact that Howe was, as usual, in the right place at the right time. His speed naturally helped him to come swooping in unchecked and receive MacGregor's pass, but many swift skaters would have been somewhere else on the ice. Essentially, it was Howe's superb sense of anticipation that got him there. No one in hockey, now or in the past, has possessed a comparable command of pattern play. Like all the great athletes, and especially those connected with goal-to-goal games, he has built up, through instinct and experience, the ability to know where all the other players, both teammates and opponents, are at every moment. In addition, he is usually able to guess their next moves. Accordingly, Howe plays the situation and not the individual players. On the attack, when he doesn't have the puck he is always shifting position, coolly and deliberately, so that he will be in the correct spot to receive a pass, and when he has the puck he is able to assess the tactical possibilities immediately and select the maneuver that will allow him to set up a teammate, or himself, for a good shot on the goal. (I am reminded of the instructions that John Walter, the veteran sportswriter of the Detroit *News*, gives to novice spectators he brings to watch the Wings—"Just keep your eye on Number Nine, Gordie Howe, and you'll see most of the action.") The surprising thing about Goal No. 545, the combination play with McNeill, was that this was one of those infrequent occasions on which Howe elected to take the shot himself when a teammate—Gadsby this time—was also in an excellent position to shoot. Howe loves to score, but there is a lot of Bob Cousy in him and he derives almost as much satisfaction from engineering an imaginative pass that leads to a goal. There are few better shooters, though. Howe has a blistering and accurate right-hand shot, and, like Richard and nearly all the other prolific scorers, he never telegraphs it; even when you have come to know that he will be shooting an instant before you expect him to, he is still a split second ahead of you. Moreover, Howe is ambidextrous. He can shift his hands on his stick in a twinkling and cut loose with a left-hand shot that is almost as fast and exact as his right-hand shot. This is a uniquely Howeian talent, and fans who have followed his career closely like to point out that when he scored the two fastest goals of his career, on the fifth of December last year (they came just eighteen seconds apart), the first was a right-hand shot from the right wing and the second a left-hand shot from the left wing. As for Howe's six-hundredth goal, the one in which he converted Bergman's pass from the corner, it provides an ideal illustration of how he uses his rare combination of enormous physical strength and reflexive finesse. On this play, he was anchored some eight feet in front of and to the left of the goal when he took the pass. It is the job of the opposing defensemen to ride forwards like Howe out of position in these situations, but Howe's legs are so powerful—and his shoulders and elbows so fluid—that once he plants himself it is very hard to budge him, and on this play no one could. When Bergman sent the puck out to him, Howe was set at a forty-five-degree angle to the goal—facing half toward the passer and half toward the goal—with a defenseman harrying him closely on the left. Holding the defenseman off with his left shoulder, Howe let the puck slide across his body before he reached out with his stick and jabbed it between the goalie's legs. Almost any other player in such a spot would, in his eagerness, have tried to take the puck earlier, and in doing so he would have exposed himself and made it relatively easy for the defenseman to bump him off the puck or at least hamper his shot. Since subtleties of this order are inherent in just about everything Howe does, it takes a truly knowledgeable spectator to recognize his virtuosity. Where the explosive character of Richard's exploits called Babe Ruth to mind, Howe's feats can probably best be likened to those of Joe DiMaggio, another master craftsman whose grace, timing, and technique made the most difficult plays seem routine. What has ever looked easier than DiMaggio's way of going after a long, hard-hit fly ball—the way he turned his back to the plate almost at the crack of the bat, loped a few fleet strides toward the fence, and then swung around so beautifully positioned to catch the drive that the ball fell into his glove as soft as a marshmallow! Howe is also reminiscent of Jimmy Brown, the Cleveland Browns' fullback, in that his style conceals his power. When Brown starts on a sweep around end, holding himself quite erect and skittering along with both feet close to the ground, he doesn't appear to be an especially savage ball-carrier, and it is confounding to see tackler after tackler bounce off him as if he were a Michelin man made of the hardest rubber. Brown, of course, is much faster, much shiftier, and ever so much stronger than he looks. So is Howe. He may, in fact, be the strongest man in professional hockey as well as the most polished technician.

HOWE was born in Floral, Saskatchewan, a granary depot on the edge of Saskatoon, on March 31, 1928, the second son of Albert and Katherine Howe. (He had eight brothers and sisters.) While he was still a baby, the family moved into Saskatoon, where his father worked as a cement contractor, and the young Howe grew up there. He got his first pair of skates when he was five. During the depression, many people in the western provinces were hit very hard, and a neighbor who was short of money sold the Howes (who were themselves on relief for a time) a sackful of old skates for a dollar and a quarter. Like most boys in the area, Howe lived on skates during the long, harsh winters, skating to school and back on the frozen roads, and keeping his skates on while he ate his meals, so that he wouldn't lose a moment of hockey. "We played wherever the ice was best," he recalled recently. "A good many families made small rinks for their kids by flooding one of their fields. We used those rinks a lot, and when they were under snow we used a small barn that a farmer flooded and made into a pretty good little rink. There was always someplace to play. Sometimes we got the bus driver to pack the snow down under one of the street lights and we'd play foot hockey there at night, using a tennis ball for a puck. We were skating all the time, too. Sometimes we skated on the Saskatchewan River, between the piers. Sometimes the area around Saskatoon would catch the tail end of a chinook and the warm air would melt the snow off the sloughs—the marshy ponds—so if you got a quick freeze right after that, you could skate on the sloughs for miles." As a boy, Howe started out tending goal, but he got his size quickly and decided to become a defenseman. He was rather ungainly on skates, but he had the hockey bug even worse than most Canadian boys. When he was around twelve, he played for five teams, including two different church teams. By that time, he had shifted to right wing. To improve his accuracy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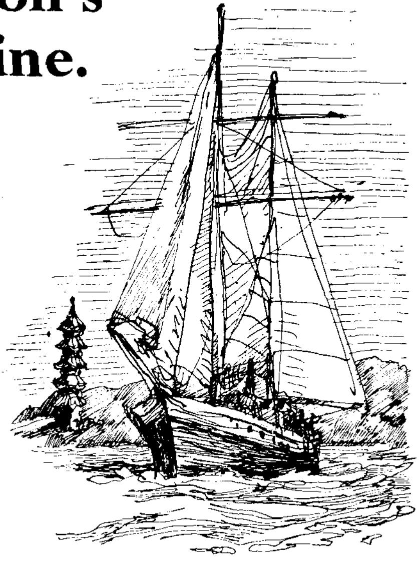

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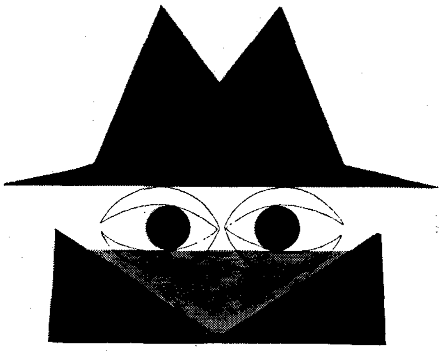

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as a shooter, he spent hour after hour during the summers snapping a puck at chalked-off targets on a shingled strip on the family's front porch, and eventually he knocked almost all the shingles off. During his summer vacations, he also worked on construction projects as a cement thrower, and this strenuous labor unquestionably increased his exceptional natural strength. In the early autumn of 1943, when he was fifteen, he took himself to Winnipeg to attend the New York Rangers' tryout camp, hoping that he would look impressive enough to be signed by the Rangers and sent out to a team in their farm system. No one paid much attention to the tall, shy, awkward boy, and he returned home after only a day or two. That winter, however, he was spotted in action with the Lions Club Midgets in Saskatoon by Fred Pinckney, a scout for the Red Wings, and was offered a tryout at the Red Wings' camp, in Floral, the next fall. There he was signed to a Wings contract and farmed out to a junior-league amateur team, the Galt Red Wings. After one season, he was advanced to the Wings' top farm team, the Omaha Knights, of the United States Hockey League. As a seventeen-year-old, he scored twenty-two goals and became such a favorite of the local bobby-soxers that after the games he took to climbing out of the dressing-room windows to escape them. He was promoted to the Red Wings at the start of the 1946-47 season.

Howe was not an instant sensation in the National Hockey League. In the fifty-eight games he played in his first season, he scored only seven goals. (Two years before that, Richard, then in his third season in the N.H.L., had set a new league record by scoring fifty goals in a fifty-game schedule.) Even so, Howe's immense potential was clearly evident, and the following season Jack Adams, the Wings' veteran coach, put him on the first line with two of his best players. (As a rule, a hockey team uses three forward lines and changes lines about every two minutes.) These were Ted Lindsay, a tempestuous twenty-two-year-old left winger, and Sid Abel, a late-blooming twenty-nine-year-old center who had returned to hockey after serving in the Canadian armed forces during the war and found himself playing far better than he ever had before. Since it represented Detroit, the line of Lindsay, Abel, and Howe inevitably came to be called the Production Line. Still and all, it was an apt name, for during the five seasons the Production Line operated (it was broken up in 1952 when Abel,

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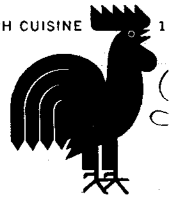

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his playing days near an end, accepted an offer to coach the Chicago Black Hawks) it was far and away the most productive line in the league and the principal reason that the Red Wings won the N.H.L. pennant the last four of those seasons. In 1947-48, Howe's first season on the big line, he scored sixteen goals and assisted on twenty-eight—a fairly acceptable season. His over-all play showed marked improvement, but he exhibited, as he had in his freshman year, two substantial failings. One was a youthful penchant for misusing his talent in exasperating ways. Abel, who is now the Red Wings' coach and general manager, remarked not long ago, "Gordie would come in and stickhandle beautifully around a defenseman. Then he'd swing back and stickhandle around the same defenseman again, beating him a different way. I guess he just wanted to show him that the first time was no fluke." Howe's second failing was more serious: he diminished his effectiveness by incurring many needless penalties. Every hockey coach is pleased when he finds that his young prospects do not shy away from body contact, but Howe went too far; not only was he unintimidated by the roughhouse artists on the opposing teams but he positively looked for fights. "What do you think you have to do, Howe—beat up the whole league, player by player?" Adams recalls asking him one day. "Everyone knows you can fight. Now settle down and play some hockey." An operation for a torn cartilage in his right knee caused Howe to miss twenty games of the 1948-49 season and generally slowed him down, but in the 1949-50 season, playing no less aggressively than before but with a conspicuous new self-possession, he suddenly came into his own. With thirty-five goals and thirty-three assists, he was the third-highest scorer in the league, only Lindsay and Abel compiling higher point totals. And then, just when he was on the verge of greatness, he suffered an injury that almost ended his career then and there.

It is never pleasant to discuss injuries, but the fact is that they have to be discussed in any consideration of a game like hockey, which is not only a contact sport but, to use Duffy Daugherty's phrase about football, a collision sport. What makes hockey so thrilling to watch is that the players, because they are on skates, move at speeds up to twenty-five miles an hour. It is the fastest game in the world, and consequently one of the most dangerous. Every hockey player, whether he is a boy just learning the game or an estab-

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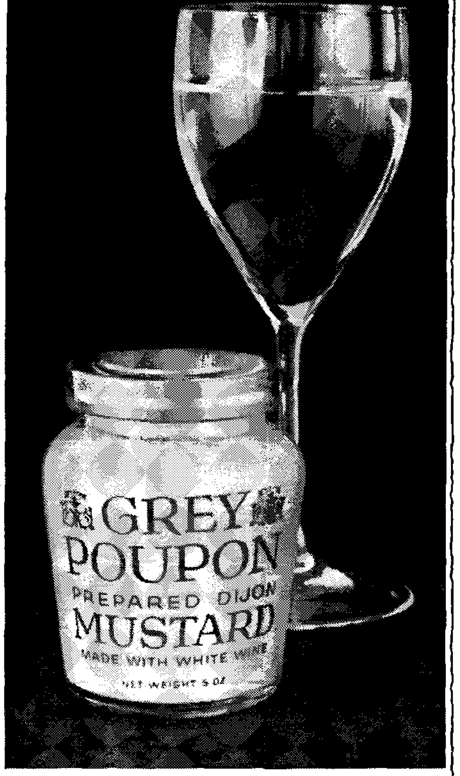

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lished professional, knows that he is always in danger of breaking a leg, an ankle, an arm, a collarbone, or something else, and he accepts that risk as part of the game. There is no other way in hockey. Take the case of Maurice Richard. In his last two years as an amateur, he missed the better part of both seasons, the first year owing to a fractured left ankle and the second owing to a fractured left wrist. Upon being given a chance by the Canadiens the next season, he started like a house afire, only to fracture his right ankle in the sixteenth game. He recovered well from that injury and went on to play seventeen more seasons in the N.H.L. All in all, Richard missed a hundred and seventy-two games because of injuries during his big-league career. He kept on playing hockey because he loved it and could not bear to be out of it; indeed, in each of his last three seasons the old lion came back after a major injury—a severed Achilles' tendon, a broken tibia, and a depressed fracture of the facial bone. The injury that befell Howe in 1950, however, was ten times as serious as any of these. It was sustained in a freak accident. In a playoff game against the Toronto Maple Leafs, Howe, driven into the side boards by Ted Kennedy, the Leafs' combative center, hit the boards face first with a violent thud. He got to his feet by some dim instinct, took a few wobbly steps, collapsed to the ice, and went careering headlong into the back boards. He was taken, unconscious, to Detroit's Harper Hospital, where it was found that he had suffered a severe skull fracture, with damage to the brain. He was operated on immediately, and during the next two days he hung close to death. Then he proceeded to make a fantastic recovery. By June, he was well enough to undertake a full summer of baseball in the Northern Saskatchewan League, and after hardening himself further at the Wings' pre-season training camp he was ready for hockey again. That season, 1950-51, he not only played every game of the rugged seventy-game schedule but, holding nothing back and comporting himself every bit as aggressively as he had before his accident, came through with forty-three goals and forty-three assists, to lead the league both in goals and in total points. The following three seasons, he played the full schedule without missing a game; in two of them he again led the league in goals (with forty-seven in 1951-52 and forty-nine in 1952-53), and in all three he led in total points. Howe has continued to be lucky in

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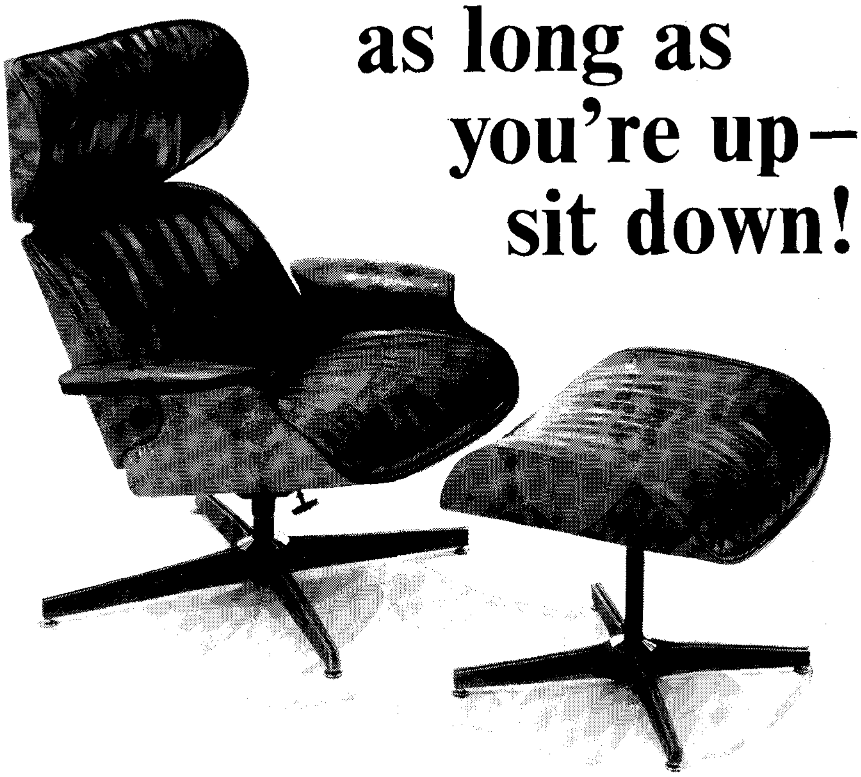
avoiding serious accidents, and, in fact, has proved a marvel of hardiness. In the sixteen seasons since his nearly fatal accident, injuries have kept him out of only nineteen games.

Something that has undoubtedly contributed to Howe's astounding longevity is his chronic readiness to tangle with anybody on the ice and his proficiency at taking care of himself whenever he does. It is common practice in hockey to try to slow down the stars of the opposing team by treating them rough, but any man who picks on Howe does so at his peril. Howe is not the overt rowdy that his old linemate Lindsay was—Lindsay was the sort who would trip up his own grandmother if she was skating in on goal—but, for all of Howe's innate gentleness when he is off the ice, there is a definite mean streak in him once the action starts. On many occasions, the measures he has taken have struck even his most devoted admirers as going well beyond the point of self-protection. Howe sees these things differently. Unless a player keeps asserting himself, he believes, the opposition will quickly interpret this as a sign of weakness and proceed to climb all over him. Today, beginning to gray at the temples, Howe is as quick to respond to provocation as he was when he was a fresh rookie up from Omaha.

On the other hand, Howe's style of play has undergone discernible changes since those early days. In general, his career breaks down into three distinct periods: 1947 to 1952, when he was the youngest member of the celebrated Production Line; 1952 to 1957, the five seasons between Abel's departure and the trade that sent Lindsay to Chicago, when Howe and Lindsay constituted perhaps the most fearsome one-two punch in the history of the game; and the years since then, during which Howe has been the acknowledged leader and field general of the Red Wings. During the first period, he gradually learned how to fuse his individual talents with those of his more experienced linemates, and in time he became at least as adept as they were at moving into "the hole" at the proper moment on a three-man rush, and at feeding one or the other a blind pass at the exact instant that either had gained a step on the man covering him. Howe began to work much more assiduously on his hockey during the second period, though, when he and Lindsay, tangentially supported by whoever was centering their line, operated as a two-man gang. They spent hours before and after the team's regular practice sessions perfecting their timing on certain set



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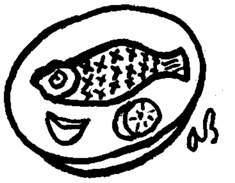
plays. In one of their favorite patterns, Howe would carry the puck into the opposing team's defensive zone along the right wing and camp a few feet past the blue line; Lindsay, who had skated up on the left wing, would then streak in toward the goal at top speed, and at this moment Howe, whether he had remained stationary or was skating forward again, would, without looking, whip a fast cross-rink pass just to the left of the goal—precisely where Lindsay was arriving at that instant, poised to deflect the puck past the goalie. In time, the two developed a fine baroque variation on this play. Howe studied the way the puck came off the back boards at the various rinks around the league until he was quite expert at banging long drives into the boards at the exact angle that would produce a rebound just to the left of the goal—where Lindsay would be waiting. They worked this play best, of course, on their home rink, where Howe acquired a formidable knack for hitting his target—a narrow board only inches to the left of the cage.



During the second period of Howe's development, his main fault was a propensity for letting the other players do the grubby hard work, and there were stretches in which this detachment bordered on plain loafing. Then, after Lindsay's departure, when Howe became the leader of the team, he finally reached full maturity. In these recent years, while the Red Wings have never been without other first-class players—Red Kelly, Marcel Pronovost, Alex Delvecchio, and Norm Ullman are the four who come first to mind—it has been clear that as Howe goes so go the Wings. Once Howe had accepted this responsibility, he began to play with an ardor and a team-consciousness he had never displayed before. In tight games, in addition to taking his regular turn with his line, he sometimes filled in on the two other forward lines. He was used on power plays when the opposition was shorthanded because of penalties, and also when it was the Red Wings who were shorthanded. He was on the ice in some games for forty-five of the sixty minutes, and seldom less than forty minutes. (The average forward sees between eighteen and twenty-four minutes of action.) Howe the team man did everything. He back-checked closely, he helped the defense cover the opposing stars, he carried the puck out of the defensive zone when a steady hand was needed, he set up play after play on counterattack, and he continued to score goals. He showed an even greater sense of responsibility after being appointed an assistant coach in 1961, and it has appeared to increase steadily since. One of his new ideas was that on road trips a rookie and a veteran should be paired as roommates so that the newcomer would quickly come to feel that he was a real part of the team. For the same reason, whenever a new player joined the Wings, Howe, who has been a family man for a dozen years, had him out to the house for dinner at the first opportunity. Today, Howe still averages well over thirty minutes of ice time per game. Although it now takes him longer to recover his wind and his strength after taking a turn with his line, he is always looking for extra duty, and it is a common sight, whenever a Red Wing player has been penalized, to see Howe place his hand on the board in front of the team's bench as a signal to Coach Abel that he is ready for duty as a "penalty killer." Not long ago, Gadsby said, "Last year, we surprised everyone by winning the pennant, and this year we've surprised everyone by staying in the thick of the race. They don't see how we do it. On paper, Montreal, Chicago, and Toronto look like they have much superior teams. Well, we have a dedicated coach, we play hard hockey, and in Howe we have the most inspirational player in the league. When the young kids on our club see how Gordie hustles at his age, going into the corner after the puck and twisting and spinning and coming out with the damned thing—why, it lifts the whole team. He's the guy who makes us go."

FOR a full decade, Howe has been Detroit's No. 1 athletic hero—more popular and respected than any local baseball or football star. His position is remarkably similar to the one that Stan Musial has enjoyed in St. Louis; he is "Detroit's own Gordie Howe," just as Musial, whose long career was spent entirely with the Cardinals, is "St. Louis's own Stan Musial." As a pillar of the community, Howe is regularly asked to represent the athletic fraternity on important occasions, and his name frequently appears on the letterheads of civic committees, including a recent one that was formed to raise funds for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. A completely unaffected, genuinely modest man with a nice sense of humor, Howe, despite the demands on his time and attention, manages, as many athletes do not, to be unfailingly courteous to his fans. The night he scored his five-hundred-and-forty-fifth goal, he stayed on at the Olympia after the game until every last autograph seeker had been obliged—a stint that took him more than an hour. And although his mail is heavy, he answers every fan letter personally. Unlike Musial and many other sports celebrities, Howe has not cashed in on his popularity by opening a restaurant—though, heaven knows, Detroit could use a good one—but he is one of five stockholders in Gordie Howe's Hockeyland, a successful rink in the Detroit suburb of St. Clair Shores. The rest of his supplementary income comes chiefly from a tieup with Eaton's, a chain of Canadian department stores, for which he tests sports equipment and does public-relations work, and from a hockey column that is handled by the Toronto *Star* syndicate and currently appears three times weekly in sixty-eight newspapers. Howe and his wife, Colleen, have made their home for some time now in Lathrup Village, a suburb about ten miles from the center of Detroit. They have four children: Marty, eleven (he is named after a former teammate of Howe's, Marty Pavelich); Mark, ten; Cathy, six; and Murray, five (he is named after another former teammate, Murray Oliver). The two older boys have inherited their father's love of hockey and not a little of his athletic ability, and they are standouts on a local team, the Roostertails, that competed last winter in the International Pee Wee Hockey Tournament, in Quebec. Mark, the ten-year-old, has skated since he was five, and is an exceptional player for his age. He has a naturally confident attitude, and recently reported to his father that he had finally learned the secret of handling rebounds. "You have?" Howe said. "Well, you'd better let me in on it."

Howe's year, like every hockey player's, is divided into two distinct sections—the eight months from September, when the long season begins with training camp, through April, when the playoffs end; and the four other months, during which Howe, except when he is doing missionary work for Eaton's, is free to enjoy himself. A large part of his off season is devoted to other sports. He is a former batting champion of the Northern Saskatchewan League, and when he was younger he liked to take batting practice occasionally with the Detroit Tigers. A long-hitting 3-handicap golfer, he has played in the Michigan Open, but his

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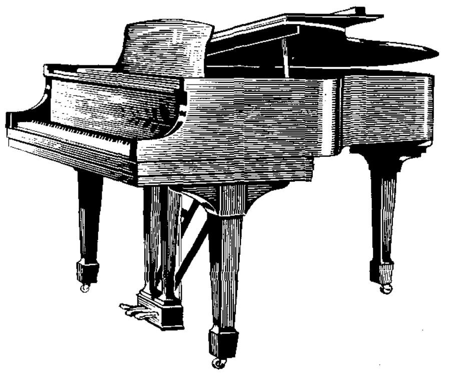

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most noteworthy golfing feat was a 67 he shot in a friendly round last summer at Red Run, a fairly long and testing course on the periphery of Detroit. Once every summer, he gets in some fishing in northern Ontario, where his two older sons go to a camp. Whenever he makes a trip to Canada, he is sure to bump into old hockey friends and foes. He and Maurice Richard get along fairly well. "Richard is so much more relaxed now," Howe says. "He has a couple of sons who play hockey, and we talk a lot about our boys and the problems they face because of their fathers' reputations. Richard says that when a player's kids are young and cute everyone is awfully nice to them, but when they grow up people can be pretty unkind about their shortcomings. I'll bet he's right about this."

During the off season, Howe's weight regularly climbs to two hundred and twenty pounds—almost twenty pounds above his playing weight. In late July, therefore, as his first step in getting ready for another hockey season, he cuts down on his consumption of liquids and heavy foods, and all but lives on salads. In August, he puts on skates again and serves as an instructor at an annual two-week hockey school for boys he runs at Gordie Howe's Hockeyland. He is also on the faculty of a school that the Red Wings run at the Olympia. These preliminary workouts help him to limber up his legs and arms, but the serious conditioning begins in September, when he reports to the Wings' training quarters, at the Olympia. This season, when the N.H.L. campaign started in late October, Howe got off to a fairly slow start. It took him fifteen games to score his fifth goal—the six-hundredth of his career—but after that he moved into high gear, scoring eight goals in the next nine games. During that stretch, I saw him play a game—a very good one—against the Rangers in New York, and a bit later I saw him in two more games, the first in Detroit, against the Black Hawks in mid-December, and the second in Montreal, against the Canadiens on Christmas Night. My main reason for picking a Wings-Hawks game was that I wanted to watch Howe and Bobby Hull in action at the same time. Hull, the Hawks' twenty-seven-year-old left wing, is currently the best young player in the league. A stupendous scorer, he has averaged thirty-three goals a year during his eight seasons in the N.H.L., and this year he is almost sure to smash the league record of fifty goals in one season. While Hull is still a long way be-

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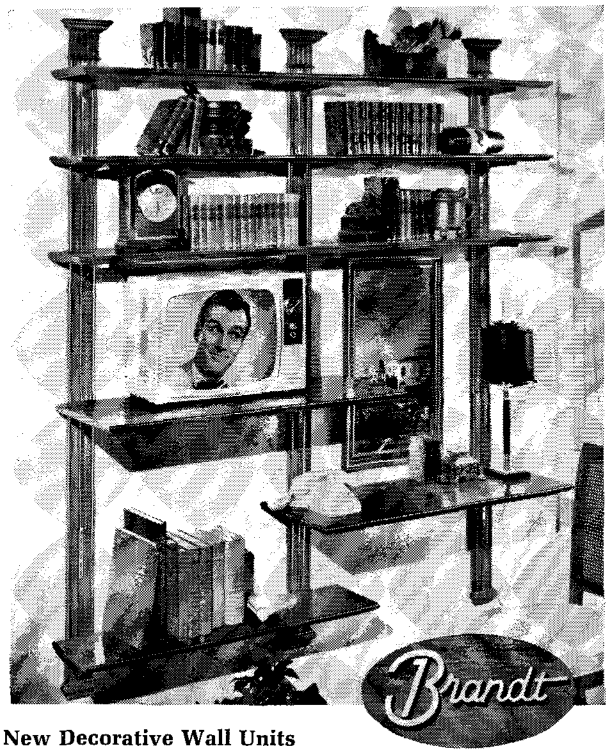
hind Howe, he stands as the chief threat to the permanency of Howe's record for total goals scored. Like Richard, Hull has a style that is much more arresting than Howe's. A burly, blond young man, he is a magnificent skater, and there is no doubt that he provides the most electrifying moments in hockey today when he gathers a full head of steam and comes roaring up the ice hellbent on circling the defense or bulling his way through it. He also has the fastest shot in the league—a stiff-armed slapshot whose speed has been measured at a hundred and eighteen miles per hour. It is not uncommon for him to beat the goalie clean with it from fifty feet out. I hoped that the Wings-Hawks game might produce a stirring personal battle between the youthful Hull, the so-called Golden Jet, and the veteran Howe, the glistening classicist, but it didn't. In a low-key game, which Detroit won, 3–1, Hull made a few dazzling sallies, and drew an assist on the one Chicago goal, but, all in all, it was not a really lustrous evening for him. Howe was not in top form, either, but he played a good, solid game and scored one of the Wings' goals—a typical Howe goal, crisp but not dramatic. It came on a power play while Chicago was a man short as a result of a penalty called on Hull. The Wings were in control of the puck in the Hawks' zone when Howe broke in toward the goal from the left, collected a sharp pass in from Andy Bathgate, and shook off a Hawk defenseman as he whirled around and fired a low ten-foot shot into the far corner of the cage. "That's one more goal Hull will have to get to catch Howe," a Detroit fan remarked to me, and I suppose that if there was any significance in their quiet encounter that evening, it was this.

I had much better luck on my expedition to Montreal. I always get a lift when I visit the Forum, because the crowd is so full of life. This time, the majority of the fans arrived very early, and during the warmup period before the game a knot of them gathered at rinkside to get Howe's autograph. He skated over and signed a couple of dozen programs. I had never seen anything like this before at a hockey game, and I said to myself, "How nice of them! How nice of him!" When I studied the lineups in my program and read through the evocative names on the Canadiens' roster—Jacques Laperrière, Jean-Claude Tremblay, Jean Beliveau, Claude Larose, Claude Provost, Robert Rousseau, Henri Richard, Jean-Guy Talbot, Gilles Tremblay—I



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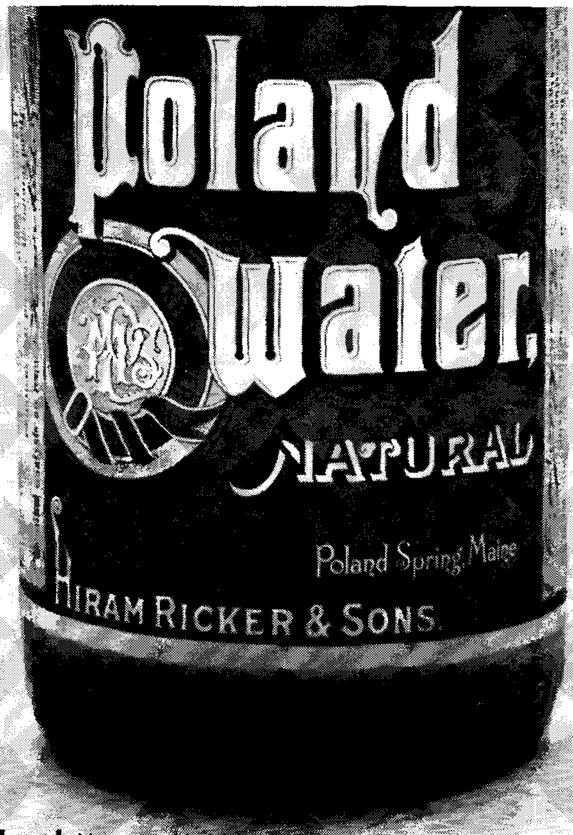

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was transported back to my boyhood days when I was discovering the French language and hockey simultaneously.

The game started at what I thought was a moderately fast pace. The Montreal fans appeared to think differently, for whole sections of spectators began stamping their feet in rhythmic unison, and a lone trumpeter near the rafters brayed a few satiric bars of "Taps." The pace gradually accelerated. Midway through the first period, Detroit went out in front when Delvecchio scored on a pass from Howe. It was not a picture-postcard goal. Delvecchio carried the puck into the Canadiens' territory on a solo rush and was stopped by the two defensemen; Howe, trailing the play, came up fast, got the loose puck, and flipped it adroitly between the two defensemen to Delvecchio, who was by then in the clear beyond them; Delvecchio skated in, and Worsley, the Montreal goalie, had no chance on his shot. Near the end of the period, when a penalty on the Wings gave the Canadiens a one-man advantage for two minutes, Howe drew his first big hand of the evening. Sent out on the ice to help kill the penalty, he intercepted a Montreal pass and used up fifteen valuable seconds ragging the puck in the neutral zone and keeping it away from the Canadiens buzzing around him. He received another hand when he went off the ice, moments later. Then, only a few seconds before the penalty time was due to expire, the Canadiens, who had been putting tremendous pressure on Crozier, the Wings' goalie, finally broke through. Henri Richard, a younger brother of Maurice (a full fifteen years younger, in fact), fed the puck to Rousseau, who passed it across the mouth of the goal to Provost, whistling in on the right; Provost lifted it over Crozier's leg into the near corner of the net. It was a pretty play, and the Forum erupted with applause and the din of several thousand hands banging on iron railings, metal fixtures, and anything else that would make a noise.

Another such demonstration took place early in the second period, when the Canadiens went into the lead on a goal by Gilles Tremblay. Richard set this one up, too. A smaller man than the Rocket, and a much less dynamic scorer, the Pocket Rocket is nevertheless an absolutely first-class hockey player. He is a center, and he is a restless play builder. His stickwork is good, and he is rated, along with Hull and Dave Keon, of the Maple Leafs, among the three best skaters in the league. On this play, Richard carried up the center

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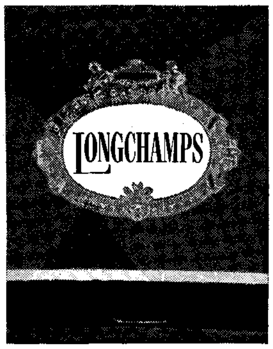

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lane, swung to his left as he entered Detroit territory, doubled back to his right, and, as he did so, made a short, deft pass to Tremblay as Tremblay was crossing in front of the Detroit defensemen. Throughout this game, Richard's line (Tremblay-Richard-Provost) and Howe's (Ullman-Delvecchio-Howe) were opposing each other. In the middle of the second period, after the two lines had had an exceptionally long turn on the ice—almost three minutes—the Canadiens decided to change lines on the fly. While the switch was being made, Howe got the puck as it came out of a mixup at center ice. He loped into the Montreal zone with no Canadien checking him, skated forward a lazy stride or two, stopped thirty feet out, and then skated forward another slow, investigatory stride. As the right defenseman moved out to meet him, Howe faked the shot that everyone expected, then slid the puck forward to Ullman, who had been left uncovered twelve feet in front of the goal. Ullman's rising shot bounced off Worsley's chest and into the goal, and the score was 2–2. The game had developed into a duel between young Richard and Howe. Very interesting.

The third, and final, period had hardly got under way when Provost, entirely by accident, caught Howe on the forehead with his stick. Howe was forced to repair to the bench to shake off the effects of the blow, and in his absence the Canadiens scored their third goal. Once more, it was Richard who made the play. He bolted down the ice on breakaway and, drawing the single Detroit defenseman over as he flared to his left, centered a perfect pass directly in front of the goal; Laperrière, a young Montreal defenseman who had hustled into the play, batted it past Crozier. Howe was ready to rejoin Delvecchio and Ullman when their line took its next turn, and in no time they had got that goal back. On this sortie, the Montreal defense stopped the first thrust, but the Wings kept hounding the puck and prevented the Canadiens from clearing it down the ice. Ullman at length dug it out of a scramble in the right-hand corner and relayed it laterally to Delvecchio, behind the Canadiens' goal. Delvecchio was bumped off the puck as he tried to pass out to Howe, but in the ensuing melee it slithered out in front of the goal. In a flash, it was in the goal. Howe, breaking out of the tangle of bodies, had pounced on it and jammed it past Worsley. The roar that followed was louder than any that had saluted the Canadiens' goals, and it was repeated

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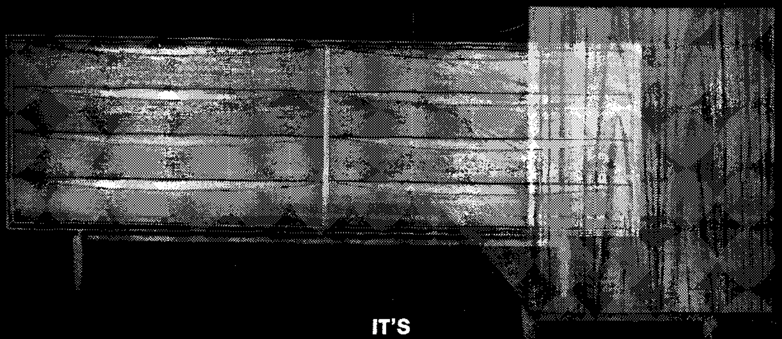

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THE PLACE WHERE EVERYONE MEETS

a moment later when the official announcement of the goal came over the public-address system, first in French and then in English. Now the score was Montreal 3, Detroit 3—or, if you will, Richard 3, Howe 3. As it turned out, Montreal and Richard had the last word, Richard climaxing a superlative performance by scoring the winning goal from seven feet out on passes from Provost and Laperrière with only two minutes and eleven seconds left to play. But what a terrific show Howe, too, had put on! It was all the more impressive when you stopped to realize that here he was, in his twentieth season, duelling with what amounted to a second generation of Richards.

IN Montreal, as in several other N.H.L. cities, it is customary at the close of each game for some expert or dignitary to select its three outstanding stars, in descending order of brilliance. And who do you think had been tapped to do the honors that evening? Maurice Richard. Seconds later, the public-address announcer informed us of Maurice's selections: first star, Henri Richard; second star, Jacques Laperrière; third star, Gordie Howe. Laperrière had played an excellent game, but just the same I thought that Maurice Richard might have been a little more generous toward his old rival. So did the cabdriver who took me back to my hotel. An elderly French-Canadian, he puffed slowly on a Belvedere cigarette as we made our way up St. Catherine Street, chatting about the game. The Canadiens' home games are nearly all televised, and he had parked his cab and watched the second period and most of the third in a bar. "*My* first star I give to Henri Richard, yes, but my second star I give to Gordie Howe," he said. "Gordie Howe is the best hockey player I have ever seen, you know. Maurice Richard—marvellous player. But I think Gordie Howe is stronger than Maurice Richard, you know, and he is more the artist. He does not force. He take it easy. He is all the time like me smoking a cigarette in my taxi."

I told him I agreed with him, and I did, but even so I thought he could have been a bit more generous to the old Rocket.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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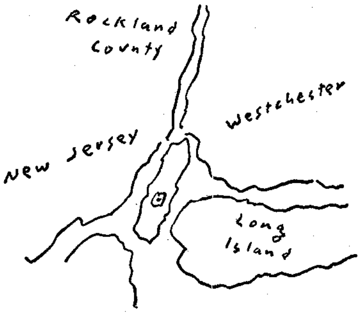
The continent of Asia has the largest population in the world, bustling because nappers hide from sight.—*Silver City (N.M.) Daily Press.*

And *stay* hidden.



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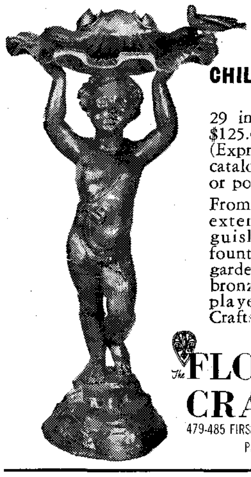

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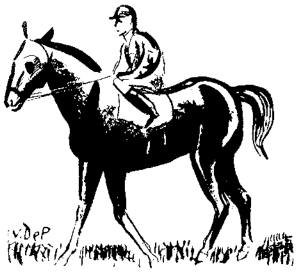
THE RACE TRACK

Live One

I DON'T suppose Convex, who won the Seminole Handicap at Hialeah last weekend, is likely to be the Horse of the Year this time around. Nor am I picking him for the Widener there a week from Saturday. Nevertheless, he deserves more than passing mention, for he's on the upgrade and is also the sort who injects the unexpected into racing. We could do with a few more like him. On his recent form, he should have been shorter odds than 15–1, but hardly anybody looked beyond Roman Brother for the winner. From the start, Convex went smoothly, and, putting in his best licks in the last quarter, he won by more than four lengths. Selari was second and Pia Star third. Roman Brother, who went off at odds-on, passed several tiring horses to finish fourth. As I watched him on TV, he bore little resemblance to the gallant racer who gave such thrilling performances last autumn, earning him Horse-of-the-Year honors. Incidentally, it seemed to me that the lads and lasses who delight in plunging on favorites to run third should have presented a testimonial emblazoned on parchment to the management for having no show betting on the Seminole. If there had been, the hotels on Miami Beach would have had more checkouts than you could shake a stick at.



TALLY another for Graustark. Earlier in the week, the Darby Dan Farm colt preserved his unbeaten record, scoring a four-length victory over Impressive, Fleet Admiral, and four other three-year-olds in the seven-furlong Bahamas Stakes. In his four previous starts, he zipped out of the gate, but this time, whether by accident or design, he was no better than fifth for the first quarter; then, going into high gear, he swept past Impressive in the stretch. Next on his schedule is the Everglades Stakes on the twenty-third, in which, one hears, he may meet Buckpasser. This is interesting, for Eddie Neloy, who trains Buckpasser for Ogden Phipps, hasn't set a date for the colt's first appearance this season. Neloy, by the way, must have a good line on how Graustark compares with Buckpasser, because Impressive, who was second in the Bahamas, is a stablemate of Buckpasser's, and no doubt they have worked together. And, if you haven't heard, Buckpasser will be ridden by Shoemaker in his important engagements.

Hirsch Jacobs knocked off another big one at Santa Anita last Saturday—the Santa Margarita Handicap, the prize of the meeting for fillies and mares. Straight Deal did the trick for him after a neck-and-neck battle with Pollen down the stretch. It was Jacobs' second score of the week. Four days earlier, he saddled Be Suspicious for the Pasadena Stakes, and she beat eleven other three-year-old fillies. Word also comes from California that Priceless Gem, the star of the Jacobs stable, is galloping smartly in her workouts, and may have an outing under colors before she comes East next month.

Bowie is having the unluckiest meeting that the oldest Maryland racegoer can remember. The track was snowbound for days, there was an outbreak of swamp fever in one of the stables, and one night last week forty-four horses lost their lives in a fire that destroyed five barns. The meeting got going again last weekend, and on Saturday a crowd of more than fifteen thousand bet $1,607,838 on the nine races. The most interesting of these were the two divisions of the Bowie Handicap, which had its forty-ninth running. In the first one, Wide to Right, the favorite, won from Jovial Jeff, Misty Lad, and seven others; in the second, Faultless Light beat Steve Leo Jr., winner of his last two starts, in a lively finish, with Old Daddy third. Faultless Light paid a $15.80 mutuel.

One for the Snowbirds: Lincoln Downs, in Rhode Island, opened the season in New England last Saturday to a crowd of 17,517. The winner of the Inaugural Handicap was Flying Hat. —Audax Minor

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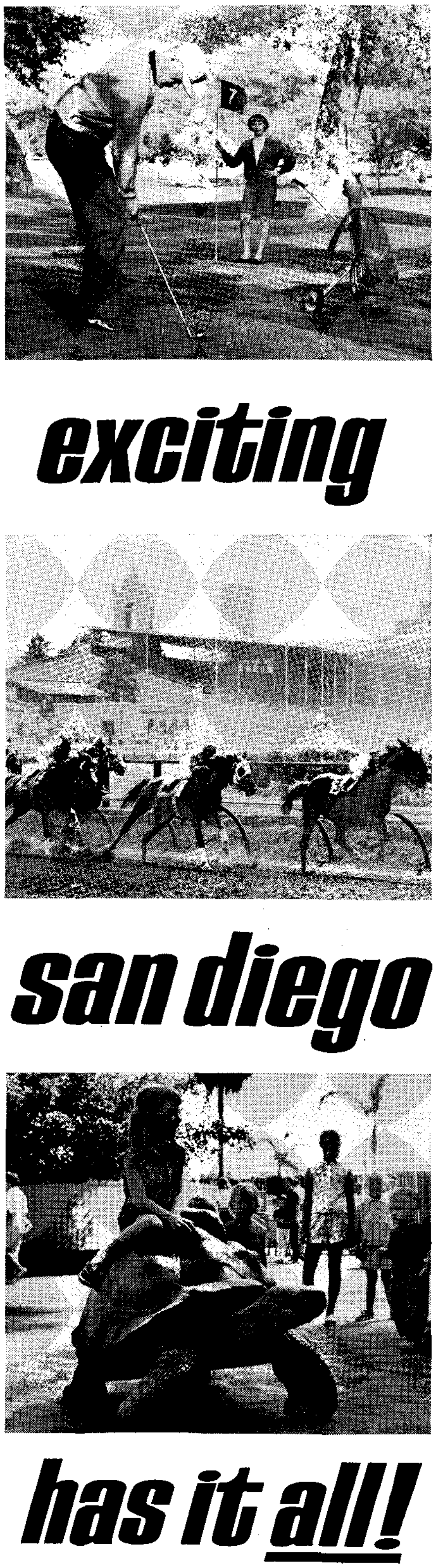
Meanwhile, City Tragic Engineer Ben Robinson said additional steps have been taken to relieve the traffic congestion.
—*Birmingham (Ala.) Post-Herald.*

Just give the news, please.



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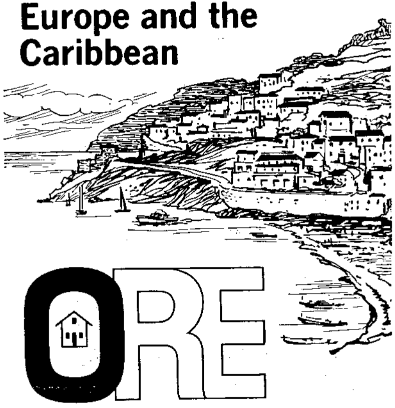
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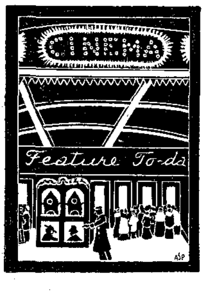
THE CURRENT CINEMA

New Crusoes

"THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX"—a beautiful, Jamesian title, though the movie has more in common with the novels of Nevil Shute than with those of the Master—is an admirable specimen of one of the oldest and most satisfactory formulas for producing a lively melodrama; to wit: Take a man, deprive him, through a sudden, unexpected change of environment and fortune, of the conventional cushionings of civilization, and then show how, by dint of courage and resourcefulness, he contrives to reduce to nullity, or perhaps even turn to advantage, the worst hazards that grumpy Mother Nature can place in his path. The formula received its classic embodiment in the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, a hero with whom we are practically helpless not to identify ourselves. We are nearly all born tinkerers, with a secret longing to have our bent for survival put to the test; we tend to assume that, if need be, we could find plenty of ways of keeping house on a desert island, to say nothing of inventing, in an idle hour, the wheel, the safety pin, and the telephone. (I myself happen to have devised a method of making water run uphill, but I am unwilling to divulge details until the Patent Office has examined my drawings, which it appears curiously reluctant to do. Envy is everywhere.) Men outwitting calamity and death against crushing odds make a tale hard to fail at, and "The Flight of the Phoenix" would have provided moderate entertainment no matter how ploddingly it had been executed; what it deserves to be especially commended for is that it succeeds in seeming so fresh and ingenious. The screenwriter, Lukas Heller, working from a novel by Elleston Trevor, and the director, Robert Aldrich, have sailed into their story as if they thought they were telling it for the first time, and so—such is the sleight of hand of art—it becomes the first time.



A rickety old twin-engine plane is seen lumbering above the Sahara. On board are its aging bush pilot, its alcoholic navigator, a young German plane designer, a French doctor, a British Army captain and his sergeant, and an assortment of oil-company workers on their way to a new outpost in the desert. A fierce sandstorm causes one of the engines to conk out, and the plane is obliged to crash-land in a sea of desolate dunes, many miles off course. At first, the men assume that they will be quickly rescued; after a day or so, they begin to suspect that if they are to survive at all it must be by their own efforts. They have water enough for ten days and an almost unlimited supply of food in the form of pressed dates, but since they cannot hope to reach the nearest place of habitation on foot, how are they to escape? Obviously, by air, but no less obviously their plane is a wreck. The young German designer proposes that they fashion a new and much smaller single-engine plane out of the remains of the big one. "Impossible!" snorts the bush pilot, and "Impossible!" say we in the audience, though with the intensely pleasurable sense that, somehow or other, we are going to be proved wrong. And how fascinating it is to watch the miracle of dismantling, construction, and successful flight take place before our very eyes! I sat transfixed, like a Walter Mitty whose long-suppressed daydream of combining a superb technical competence with cool courage under terrible stress was at last being made manifest in word and deed.

Mr. Aldrich has taken care to assemble a first-rate cast for his "Phoenix." James Stewart, Hardy Krüger, Richard Attenborough, Peter Finch, and Ronald Fraser are all splendid in their roles as, respectively, the pilot, the designer, the navigator, the captain, and the sergeant. In a coda, we are reminded that the famously daring stunt man Paul Mantz lost his life in the course of helping to make this picture.

"ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE" is a rum enterprise in many ways. It is a joint Russian-Italian picture, shot in Russia, and, except for the Americans Arthur Kennedy and Peter Falk, who have comparatively small parts to play but who receive, on this side of the water, star billing, the actors are either Russians or Italians. The episodic plot of the picture, which half a dozen all too busy writers are given credit for inventing, concerns that sector of the Russian front during the Second World War on which Italian soldiers saw action along with their German allies.

The Russians and the Italians were, of course, sworn enemies, but you would be hard pressed to learn it from the evidence presented here. The title of the picture, which can be translated as "The Italians Are Good People," is scarcely a third as long as it ought to be; for accuracy's sake it should read, "The Italians Are Good People and the Russians Are Even Better People and the Germans Are a Bunch of Stinkers." I admit that this makes for a rather simple-minded view of the historical events of 1942, but then the picture *is* simple-minded, even if judged as well-intentioned propaganda. Mussolini's murderous Black Shirts aside, only a single Italian soldier ever fires a shot in anger; instead, the Italians attempt to establish loving relations with the very people, soldiers and civilians alike, whose dear homeland they are in the process of conquering and pillaging. The episodes that dramatize this schizophrenic operation might have been drawn from popular-magazine fiction of fifty years ago, but I am bound to admit, in the very midst of my irritation with it, that the picture is uncannily better than it has any warrant to be. The director, Giuseppe De Santis, and his director of photography, Antonio Secchi, have managed to fit their pinchbeck materials inside a framework of true value; we forgive much silliness, and are even, on occasion, much moved by softly beautiful scenes of the Russian countryside in summer and by harshly beautiful scenes of that same countryside ravaged by winter and combat. Mr. De Santis and Mr. Secchi believe with all their hearts that war is hell, and again and again they find the means of expressing this in pictures. It is sad to see their humanity and crafts-

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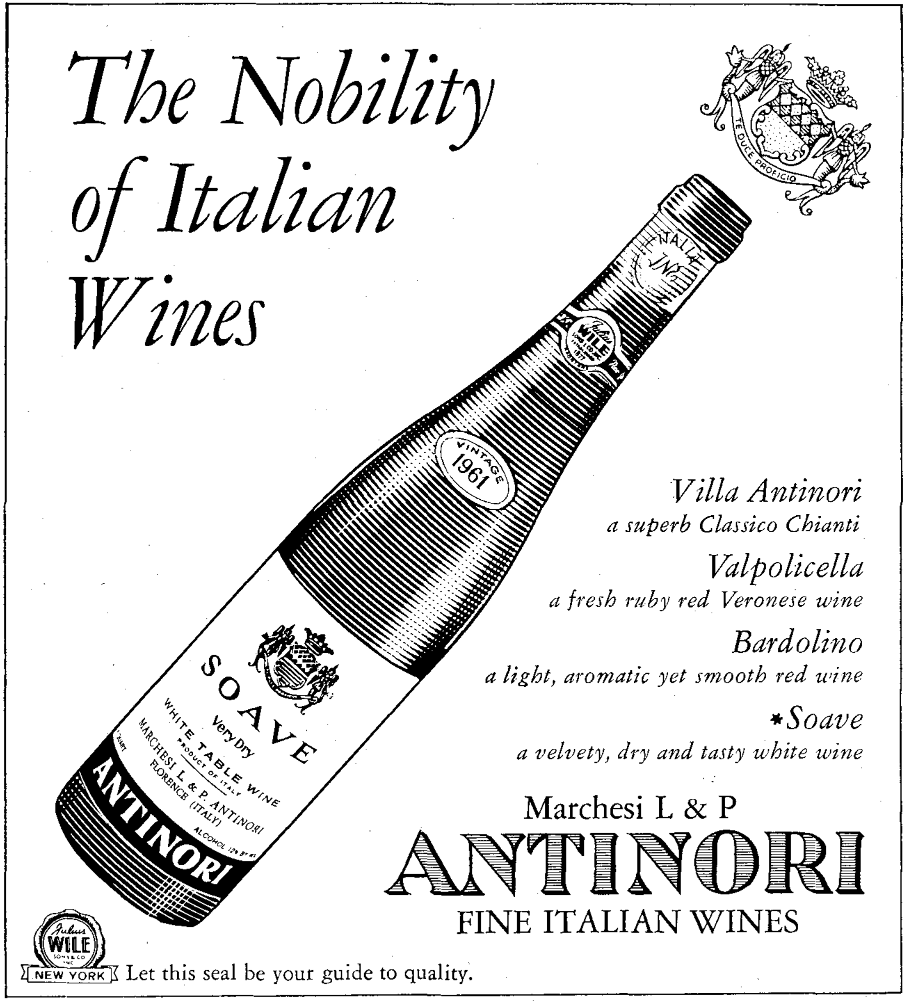

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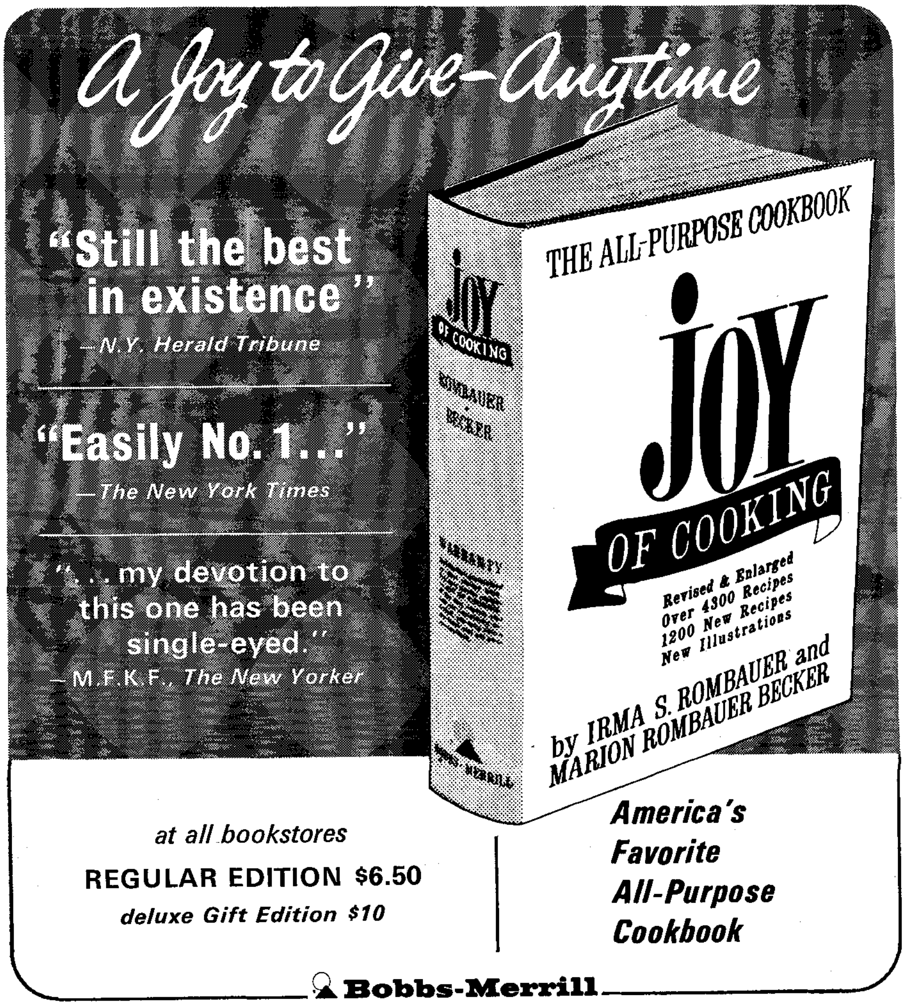

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manship spoiled by so much trumpery nonsense.

HERE is still another expert thriller—"Where the Spies Are," starring David Niven as a gentle English doctor who, intending to pass a quiet vacation in the South of France, finds himself in Her Majesty's Secret Service in Beirut, foiling fiends. The plot is often absurd, but, unlike "Thunderball" and "Our Man Flint," it never slips over the border into self-parody, and I respect the picture for respecting my capacity for believing almost anything about the nefarious conspirators who, *I have learned from* books, fill every nook and cranny of the Near East. The pleasantly witty screenplay is by Wolf Mankowitz and Val Guest, and the direction is by Mr. Guest. Françoise Dorléac plays a double agent who justifies her perfidiously serving England and Russia by an analogy with her cover job as a fashion model—after all, she poses for both *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*—and Edward LeMesurier is wonderfully suave as the Secret Service man who recruits the doctor by offering him a Cord car even rarer than the Cord he possesses. At the end of the picture, the poor doctor is being carted off on a stretcher and the Cord is still in his future. By now, I trust, he is up and about and scorching the winding byways of West Sussex, 'twixt Petworth and the Witterings.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

MOST FASCINATING ANECDOTAL STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Concord (Mass.) Journal*]

As the world gets smaller and one gets older, "isn't it a small world stories" become more and more common.

Mrs. Alfred P. Landers of 2 Laurel St., a worker at the Tri-Con Gift Shop, in the Wright Tavern, was standing in front of the shop one day when she became aware of a couple staring at her. After giving her skirt a tug to make sure her slip wasn't showing, she made her way back to the shop.

Sometime later she looked up from the counter to see the couple. They asked if she was the same woman who had been outside the shop a short time before, and she told them she was.

•

To summarize, may I state without qualification that no Internal Revenue employee is considered guilty until proven innocent.—*From a letter written by Bertrand M. Harding, Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Internal Revenue, and quoted in the Congressional Record.*

Yes, you may state that. We like it.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Sir Michael and Sir George, by J. B. Priestley (Little, Brown). This polite and beautifully costumed English free-for-all, which is set in present-day London, involves chiefly Sir Michael Stratherrick and Sir George Drake, who are the heads of two rival arts foundations, and Miss Shirley Essex, an astonishingly beautiful young girl who is very good at typing and also at scheming. There are many spectacular and articulate characters in the book, but the tension—always a nonchalant, peculiarly Priestley tension—lies between the two baronets, who are loosely locked in a struggle for professional survival, and between the handsome, rakish one, Sir Michael, and the elusive Shirley.

Note: "Swans on an Autumn River," a collection of short stories by Sylvia Townsend Warner, has been published by Viking. Most of them appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Five Journeys from Jakarta, by Maslyn Williams (Morrow). This is the best book that anyone has yet written about the Republic of Indonesia, a huge state potentially rich and, lately, incomprehensibly inimical to the West. Mr. Williams, an Australian newspaperman whose interest in his subject is sharpened by proximity—Australia, after all, shares the island of New Guinea with Indonesia—took himself, with considerable discomfort, all over, and talked to as many Indonesians as he could. For all their differences, they had in common, first, a nearly mystical reverence for President Sukarno; second, a quasi-racist conviction of the moral superiority of East to West (and of Indonesia to Great Britain and the United States); and, third, a habit, which Mr. Williams was never able to adjust to, of holding contradictory beliefs without perceiving their incompatibility. Mr. Williams' honest bewilderment is as enlightening as his facts about places that other reporters hardly ever visit. His style is at once forthright and sensitive.

Born in a Bookshop, by Vincent Starrett (Oklahoma). The late Burton Rascoe once said that Vincent Starrett was the only writer he ever met who looked like a literary man; it could be added that he is one of the few left who write like one. This autobiography, which is subtitled "Chapters from the Chicago Renascence" (no one ever explains what that celebrated renascence was a rebirth *of*), tells of its author's birth (not in a bookshop, just close to one) and upbringing in Toronto, his years as a reporter on Chicago papers, and his emergence as something he calls a bookman. It is salted with anecdotes of the old days in Chicago—Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, the *gemütlich* afternoons at Schlogl's Round Table, and all that—and scented with evocations of such of Mr. Starrett's old literary enthusiasms as Arthur Machen and Richard Le Gallienne. Photographs.

The Strange Career of Jim Crow, by C. Vann Woodward (Oxford). A revised and up-to-date edition of one of the most valuable books in the entire canon of race relations in the United States. It was Mr. Woodward who in 1955 reminded a forgetful South that segregation of the Negro was not at all an inviolate tenet of the Southern way of life, that for many years after the Civil War Negroes mixed freely with whites in the South, and that the most rigorous opponents of separation of the races by Jim Crow laws were the leaders of Southern society themselves. In the present volume, Mr. Woodward recapitulates his primary thesis and then goes on to discuss the "unanticipated developments" of the last eight or ten years, which have resulted in what he calls the Second Reconstruction.

Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes, by Jacques Ellul, translated from the French by Konrad Kellen and Jean Lerner, with an introduction by Konrad Kellen (Knopf). The author defines "propaganda" so broadly that he includes nearly every kind of commu-

Helen MacInnes

THE DOUBLE IMAGE

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Günter Grass

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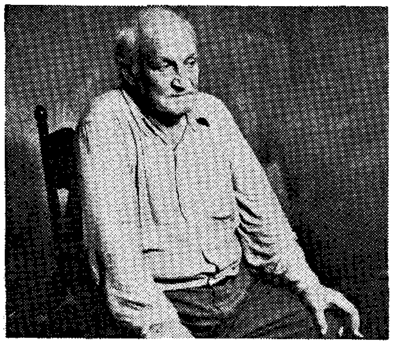

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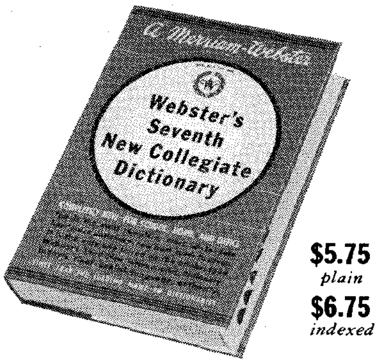

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nication—even conversation—and a vast variety of motives, too. (By his criteria, beach-party movies would be "unintentional propaganda" for the American way of life.) He protests that no one can escape the detrimental effects of propaganda. Though the work is closely, even tediously, argued, it rests on fashionably gloomy but largely unexamined hypotheses about the predicament of man in modern society.

GALAXIES, NUCLEI, AND QUASARS, by Fred Hoyle (Harper & Row). Mr. Hoyle's newest book is a kind of status report on astrophysics and cosmology. While much of it is based on lectures given to more or less general audiences, some of it is rather technical. However, the reader may take comfort in the fact that the most obscure parts of it have to do with esoteric refinements of Hoyle's steady-state cosmology, which, one gathers from newspaper reports, he has now abandoned. The first few chapters can be read with understanding by anyone with a taste for astronomy. They are concise, clear, and filled with wonderful photographs of galaxies—some exploding, some rotating, and some apparently in collision.

ANTHOLOGY OF CHINESE LITERATURE FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, edited by Cyril Birch, with the assistance of Donald Keene (Grove). With its forthcoming sequel, covering modern times, this will be the most comprehensive anthology of Chinese literature in English. It is a remarkable Chinese banquet indeed—drinking poems and didactic biographies, cynical love stories and operatic plays, philosophical letters and lyrical religious tracts. It is all a delight, but perhaps most interesting to us now are the poems of the Zen monk Han-shan, circa 800, fittingly translated as beat poetry by Gary Snyder, and the beautiful, macabre poems of Han-shan's contemporary Li Ho. Ten dollars.

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The head of the P. Lorillard Company said yesterday that the health warning on cigarette packages would have little impact on sales.

Speaking at the company's national sales meeting in Dallas, Manuel Yellen, chairman and chief executive officer, said:

"I think the American public is too intelligent to pay any attention to that type of warning."—*The Times.*

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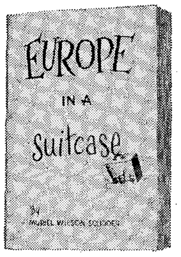

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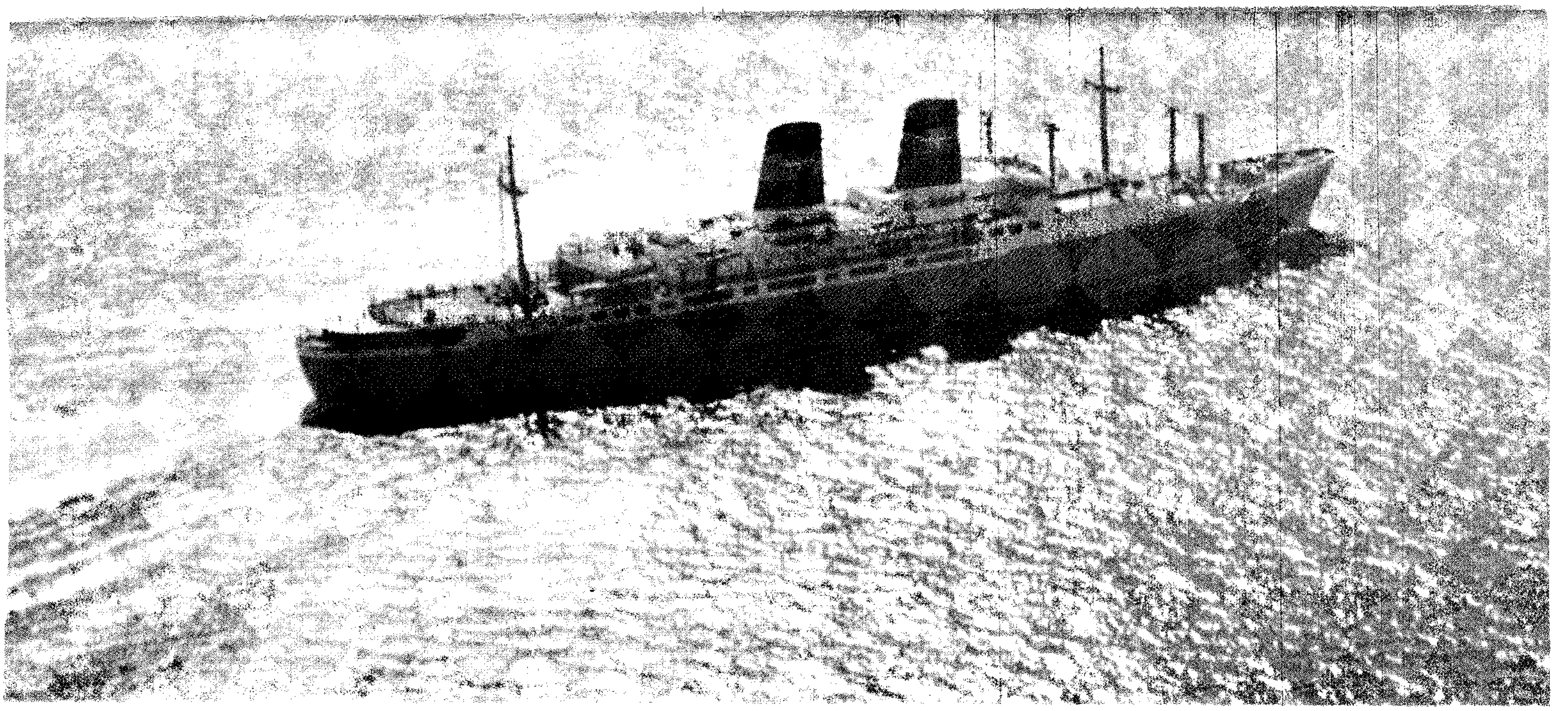

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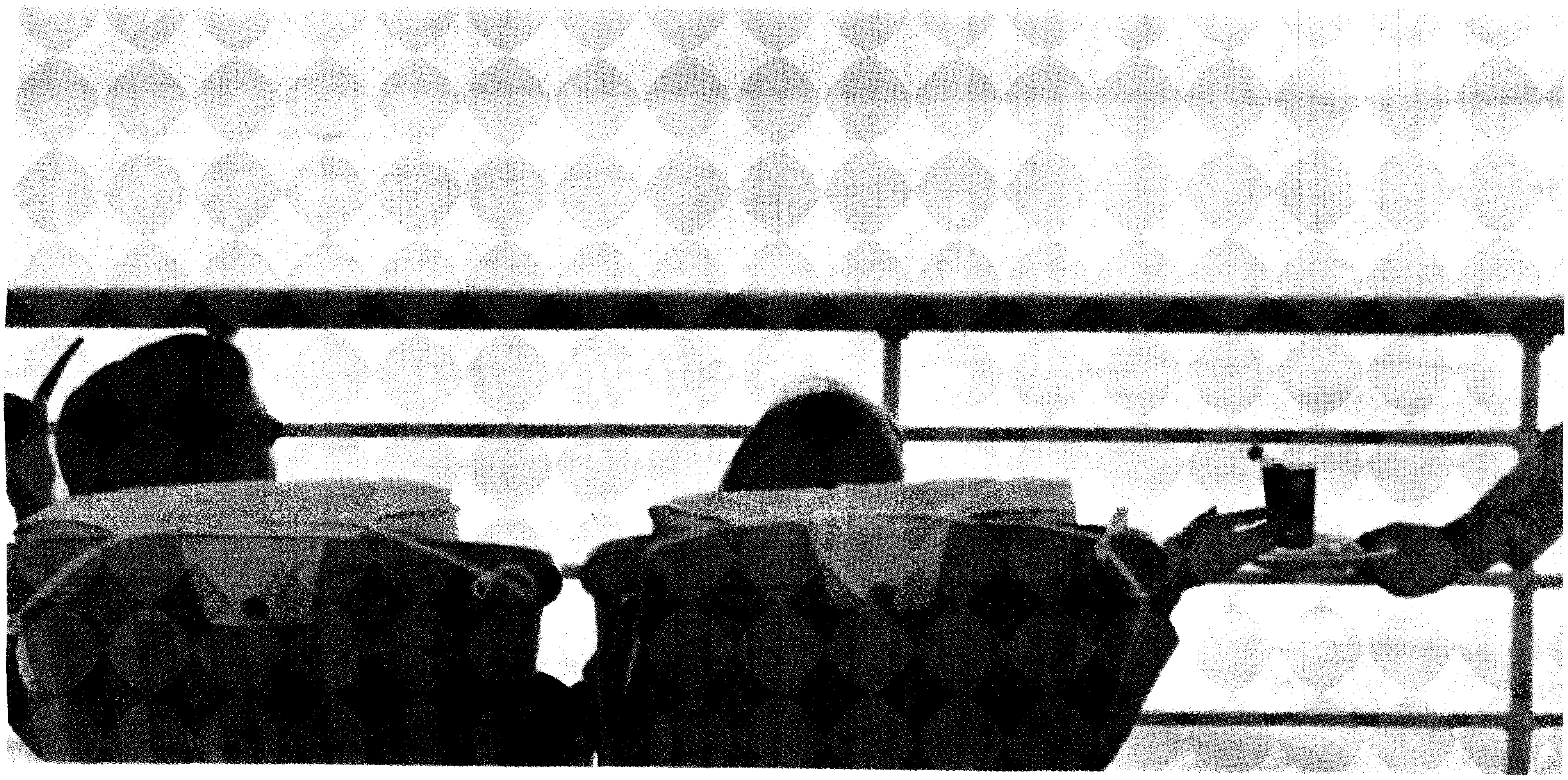

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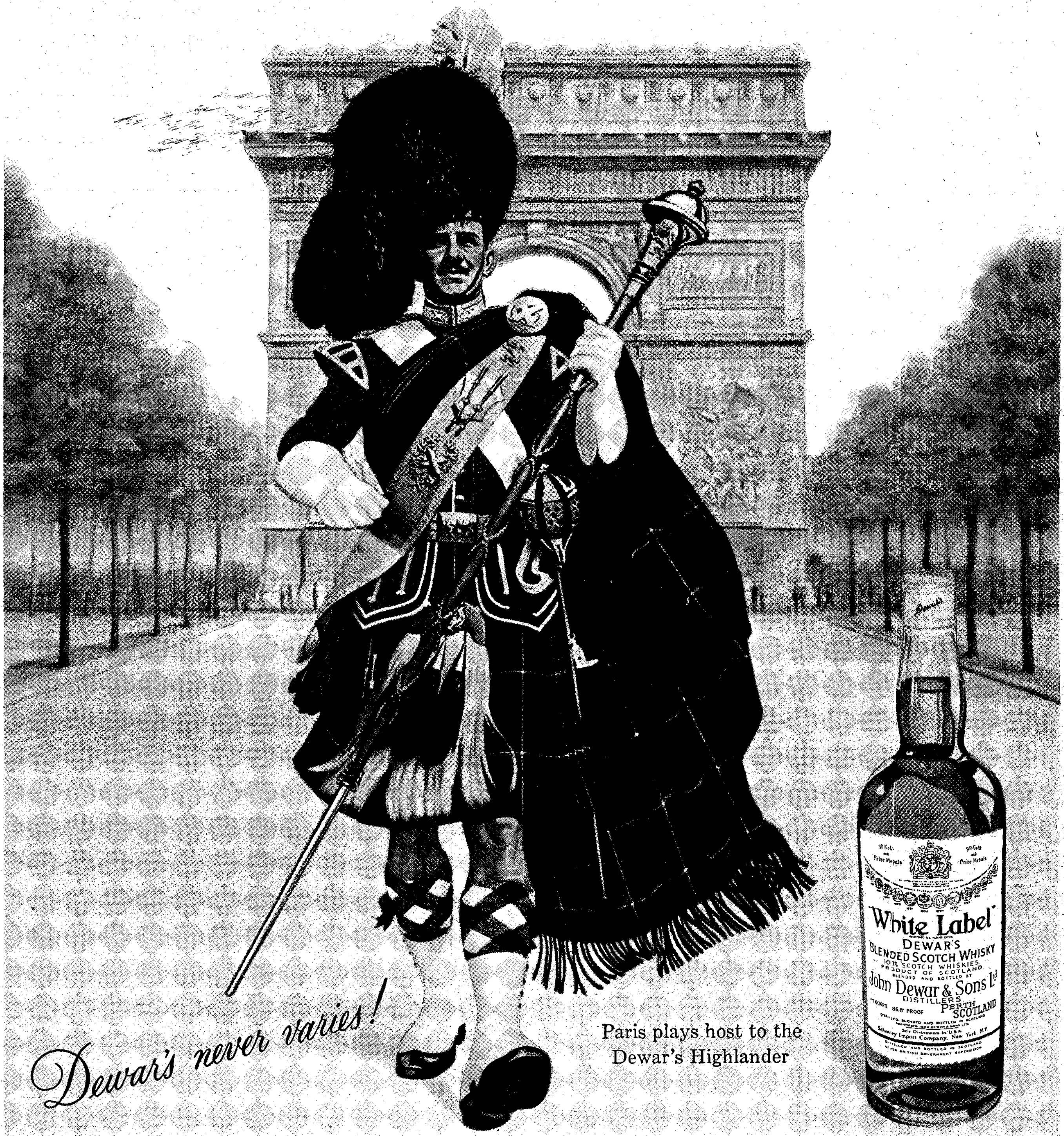
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